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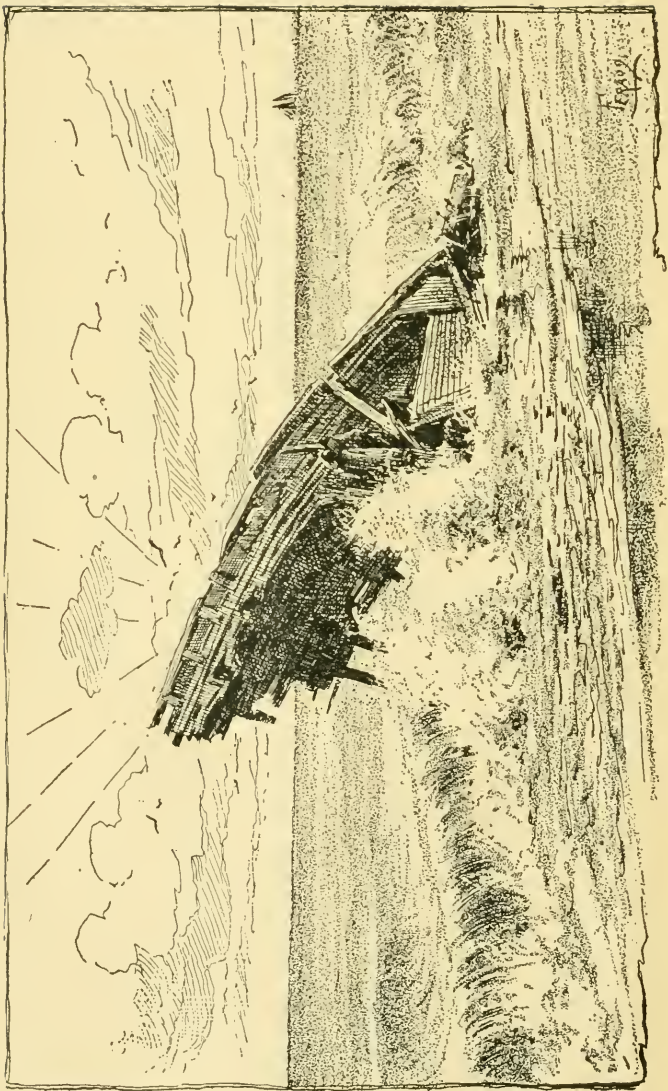
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PRESS OF DE LEEUW & OPPENHEIMER, 231 WILLIAM ST., N. Y



A PLAYING OF THE WAVES.

THE

NEW JERSEY COAST AND PINES.

AN ILLUSTRATED GUIDE-BOOK (WITH ROAD-MAPS).

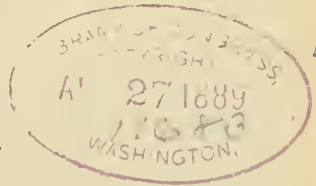
BY

GUSTAV KOBBE.

"A very good land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see."—LOG-BOOK
OF THE HALF MOON, SEPT. 2, 1609.

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A. L. E.

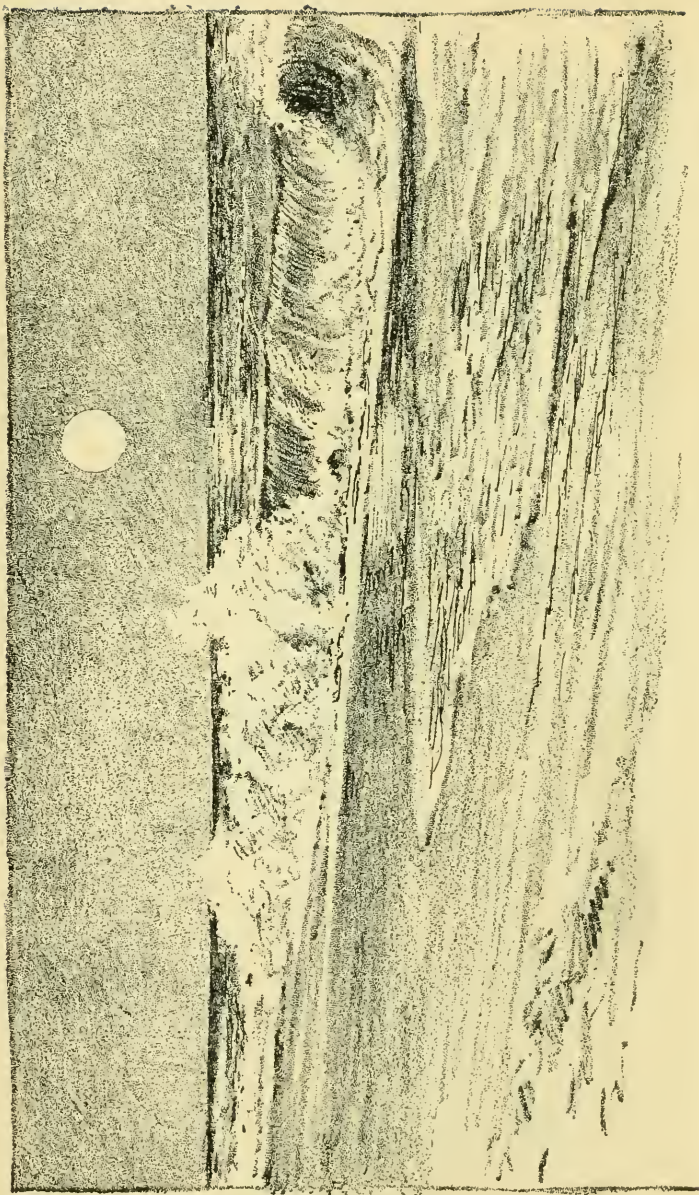


SHORT HILLS, N. J.

1889.

GUSTAV KOBBE.

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BY THE SOUNDING SEA.

PREFACE.

THIS aims to be an accurate descriptive guide-book to the Jersey Coast—from Sandy Hook to Atlantic City—and to the Jersey Pine Plains. New York City is taken as the starting-point, and the Sandy Hook and Jersey Southern routes as those respectively to the Coast and Pines; although one chapter, for the sake of completeness, describes the all-rail route *via* the N. Y. and Long Branch R. R., whose rates of fare are also included in the table of railroad fares in the Introduction.

The illustrations, many of them from photographs by the author, and the maps, the first four of which are road-maps and almost in themselves a guide-book, were made especially for this work.

Two fonts of type were adopted, in order to bring into sharp contrast the description of the Coast as it is and the historical portions which refer to the Coast as it was. Many historical incidents, some of them the result of original research, have been introduced; and doubtless not a few people who considered themselves familiar with the Coast and Pines will be surprised to discover how much romantic interest is attached to many of the places herein described.

The author will esteem it a favor if any one discovering errors of commission or omission will call his attention to them.

RATES OF RAILROAD FARE.

(COMMUTATION, SINGLE TRIP AND EXCURSION.)

NEW YORK AND LONG BRANCH R. R.

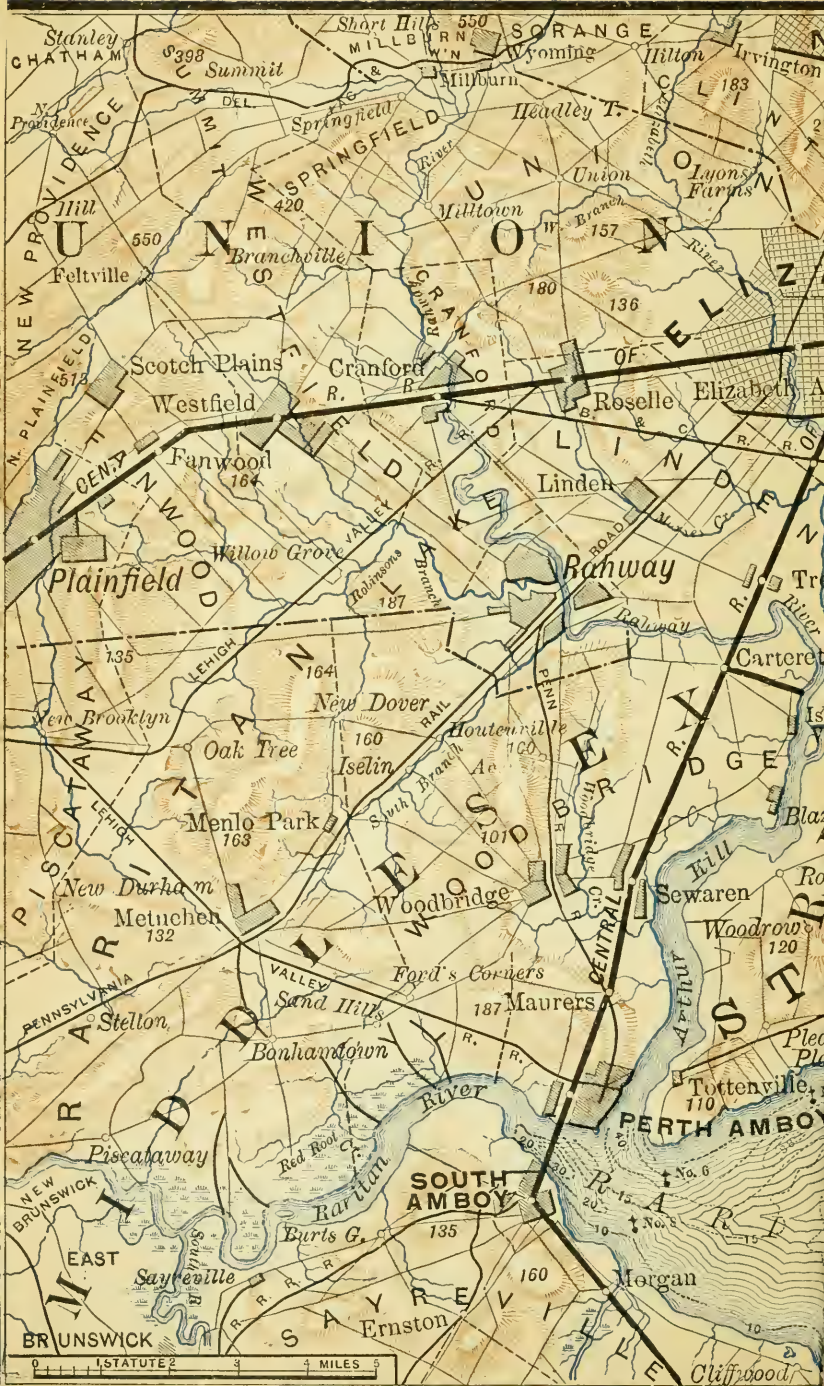
NEW YORK TO	1 Mo.	2 Mos.	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	12 Mos.	Single Trip.	Excursion.
Sewaren	\$9 50	\$18 50	\$23 00	\$42 00	\$77 50	\$0 52	\$0 85
Perth Amboy.	10 50	18 50	24 00	42 00	77 50	00	1 00
South Amboy	13 00	23 70	31 80	57 00	85 00	70	1 10
Morgan	14 00	23 70	31 00	57 60	87 00	70	1 15
Cliffwood	15 00	27 34	37 26	60 00	90 00	70	1 25
Matawan	15 00	28 90	39 60	60 00	90 00	70	1 25
Hazlet	16 00	30 00	42 00	62 00	93 00	75	1 35
Middletown	17 00	31 00	43 00	64 00	95 00	85	1 50
Red Bank	18 00	33 00	45 00	67 00	100 00	1 00	1 50
Little Silver	23 00	38 00	50 00	73 00	110 00	1 00	1 50
Branchport	25 00	42 00	54 00	77 00	115 00	1 00	1 50
Long Branch	25 00	42 00	54 00	77 00	115 00	1 00	1 50
West End	25 00	42 00	54 00	77 00	115 00	1 00	1 50
Elberon	27 00	44 00	57 00	81 00	122 00	1 00	1 60
Deal Beach	29 00	47 00	59 00	85 00	129 00	1 10	1 75
North Asbury Park...	30 00	49 00	62 00	90 00	137 00	1 20	1 85
Ocean Grove and Asbury Park	30 00	49 00	62 00	90 00	137 00	1 20	1 85
Key East	33 00	52 00	65 00	96 00	145 00	1 25	2 00
Ocean Beach	33 00	52 00	65 00	96 00	145 00	1 25	2 00
Como	35 00	55 00	70 00	102 00	155 00	1 30	2 05
Spring Lake	35 00	55 00	70 00	102 00	155 00	1 30	2 10
Sea Girt	36 00	56 00	71 00	102 00	155 00	1 35	2 15
Manasquan	38 00	58 00	73 00	104 00	158 00	1 40	2 25
Brielle	39 00	59 00	73 00	104 00	158 00	1 40	2 25
Point Pleasant	40 00	59 00	73 00	104 00	158 00	1 45	2 35

NEW JERSEY SOUTHERN R. R.

Tickets Good only via Sandy Hook and Boat.

NEW YORK TO	1 Mo.	2 Mos.	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	12 Mos.	Single Trip.		Excursion.	
						Sandy Hook.	All Rail.	Sandy Hook.	All Rail.
Atlantic Highlands...	\$21 00	\$35 00	\$47 00	\$67 00	100 00	60		1 00	
Sandy Hook	21 00	35 00	47 00	67 00	100 00	60		1 00	
Highland Beach	21 00	35 00	47 00	67 00	100 00	75		1 20	
Navesink Beach	21 00	35 00	47 00	67 00	100 00	80		1 25	
Normandie	21 00	35 00	47 00	67 00	100 00	80		1 25	
Rumson Beach	21 00	35 00	47 00	67 00	100 00	80		1 25	
Sea Bright	23 00	38 00	50 00	70 00	105 00	85		1 35	
Low Moor	24 00	39 00	51 00	74 00	110 00	90		1 40	
Galilee	24 00	39 00	51 00	74 00	110 00	90		1 45	
Monmouth Beach	24 00	39 00	51 00	74 00	110 00	90		1 45	
North Long Branch...	25 00	42 00	54 00	77 00	115 00	95		1 50	
Long Branch, N. J. S..	25 00	42 00	54 00	77 00	115 00	1 00		1 50	
Branchport	25 00	42 00	54 00	77 00	115 00	1 00	1 00	1 50	1 50
Oceanport	25 00	42 00	54 00	77 00	115 00	1 00	1 00	1 50	1 50
Eatontown	25 00	42 00	54 00	77 00	115 00	1 00	1 00	1 50	1 50
Lakewood	39 00	58 00	72 00	100 00	150 00	1 45	1 45	2 35	2 35

Single Trip and Excursion Rates to other places; Toms River, \$1.90 3.00; Barnegat Park, \$2.00, 3.25; Cedar Creek, \$2.10, 3.35; Forked River \$2.20, 3.45; Waretown, \$2.25, 3.65; Barnegat, \$2.35, 3.80; Atlantic City \$3.25, 4.75; Vineland, \$3.25, 4.75; Bridgeton, \$3.25, 5.25.



NEW PROVIDENCE

PLAINFIELD

PISCATAWAY

MIDDLETOWN

SPRINGFIELD

CRANFORD

NEW DOVER

SAYREVILLE

SORANGE

ELIZABETH

PERTH AMBOY

CLIFFWOOD

0 1 2 3 4 5 STATUTE MILES





INTRODUCTION.

[The author will be glad to have his attention called to any errors of commission or omission in any part of this book.]

Topography and Geology.—The basis for what follows under this title are the reports of the Geological Survey of New Jersey, of which the final report is now issuing. It promises to be, like the results of the work which preceded it, a monument to the enterprise of the State which authorized it and to the learning of the State Geologist, Prof. George H. Cook.

The topography of the State is readily classed in belts corresponding with the outcrops of various geological formations. The territory covered by this work embraces the cretaceous plain, whose level is broken by furrows and hills; and the extremely level, sandy and pine-clad plain of the tertiary formation, fringed seaward by a belt of tide-marsh, enclosed from the sea by sand beaches. The Jersey Pines are popularly supposed to be inland—at least as far from the coast as Lakewood. As a matter of scientific fact, the Pines begin at Long Branch, the region being triangular in shape, beginning in a point at Long Branch and widening to 50 miles at Delaware Bay, one line of the triangle being the main shore from Long Branch to Cape May. Throughout this region there is a great amount of water-power going to waste, which, considering the location of this territory with regard to New York and Philadelphia, could, it would seem, be profitably utilized by manufacturers. The streams of southern New Jersey have a strong, steady, equable flow, unaffected by storms or tides.

In popular parlance, the coast of New Jersey extends from the north point of Sandy Hook to the south point of Cape May, 127 miles. The ocean beats against a low, sandy barrier, curved like a bow, which for its entire length, except from Monmouth Beach to Point Pleasant and at the Cape May bluffs where the main shore comes down to the ocean, is separated from the mainland by bays, channels, sounds and salt marshes, and is divided by inlets and rivers into islands and peninsulas, long, narrow and parallel with the coast, and known as beaches. These are sand reefs formed by wave action, and not a portion of the cretaceous and tertiary plains.

The cretaceous formation is divided into two parts, which are very distinct in their history—the plastic clay-beds, which are deposits from fresh water, fresh-water shells, impressions of land plants and even a buried forest (at South Amboy) having been found among them; and the marl-beds, whose fertilizing properties have done much to make Monmouth County the second richest agricultural county in the United States, and which, judging from the marine fossils discovered among them, are deposits from salt water. The conclusion arrived at is that the ground now occupied by this formation was near the shore of a shallow ocean, which, perhaps, at times advanced upon the lands, and at other times receded from it, so as to leave vegetation to thrive and then be destroyed again, until in course of time the deposited material accumulated to the thickness of almost 800 feet.

The whole of this ancient sea-bottom or flooded shore appears to have then been lifted to a height of 400 feet above the sea level, but to have again been worn down by some powerful agency like water or ice (walrus skulls found in gravel near Long Branch indicate a period of arctic cold), the ridges and hills (*f. i.*, the Highlands of Navesink) so strikingly in contrast with the present level character of the surface, being the portions which resisted the onslaught of the agency, the mass of the material having been carried south to form the newer tertiary strata.

These data are interesting, because the process of alternate encroachment and recession on the part of the ocean is still going on, the

present era being one of encroachment, the ocean having apparently overflowed its former shore, which seems to have been about 100 miles out from the present coast. For 100 miles out, namely, the ocean deepens only 3 feet to the mile; at 100 miles out there is a sudden precipitous descent, the ocean deepening in 12 miles from 600 to 6,000 feet. Where the precipitous descent occurs is supposed to be the ancient sea-shore. Then, too, along shore there is unimpeachable evidence of the encroachment of beach upon salt marsh and a corresponding encroachment of salt marsh upon fast ground. Patches of sod, some preserving the tracks of horses and cattle made over a century ago, are exposed when severe storms blow the sand off some of the beaches; and stumps to be seen off Asbury Park at very low tide, mark an old marsh bottom.

It should be borne in mind, however, that for centuries the beaches have unaided fought their battle with the ocean, whereas now human ingenuity is active in devising means for their preservation; and thus they may be preserved until another of those marvelous geological changes takes place, and the sea again recedes as it did countless centuries ago.

The fossils discovered in the strata to which reference has been made show that the waters which once covered them were ranged by huge saurians and other marine monsters. Some of these saurians were 40 feet in length; there were crocodiles 25 feet long, and great snapping-turtles, some of them 6 feet long. Remains of whales, of sharks, and of numerous fishes have also been found, and shells abound in the marl, which derives its great fertilizing qualities from the chemical deposits of salt water. Mastodon remains have also been discovered; and there is plenty of evidence that the swamps were ranged by a species of hog rivaling in size the Indian rhinoceros. Dinosaurians—half reptile, half bird, and as large as the mastodons—were also numerous.

The marl strata underlying the top-soil are: Upper Marl-bed (Blue Marl, Ash Marl, Green Marl); Yellow Sand; Middle Marl-bed (Yellow Limestone and Lime-sand, Shell Layers, Green Marl, Chocolate Marl); Red Sand, well exposed at Red Bank and the Navesink Highlands (Indurated Green Earth, Red Sand, Dark Micaceous Clay); Lower Marl-bed (Marl and Clay, Blue Shell Marl, Sand Marl); Clay Marls (Laminated Sands, Clay containing Green Sand). Water is generally struck in the Sand Marl overlying the Laminated Sands.

Natural History.—The fauna of the territory covered by this book does not differ from that of the Middle States in general, excepting in certain forms of seashore animal life. The great variety of shell-fish, squirts, polyps and jelly-fishes; star-fishes, sea-urchins and sea-cucumbers; crabs; moss-polyps and sponges, will be found fully described and illustrated in a capital little book by Angelo Heilprin, "The Animal Life of Our Seashore," published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, in Philadelphia. Among the fish caught off shore and in the bays are blue-fish, bonito, sea-bass, black-fish, porgees, sheep's-head, weak-fish, king-fish, mackerel, cod, haddock, flounder and halibut; and perch, pike and eels are taken in most of the rivers.

The birds which probably attract most attention are the fish-hawks, who build their nests on chimneys or in high trees. The killing of fish-hawks is forbidden by law under penalty of a fine. The law is said to be a concession by the Legislature to the superstition of the fishermen, but the fact that the fish-hawks are the scavengers of the beach prompted its passage. The singing birds are those of the Middle States with the water-thrush, shore-lark, seaside-finch and pine-finch in addition. Among the water-fowl are the heron, oyster-catcher and turnstone; and among the game-birds the quail, ruffed grouse, plover, snipe, and many varieties of duck (see p. 68).

The flora of the country back of the coast to the Pine Plains is also similar to that of the Middle States in general. On the beach many beautiful algæ are found. The most interesting plants in the rich flora of the Pines are mentioned under Lakewood (p. 92); the little fern *Schizæa pusella* is found nowhere else in the world.

fish in all the rivers and bays south of the Raritan, and to hunt on all uninclosed lands. In 1802 they removed to New Stockbridge, near Oneida Lake, N. Y. In 1832 the remnant of the Lenni Lenapè, forty in number, were settled at Statesburgh, on Fox River, Wis. Believing that they had never parted with the right to fish and hunt secured to them in 1758, they deputed one of their number, Wilted Grass, known among the whites as Bartholomew S. Calvin, who had served with credit under Washington, to lay their claim before the New Jersey Legislature. This he did in a memorial, couched in language simple and pathetic, beginning: "I am old and weak and poor, and therefore a fit representative of my people. You are young and strong and rich, and therefore fit representatives of your people." The Legislature voted \$2,000, the sum asked for. Wilted Grass addressed a letter of thanks to the Legislature in which the following noteworthy passage occurred:

"Not a drop of our blood have you spilled in battle; not an acre of our land have you taken but by our consent. These facts speak for themselves and need no comment. They place the character of New Jersey in bold relief and bright example to those States within whose territorial limits our brethren still remain. Nothing but benisons can fall upon her from the lips of a Lenni Lenapè."

Many Indian relics have been discovered along the coast, especially in the Indian shell-heaps which are to this country what the Kjoekkenmoeddings are to Denmark—"kitchen-middens" or kitchen-leavings of the aborigines. Samuel Lockwood, Ph.D., of Freehold, recognized the significance of these Indian shell-heaps, and his discoveries in an immense deposit of this character near Keyport were reported in the report of the Smithsonian Institute, 1864, p. 371. Pottery, very rude, stone knives, axes, arrow-heads, and many other implements have been discovered.

Transportation.—The oldest routes of travel to the coast were the Indian paths spoken of under INDIAN HISTORY. Quaker preachers, who two centuries ago traveled these paths, speak of crossing streams in canoes, with their horses swimming beside them; and John Richardson recommends horses with long tails, so that if a canoe were capsized a traveler unable to swim might save his life by grasping his horse's tail. Later, as the country became more populated, highways were laid out and stage-routes established. A stage still leaves Freehold every morning and runs through Colt's Neck, Tinton Falls and Shrewsbury to Eatontown, returning to Freehold in the afternoon.

The delights of the Jersey coast as a summer resort were discovered by Philadelphians (see Long Branch, p. 33), who traveled in their own conveyances, or in fish and oyster carts on their return trips to the coast. The old method of reaching Long Branch from New York was by steamboat, which entered the Shrewsbury by the Shrewsbury Inlet (see p. 2) and landed its passengers at the Ocean House, about where Normandie-by-the-Sea now is, whence they drove to Long Branch (see p. 34). In 1856, the Long Branch and Sandy Hook R. R. Co. was incorporated. Passengers were carried then, as now, by steamer to the Horseshoe. The Long Branch and Sea-shore R. R. Co. was incorporated in 1863 to run from Sandy Hook, through Squan village to Toms River. Meanwhile, in 1854, the Raritan and Delaware Bay R. R. Co. had been incorporated, and had been in operation since 1861 from Port Monmouth to Bricksburgh (now Lakewood), with a spur to Long Branch. In 1870 the name was changed to the New Jersey Southern Railway Co. and it was united with the Long Branch and Sea-shore R. R. The road was opened to the Manasquan in 1876, and thence soon after down the beach to Sea-Side Park, across Barnegat Bay to Toms River and on to Pemberton.

The New York and Long Branch R. R. Co. was incorporated in 1868. Its northern terminus was to be at South Amboy, but several extensions were authorized, and March 30, 1869, the road was extended to its present junction with the Central R. R. of New Jersey at Elizabethport. South of Long Branch it runs over the old Long Branch and Sea-shore or Jersey Southern tracks. The New York and Long Branch

R. R. Co. is owned by the Central R. R. of New Jersey (foot of Liberty street), but operated by both it and the Pennsylvania R. R. (foot of Cortlandt street). The trip by the Central R. R. of New Jersey is the pleasanter because from the start it follows the shore, so that its passengers enjoy many beautiful water views between Jersey City and Perth Amboy, where the Pennsylvania R. R. branch first reaches the shore, having left the main line at Rahway. The train service on the New York and Long Branch R. R. is first-class and includes a number of fast express trains with parlor cars. At Matawan the trains of the Central R. R. of New Jersey make connection with the Freehold and New York R. R. for Freehold and for Keyport and Atlantic Highlands at Red Bank for Atlantic Highlands and Port Monmouth, and for Lakewood and other places on its Jersey Southern branch, and at Branchport for the resorts between Long Branch and Sandy Hook. The Jersey Southern branch makes connection at Manchester for the resorts on Barnegat Bay from Toms River to Barnegat village, whence the Tuckerton R. R. may be taken to Tuckerton or to Long Beach (Barnegat City, Harvey Cedars and Beach Haven); at Whitings also with the Tuckerton R. R.; and at Winslow Junction for Atlantic City via a branch of the Philadelphia and Reading R. R.—the shortest route from New York to Atlantic City.

The Central R. R. of New Jersey also owns the Sandy Hook route, the most delightful and luxurious route to the Jersey coast resorts, the trip being in itself an exhilarating recreation. A fleet of the finest steamers leaving New York, including the two fast, twin-screw steamers *Sandy Hook* and *Monmouth* and the *St. Johns*, which, until the first two named were built, was the fastest boat on the bay, ply between the foot of Rector street and the Horseshoe. A stranger can, on this trip, familiarize himself with all the beauties of the harbor and bay—can see the Statue of Liberty, the Narrows, Coney Island and the Quarantine islands, and observe the fleet of yachts, merchantmen and of coastwise and ocean steamers which form a maritime procession of never-ceasing, ever-varying interest. The commuter, who has seen all these things many times, can breathe in the strong, salt air which, after a hot day in the city, acts like a tonic. As soon as the steamers leave New York, the Superintendent at Sandy Hook is informed by telegraph of the number of passengers aboard, and the train at Sandy Hook is made up accordingly, so that the railroad accommodations are ample. The train, after running for a short distance through the woods on Sandy Hook, emerges upon the beach, in full view of the ocean on one side and the Navesink River on the other, so that the railroad trip from the Hook is cool and refreshing.

At Elizabethport, connection is made from Newark and Elizabeth for the Central R. R. of New Jersey's all-rail system.

Tickets between New York and stations on the N. Y. and Long Branch R. R., from Long Branch to Point Pleasant inclusive, are good on the Sandy Hook route or the trains of either the Central R. R. of New Jersey or of the Pennsylvania R. R., whether issued by the Central R. R. of New Jersey, the Pennsylvania R. R., the New York and Long Branch R. R. or the New Jersey Southern Railway.

Hotels, Board and Cottage Rents at the Summer and Winter Resorts.—The hotels are classified according to a very high standard. In most of the hotel lists, for instance, seventeen hotels at Atlantic City are rated as first-class; in this book only nine are so rated, and the same rigid test is applied at other places. If any reader disagrees with the author in his rating of any hotel, he will confer a favor on the author by notifying him thereof, and of his reasons for disagreeing.

Key: Italics mean that, in the author's opinion, the hotel is first-class; ordinary type means that it is second-class; an asterisk, that the hotel's rates are special according to location of rooms, the lowest rates *per diem* being about the same as the other hotels of the same class; a dagger (†) means that the hotel is very good of its class.

ASBURY PARK.—*Coleman House*, \$3.50 to \$4; *West End*, \$3 to \$4; *Atlanta*,* *Belvedere*, \$3; *Brunswick*, \$2 to \$3; *Colonnade*, \$3; *Continental*,*

Grand Avenue, \$2.50 to \$3; Irving House, \$2.50 to \$3; Metropolitan, \$3; Minot, \$3; Ocean House, † \$3; Oriental, \$3; Sunset Hall, \$3; and some thirty others, from \$1.50 to \$2. Board, \$8 to \$15 per week. Cottages, \$120 to \$800. ATLANTIC CITY: *Dennis*, \$3 to \$4; *Haddon Hall*, \$3 to \$4; *Seaside*, \$3 to \$4; *Shelburne*, \$3 to \$4; *Islesbury* (new); † * *Brighton*, \$3.50; *Hotel Albion*, \$3 to \$3.50; *United States*, \$3.50; *Traymore*, \$3 to \$3.50. Colonade, \$3; Congress Hall, \$3; Elberon, \$2.50 to \$3; Mansion House, \$3; Waverly, \$2.50 to \$3; Windsor; * *Dudley Arms*, \$2.50; *Malatesta*, \$2.50; *Schauffer's*, \$2.50; and some eighty others ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.50. Board, \$8 to \$25. Cottages from \$200 up. ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS: *Grand View*, \$3.50; *Bay View*, * *Windsor*, * *Pavilion*, \$2 to \$2.50. Good board at \$8. Cottages, \$200 to \$500. BARNEGAT: *Clarence*, \$2. BARNEGAT CITY: *Oceanic*, * *Sunset*, * BAY HEAD: *Johnson House*, \$2. BEACH HAVEN: *Engleside*, \$3.50; *The Baldwin*, \$3.50. BRIELLE: *Carteret*, \$3 to \$3.50. Cottages, \$250. DEAL BEACH: *Hathaway House*, † \$3 (old-fashioned and comfortable); *Allen House*, \$2. EATONTOWN: *Hall Wheeler House*, \$2. ELBERON: *The Elberon*, † * Cottages without kitchen near *The Elberon*, \$1,200; other cottages, \$1,200 to \$4,000. FAIR HAVEN: *Fair Haven*, \$2. FORKED RIVER: *Lafayette House*, † * (a famous resort for sportsmen). HIGHLANDS: *Swift House*, † \$3 to \$4; *Pavilion*, \$3; *East View House*, \$2.50; *Grand View House*, * KEY EAST: *Arvon Inn*, † \$4 to \$5; *Berwick Lodge*, \$2.50 to \$3; *Buckingham*, * *Oxford*, * *Norwood*, * LAKEWOOD: *Laurel House*, † * *Clifton Hall*, \$3. Board, \$10 to \$18. Cottages, \$500 to \$1,800. LONG BRANCH: *Hollywood*; † * *West End*; * *Howland*, † \$4; *Scarboro*, † \$4; *Brighton*; † * *Ocean*, † \$4; *United States*, † \$4; *Atlantic*; * *Launch's*; * and about twelve others from \$1.50 to \$2.50. Board, \$10 to \$15. Cottages, \$400 to \$4,000. MANASQUAN: *Osborne*, \$2; *The Squan*, \$2. Board, \$5 to \$8. Cottages, \$100 to \$200. MONMOUTH BEACH: *Club House*, † board, \$15 to \$20 per week; one person in double room, \$25 per week. *Club House Cottages*, \$300 to \$600 for the season, with board to the cottagers at \$15 per week. Cottages, \$1,000 to \$4,000. OCEAN BEACH: *Columbia*, † \$4; *Brunswick*, \$3; *Neptune House*, \$2.50 to \$3; and some ten others from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day. OCEAN GROVE: *Arlington*, \$2.50 to \$3; *Atlantic*, \$2 to \$3; *La Pierre*, \$3; *Ocean View*, \$2.50 to \$3; *Seaside*, \$2.50; *Shelton*, \$3 to \$4; *United States*, \$2 to \$2.50; *Waverly*, \$2.50; and twenty five others from \$1.50 to \$2.50. Board, \$7 to \$14. Cottages, \$150 to \$400. OCEANIC: *Oceanic Pavilion*, * PLEASURE BAY: *Riverside*, \$2 to \$2.50. POINT PLEASANT: *Resort House*, \$2.50 to \$3; *Ocean House*, \$2 to \$3; *St. James*, \$2.50; *Arnold House*, \$2 to \$2.50. Board, \$10 to \$15. Cottages, \$250 to \$400. RED BANK: *Globe*, \$2; *Prospect House*, \$2; *Central House*, \$1.50 to \$2. Board, \$5 to \$18. RUMSON NECK: Cottages, \$1,000 to \$4,500. SEA BRIGHT: *Normandie-by-the-Sea* (p. 17); *Octagon*, \$4; *Sea Bright Inn*, \$4; *Peninsula*, \$3.50; *Hotel Shrewsbury*, † \$3.50. Cottages, \$1,000 to \$3,000. SEA GIRT: *Beach House*, \$4; *Tremont*, \$3; *Parker*, \$2.50 to \$3; *Alton Towers*, \$2.50 to \$3. SPRING LAKE: *Essex*; † * *Sussex*; † * *Monmouth House*, \$3.50 to \$4; *Wilburton* (North Spring Lake), \$3.50; *Aldine*, \$3. Belmont, \$3; *Carleton*, \$3. Board, \$12.50 to \$25. Cottages, \$250 to \$2,000. TOMS RIVER: *Magnolia*, † \$3; *Ocean House*, † \$2; *Toms River Hotel*, \$2. VINELAND: *Baker House*, \$2; *Whitings Pine Forest House*, † \$2.

Churches (at Summer and Winter Resorts).—Methodist-Episcopal: There are one or more Methodist-Episcopal churches in every place along the coast or among the Pines. **Episcopal:** *Asbury Park*, *Atlantic City*, *Beach Haven*, *Cape May*, *Eatontown*, *Elberon*, *Fair Haven*, *Lakewood*, *Long Branch*, *Monmouth Beach*, *Navesink*, *Ocean Beach*, *Point Pleasant*, *Red Bank*, *Rumson Neck*, *Shrewsbury*, *Spring Lake*, *Toms River* and *Vineland*. **Presbyterian:** *Asbury Park*, *Atlantic City*, *Barne-gat*, *Lakewood*, *Long Branch*, *Manasquan*, *Oceanic*, *Ocean Beach*, *Point Pleasant*, *Red Bank*, *Rumson Neck* (at *Oceanic*), *Sea Bright*, *Shrewsbury*, *Toms River*, *Vineland*, *Whitings*. **Baptist:** *Asbury Park*, *Atlantic Highlands*, *Cape May*, *Eatontown*, *Lakewood*, *Manasquan*, *Navesink*, *Red Bank*, *Vineland*. **Reformed:** *Asbury Park*, *Highlands* and *Long Branch*. **Congregational:** *Long Branch* and *Vineland*. **Universalist:** *Good Luck* and

Vineland. *Roman Catholic*: Asbury Park, Atlantic City, Atlantic Highlands, Cape May, Eatontown, Highlands, Lakewood, Long Branch, Oceanic, Point Pleasant, Red Bank, Sea Bright, Spring Lake, Toms River and Vineland.

Amusements and Sport.—Much specific information under this head will be found throughout the body of the book. It may be said in general, however, that bathing, boating and driving are the principal recreations. The bathing is especially pleasant from Highland Beach to Monmouth Beach as one has the choice between the surf and the Navesink and Shrewsbury. There are public bath-houses at all the sea-shore resorts. The usual rate for the use of a bath-house is 25 cents, with 10 cents extra for a suit. For boating, row-boats can be hired for 25 cents an hour or \$1 a day; canoes 50 cents an hour; sail-boats \$1 an hour, \$5 a day. The rivers and lakes along the coast offer attractive facilities for boating and canoeing with incidental fishing and crabbing. The picturesque head-waters of the Navesink, the Swimming River, is navigable for row-boats for several miles above Red Bank; and on the Manasquan, Allaire can be reached. Carriage-hire is from \$1 to \$1.50 an hour. The favorite drive between Highland Beach and Point Pleasant is that along the ocean of which Ocean avenue, Long Branch, is a part, and which, although at points it swerves to the West, is the highway which affords the greatest number of water-views. From as far South as Ocean Grove, people who seek variety add to the ocean drive that over the Rumson Road (p. 21). South of Ocean Grove the favorite inland drive is to Allaire (p. 55). There is a toll-gate at Sea Bright and they are not infrequently met with in the interior. These are not the only relics of ancient days. There are several curious laws, such as those which provide that carriages going in opposite directions shall pass to the right; and to the left when going in the same direction under penalty of fine, arrest and liability for damages to the party injured by non-compliance. Another law provides that no carriage shall have its wheels less than a certain distance apart. This was necessary when the roads were sandy and were worn into well-defined ruts. The whole subject of road-laws is, at this writing, before the New Jersey Legislature, and it is probable that obsolete laws will be repealed and a new law passed, one of whose important provisions will place important roads under the jurisdiction of the county, to be maintained and kept in good order by it.

Where rates of bathing, boat and carriage hire are officially regulated, they are given in their proper place in the body of the book.

Information concerning the sport to be had on Barnegat Bay will be found on p. 34. The principal sport north of the bay is ocean fishing from surf-boats. The best grounds are the Shrewsbury rocks (hardened marl) off Sea Bright (p. 17); but fishermen put off from all along the coast. The charges at Sea Bright for a morning's fishing vary from \$5 to \$20, the higher charge being made when the fishing is very good, when, indeed, it is difficult to get a fisherman to take you out at any price. At the resorts further south, better bargains may be driven, and, at Asbury Park, sail boats lie off shore, ready to take passengers fishing, for \$1 each; or sailing, for 50 cents each.

The Game and Fish Laws of New Jersey may be found in "Fur, Fin and Feather," a pamphlet to be had of dealers in sporting goods.

Life-Saving Service.—The following is taken chiefly from an article contributed by the author to *Harper's Weekly* (January 21, 1888):

Our coasts are as thoroughly sentinelled from September 1st to May 1st as is a fortress in time of war. Through the icy blast of a winter's tempest, through snow and sleet, the life-saver patrols the shore, peering into the darkness beyond the roaring surf. The outlines of a vessel barely to be seen in the "mirk," the booming of a gun, a cry for help, mean for him a perilous conflict with the sea for lives it would claim its victims. The signal which he flashes through the storm revives hope in those who had given themselves up for lost, and inspires them to hold out in their struggle for life until their rescue can be attempted. Their peril is known to men strong of frame, stout of heart,

The natural history of the State will be treated of in the final report of Prof. George H. Cook, the State Geologist, of New Brunswick, N. J. The publications of the Survey can usually be obtained by those who are sufficiently interested in the subjects covered by it to apply to the State Geologist.

Climate.—The climate of the Jersey coast is cooler in Summer and milder in Winter than that of the Middle and New England States, and the weather among the pines in Winter is delightfully moderate and equable. In the Winter months the proximity of the Gulf Stream has the effect of elevating the temperature in the vicinity of the ocean; while in Summer the effect is reversed, this being due to a cold current running southward between the coast and the Gulf Stream. The sea breezes which render the Jersey coast such a cool retreat from the heat of the city and the interior are caused by the unequal heating of the land and water surfaces. The air over the land is heated and expands giving rise to ascending currents, when the cooler air over the water flows toward the land. This movement begins with the heating of the land and toward noon (about 11 A. M.); reaches its maximum velocity about P. M., then lessens as the land cools and ceases about night-fall.

The thermometric record does not show clearly why the Jersey coast is a pleasant place of residence in Winter; for the differences in temperature between New York and New England and this coast appear to be slight. "Still it must be stated," says Prof. Cook, "that as yet our meteorological observatories cannot analyze, as it were, the air, and note small fractional percentage of constituents which may be in the air, and of which the consumption, in the course of a seaside visit is, in the aggregate, comparatively potent in its effect upon the human system. These unmeasurable or rarely-noted factors may enhance the influence of a slightly milder and more equable temperature in Winter. To persons coming from New England and New York, or from the colder Northwest, these seashore places appear warm and pleasant, and even to the residents of our large cities, whose Winter temperatures are not much lower and whose climates are not greatly different, the effect of out-of-door life at the seaside is tonic." These facts are becoming generally recognized and the time may not be distant when Sea Bright, Long Branch, Asbury Park and the shores of Barnegat Bay will be resorted to in Winter almost as much as in Summer.

History.—August 28, 1609, Henry Hudson, in the employ of the East India Company of Amsterdam, entered Delaware Bay in the *Half Moon*. Having explored the Bay, he sailed northward, and on the 3d of September anchored in Sandy Hook Bay, where he remained until September 12th, when he passed through the Narrows into New York Bay and discovered the river which bears his name. Not long after Hudson's return to Holland, the Amsterdam Licensed Trading West India Company fitted out five ships. In one of these Capt. Cornelius Jacobsen Mey explored and traced out the shores and channels of Delaware Bay. Cape May was named in his honor. In 1621 the various Dutch exploring companies were merged into the Dutch West India Company, and two of its directors, Godyn and Bloemart, purchased of the Indians the peninsula of Cape May and a considerable part of Cumberland County. When, however, De Vries visited Cape May in 1630, he found that the colonists had either perished or gone elsewhere.

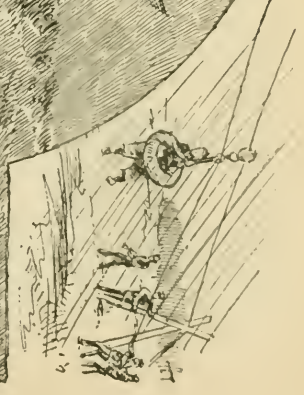
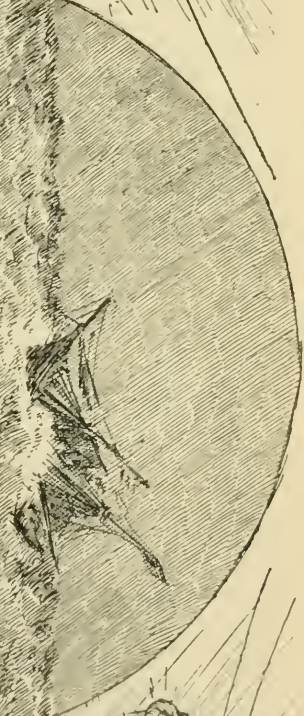
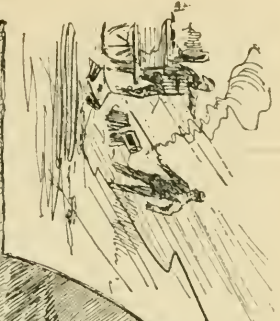
In March, 1664, Charles II, King of England, totally disregarding the rights of the Dutch in New Netherlands, granted the whole region extending from the western bank of the Connecticut to the eastern bank of the Delaware, together with Long Island, to his brother James, Duke of York, and Richard Nicolls, who was despatched with a fleet to New Amsterdam, compelled the surrender of New Netherlands by Peter Stuyvesant to England, April 17, 1665. Nicolls, by a deed now known as the Monmouth Patent, granted unto certain patentees and their associates a goodly portion of what is now Monmouth County. Meanwhile, the Duke of York had granted to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret all that part of his grant between the Hudson and Delaware Rivers, and south of 41° 40' north latitude, said territory to be called New Jersey, in

honor of Sir George, who, as Governor of the Island of Jersey, had held it for the king in his contest with Parliament. Berkeley and Carteret sent out Philip Carteret as Governor of New Jersey, and he, on May 28, 1672, confirmed the Nicolls Patent unto "James Grover, John Bowne, Richard Hartshorne, Jonathan Holmes, patentees, and James Ashon and John Haise, associates, impowered by the patentees and associates of the towns of Middletown and Shrewsbury," which had been established under the Nicolls patent. In March, 1673, Berkeley sold his share of the proprietorship to John Fenwick and Edward Byllinge, Quakers. In July, 1673, the Dutch recaptured New York. New Jersey, which they called *Achter Kol* ("Beyond-the-Hills"), also fell into their hands. Their sway was brief, New Jersey reverting to England by treaty in 1674. July 1, 1676, in adjustment of claims by those holding under Berkeley and those holding under Carteret, New Jersey was divided by a line drawn from Little Egg Harbor Inlet to a point on the Delaware, in latitude 41° north, into East and West Jersey, the former remaining subject to Sir George Carteret. Numerous dissensions among the proprietors in West Jersey led them, in 1702, to surrender the rights of government to the crown, and the Jerseys were reunited by Queen Anne, who appointed Lord Cornbury Governor of New York and New Jersey. In 1708 New Jersey obtained an administration distinct from that of New York, and Lewis Morris was appointed governor. The last royal governor was William Franklin, the natural son of Benjamin Franklin. New Jersey's Revolutionary governor was William Livingston. The battle of Monmouth was fought within the territory covered by this book, and the coast and Pines were the scene of many exciting incidents. These and other historical data will be found in their proper place in the body of the work. Since the Revolution, the history of the State has been that of its agricultural and industrial development.

Indian History.—The aborigines whom the white settlers found in New Jersey were a portion of the Delaware Nation. They were so called by the whites, but were known among themselves as the Lenni Lenapè Nation. The Jersey coast and the Pines were inhabited by two branches of the Lenni Lenapè—the Unamis or Turtles and the Unalachtos or Turkeys. These branches in turn comprised numerous tribes, among them the Navesinks, Assanpinks, Matas, Shackamaxons, Chichequaas (Cheesequakes), Raritans, Nanticokes and Tutelos.

There were two Indian paths from the interior to the coast which in the early days were used by the whites as highways—the Minisink and Burlington paths. The former, starting at Minisink, on the upper Delaware, passed through Sussex, Morris, Union and Middlesex counties, crossed the Raritan by a ford about three miles above its mouth, and ran through the village of Middletown to Clay Pit Creek on the Navesink, and thence to the mouth of that river. The Burlington path started from Crosswicks, at a junction of two paths, respectively from Trenton and Burlington; ran to Freehold, whose main street is on the old path, and thence toward Middletown, near which place it joined the Minisink path. A branch from below Freehold led through Tinton Falls to Long Branch. The only Indian settlements whose sites have been identified are that at Crosswicks and one not far from the Navesink ford on the Raritan. George Fox and John Burnyeate, distinguished members of the Society of Friends, crossed the State in March, 1672. "Toward evening we got to an Indian town," says Burnyeate in his journal, "and went to the Indian King's house, who received us very kindly, and showed us very civil respect. But, alas! he was so poorly provided, having got so little that day, that most of us could neither get to eat nor to drink in his wigwam; but it was because he had it not—so we lay, as well as he, upon the ground—only a mat under us, and a piece of wood or any such thing under our heads."

The government of the province always recognized the title of the Indians to the lands, and always insisted on a fair purchase of lands from them. For this reason the white settlers never had trouble with the aborigines. In 1758, most of the Indians having sold their land agreed to the extinguishment of most of their titles, except the right to



and quick of thought, ready to risk their lives to save the lives of others.

This patrol of the coast distinguishes our Life-Saving Service from that of any other country. That it is an important feature of the service is self-evident. Many rescues have been effected off the coast of the United States in instances when those succored would without a doubt have perished had their peril not been discovered by the life-saving patrol.

Our service was cradled in a hut put up at Cohasset, Mass.—the first life-boat station on our coast—by the Massachusetts Humane Society. The first step taken by Congress in the direction of a National Life-Saving Service was the designation, in 1837, of certain revenue cutters to cruise along our coast in stormy weather. The first appropriation for the building of life-saving stations was secured for the New Jersey coast in 1848. It was not, however, until June, 1878, that Congress passed the bill which made the present efficient organization of the coast possible.

The majority of the surfmen employed by the service on the Jersey beach are sons of fishermen, and even while still children aided in the launching and beaching of boats through the surf. Sometimes a crew may have to stand on the beach an hour, with hand on the gunwale and muscles strained, waiting for the keeper's command to launch. During that hour the words "shove her in" would have been the death-warrant of keeper and crew. When the command comes some sudden conflux of breakers and undertow may for the moment have smoothed a pathway over which the launch can be effected. Surfmen Nos. 1 and 2 leap into the bow, and with their oars hold it steadily seaward. With the mighty effort of the other four stalwart surfmen and the keeper the boat is pushed off the beach. As the surf boils around them the men vault over the gunwale, and seizing the oars, pull out to sea, while the keeper with the steering-oar—a rudder would be as useless as a piece of paper in such seas—pilots the little craft through the breakers, gauging every wave as it approaches, so as to ride the boat safely over it. Besides the life-boat, the life-line and breeches-buoy are often brought into requisition, a line being shot out to the vessel, whose crew makes it fast, when a hawser, over which runs a "traveler," to which a breeches-buoy is attached, can be hauled out to the ship. The fringing of the line, and a rescue effected by this method are shown in the illustration.

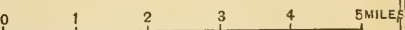
There are 41 stations on the Jersey coast, which is the Fourth District, and the drills which are held daily after September 1st are always watched with great interest by hotel guests and cottagers. The stations are about five miles apart. Two surfmen from each station go on patrol in opposite directions until each meets respectively the patrol from the next stations, north and south. The surfmen exchange checks, which are delivered to the captains of the crews as evidence that the patrol was faithfully carried out. The night is divided into three patrols at sundown, 8 P. M., midnight, and 4 A. M. Each surfman carries a Coston flash signal with which to warn vessels off shore or to notify vessels in distress that they have been discovered. A handy little book, descriptive of the methods of the service, printed in English, German and French, by Lieutenant C. H. McLellan, U. S. R. M., is widely distributed among masters of vessels, and has in many instances enabled them to intelligently assist the life-savers, whose noble efforts were formerly not infrequently frustrated by the ignorance of those they were trying to save. During the year covered by the last report of the service vessels and cargoes valued at \$7,172,530 were in peril, and through the efforts of the service \$5,881,735 worth of this imperilled property was saved.



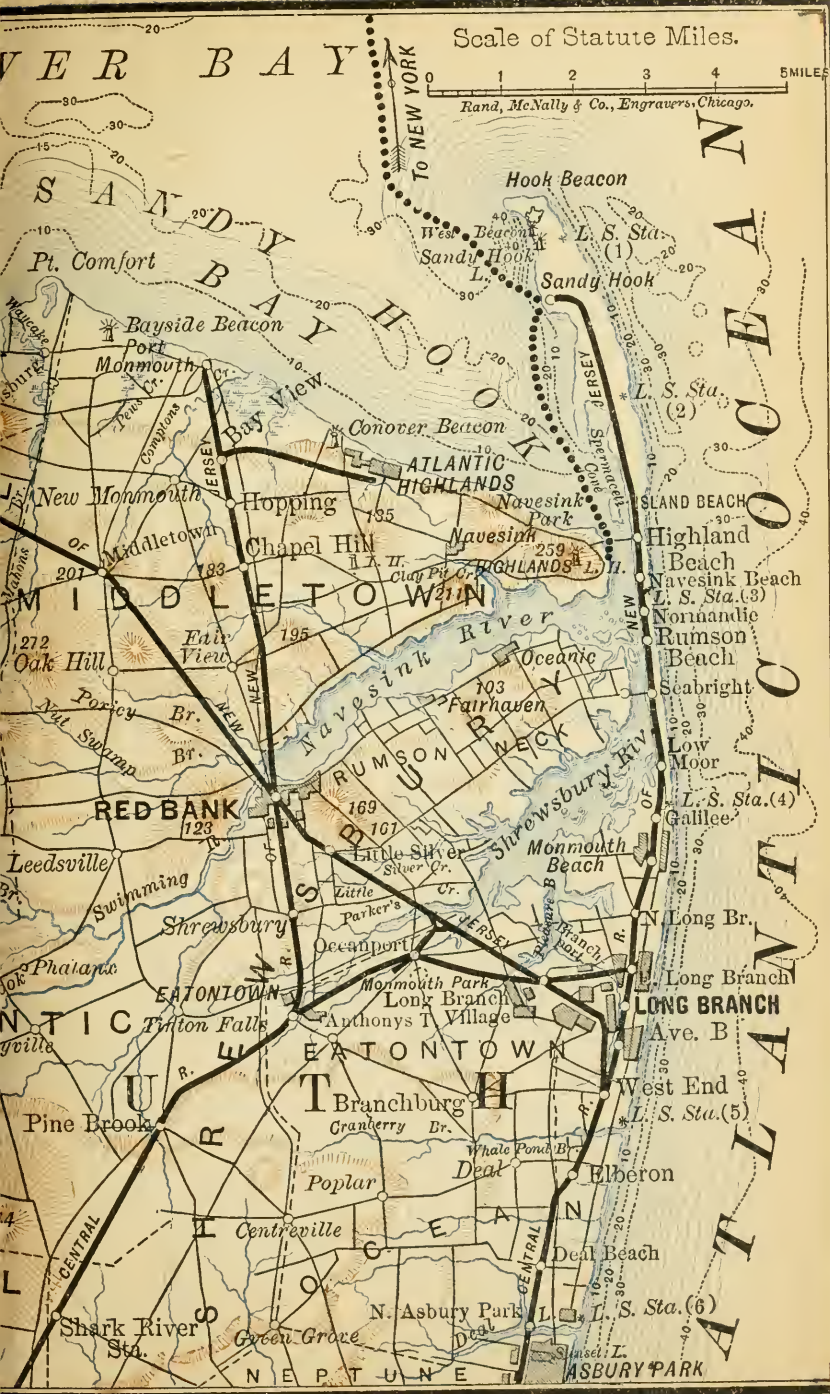
CORRECTION--THE STEAMER ROUTE SHOULD CONTINUE

VER BAY

Scale of Statute Miles.



Rand, McNally & Co., Engravers, Chicago.



TO ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS. NOT TO HIGHLANDS L. H.

CHAPTER I.

SANDY HOOK TO BAY HEAD.

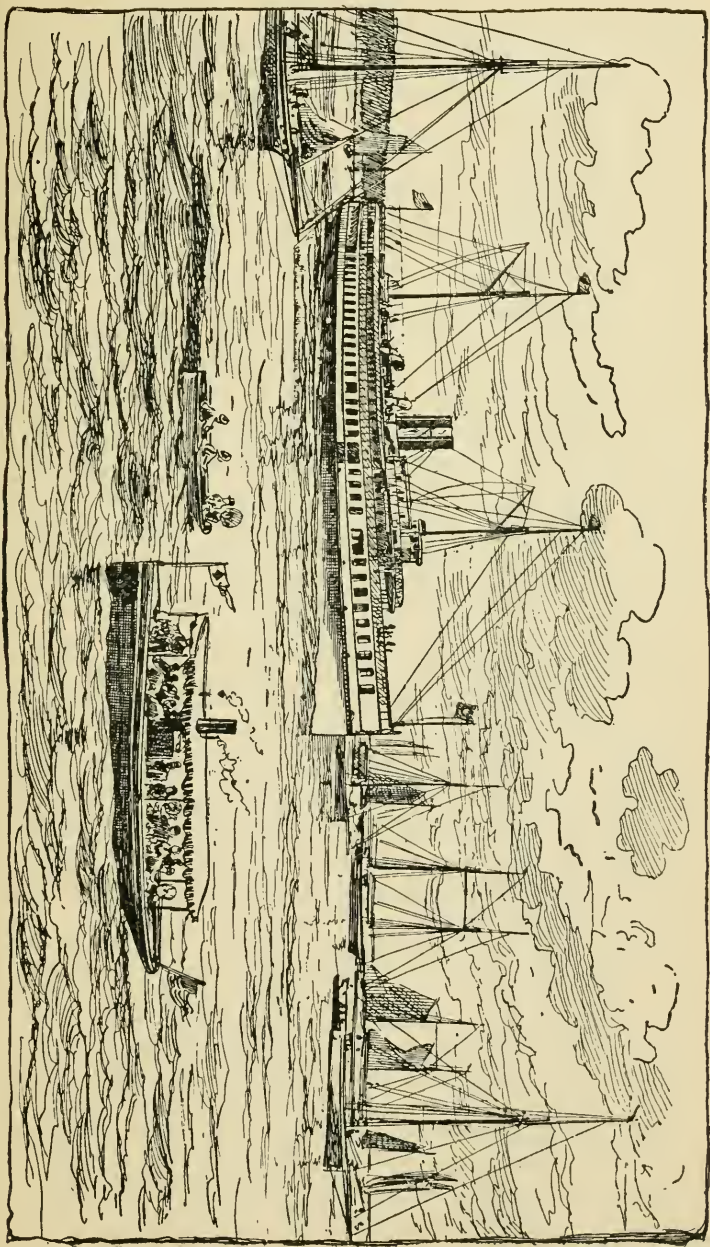
SANDY HOOK is a beach, five miles long and from one-half to one mile broad, joined to the mainland by a strip of sand running south to Monmouth Beach, with the Atlantic beating against it on the east and the swift tide of the Navesink gliding past it on the west. By far its greater portion preserves for us the aspect of this coast centuries ago. For it is a primeval wilderness—within short sailing distance from New York—a dreary waste of sand, here heaped up in dunes, there scooped out into hollows by the wind, with storm-twisted cedars and coarse salt grasses, bidding defiance to 3,000 miles of ocean, which of a winter's storm hurls its water in crashing confusion against this solitary outpost of the mainland. An indescribable sense of desolation occasionally comes over one while tramping through this wilderness. Fantastic trees, hirsute with streaming mosses, and the thick, soft layer under foot, formed by centuries' shedding of needles and leaves, and deadening one's footsteps so that the muttering of the surf and the cries of hawks and gulls are heard with startling distinctness, give a touch of the weird to this remnant of our coast as it was in its savage state. Many a noble ship has been flung upon this desolate beach, and many a corpse washed ashore; and with a grim regard for the decencies of death the storm following a disaster begins heaping up sand around and over the victims of its predecessor; storm after storm lending a helping hand at the interment of ship and crew, until all evidence of the catastrophe has been covered up. This process is going on continuously. If, on the sea-beach, the ribs of a vessel are barely protruding from the sand, here is a yet unfinished grave. Sometimes one storm will ghoulishly disinter the remains that previous storms have buried. This occurred in the case of the ship *Clyde*, which, on her first voyage, was wrecked on the Hook. Long after the sand had been heaped over the remains it was blown off again, and the ghastly wreck once more exposed.

Sandy Hook has quadrupled in size since 1685, when it was first surveyed. The "Old Hook" is the undulating cedar-cov-

ered area now bounded north, northeast, and southeast of the N. J. S. R. R. pier in the Horseshoe by salt marshes. The sea-front, one-quarter to one-half mile wide and one mile to the north is new beach, formed by a current flowing north from the vicinity of Long Branch between False Hook (shoal) and the shore, which deposits along the Hook matter it has taken into suspension on the way. The site of Sandy Hook light was in 1764, almost on the point of the Hook; since then the point has made to the northwest nearly a mile. The "Old Hook" is covered with a dense forest of cedars some of them four feet in circumference. The new formation is covered with a similar growth but on a smaller scale. Previous to 1778, Sandy Hook was connected with the Highlands of Navesink by a narrow isthmus or bar, and the Navesink and Shrewsbury rivers were open to the ocean on the east through the Shrewsbury Inlet, there being no beach for about three miles north of what is now Seabright. Between 1777-78 a passage was broken through the isthmus; and tidal currents flowing through this channel allowed the waves to build up a sand reef which, by 1810, had closed the old Shrewsbury Inlet so that the river flowed through its present outlet until 1830 or 1831 when a second inlet was made by a break in the sand reef, and a bar, 50 yards wide, formed, again connecting Sandy Hook with the mainland by way of Island Beach, an island in the Navesink. About 1835, a ditch was cut through this bar, and the outlet into Sandy Hook Bay gradually re-opened. This resulted in the closing of the Shrewsbury Inlet; but it opened again, and until 1848, when it closed, there were two inlets. These changes took place on the beach extending from the site of the present Normandie to a point one and one-half miles north of Highland Beach, the Shrewsbury Inlet having moved one mile northeast before it closed in 1848. The beach has shown a wear of 300 feet in forty years, and about one and one-half miles north of Highland Beach is only 50 yards wide. Its average width is 150 yards. Of latter years, bulkheads built by the railroad and property owners have decreased the wear.

Sandy Hook was discovered by Henry Hudson who, September 4, 1609, anchored the *Half Moon* in the Horseshoe, Sandy Hook Bay. He found the Indians friendly. "This day the people of the country came aboard of us and seemed very glad of our coming, and brought green tobacco leaves and gave us of it for knives and beads. They go in deer skins loose and well dressed" (From the log-book of the *Half Moon*). Sunday, September 6, John Coleman, one of Hudson's crew, started with four companions in a small boat to explore the main coast, which they did, to Newark Bay. On their way back they were attacked by Indians, and Coleman was fatally wounded in the neck with an arrow. Coleman's burial place cannot be identified. His shipmates called the spot Coleman's Point, but no such locality is now known. Some think it was on Sandy Hook, others on Point Comfort on the west shore of Sandy Hook Bay.

The first wreck on Sandy Hook, of which we have record, was that of a Dutch vessel in 1620. Among the passengers was a Dutch woman and her husband, whose name is not known. The woman's maiden name was



IN THE HORSESHOE.

Penelope Van Princis, born in Amsterdam in 1602. The crew and other passengers got away to New York, but Penelope's husband, having been injured in the wreck, she remained with him in the woods. When the Indians discovered them they slew the husband and left her for dead, having fractured her skull, hacked her left shoulder and cut and slashed her terribly in other places. She, however, survived, and, crawling into the hollow of a tree, existed there for seven days on the excrescences of it. The seventh day she saw a deer passing by with arrows sticking in it. Soon afterwards two Indians appeared. The younger attempted to dispatch her, but was prevented by the elder, who carried her to his wigwam and cured her. He then took her to New York and made an "Indian" present of her (receiving ten times her value in return) to her countrymen. She married Richard Stout, lived to the age of 110, and saw her offspring multiplied unto 502. In 1648, she and her husband settled in Middletown, where they aided in establishing the Baptist church.

The Revolution formed another important epoch in the history of Sandy Hook. Hither, on July 2, 1778, the army of Sir Henry Clinton retreated from the field of Monmouth Court House, crossing the Navesink on a pontoon bridge, while in the Horseshoe were innumerable transports and men-of-war flying the royal cross of St. George.

During the war of 1812 the coast of New Jersey was exposed to depredations by English naval vessels. The Americans, however, were not inactive, and both their navy and privateers were engaged in many daring exploits. One of the most brilliant of these was executed by Sailing-master (afterwards Commodore) Percival ("Mad Jack Percival") on Sunday morning, July 4, 1813. The sloop *Eagle*, tender to the *Poictiers*, 74, was cruising off and on Sandy Hook. Commodore Lewis, who had command of the American flotilla at Sandy Hook, decided to take the *Eagle* by stratagem, and for this purpose borrowed the fishing smack *Yankee*, placing "Mad Jack" Percival in command. Thirty men, well armed, were hidden in the cabin and forepeak, while a sheep, a calf and a goose were secured on deck. Percival and another man on deck being disguised as countrymen. When the smack, with every appearance of a market-boat stood out, the *Eagle* immediately gave chase. On her coming up and threatening to fire into the *Yankee* if she did not drop alongside, Percival answered, as if he were a half-witted boor: "Dad's big molasses jug is on deck, and if you broke that he'd make you sorry for it!" At the same time he put up the helm which brought him within three yards of the *Eagle*, when he gave the watchword: "*Lawrence!*" The armed men rushed on deck and poured a volley of musketry into the *Eagle's* crew which killed and wounded several, and drove the others into the hold so precipitately that they didn't have time to strike the flag. The victors put a crew aboard the *Eagle* and took her up the bay to the Battery, where the prisoners were landed amid the shouts of the crowd, which was celebrating the Fourth.

The harbor in which the railroad pier is situated is, from its peculiar shape, called the Horseshoe, a name said to date from its discovery by Hudson. It is a favorite rendezvous for yachts and an admirable refuge for vessels in storms, except during a northwest hurricane. The west shore continues south from the Horseshoe two miles to Spermacetti Cove, so named because, in 1668, a whale was cast ashore there. The Cove is protected south by a dike projecting from the east shore of the Navesink, and is a perfect harbor for craft drawing not over five feet of water. South of Spermacetti Cove the beach narrows rapidly. Sandy Hook, as popularly spoken of, ends at a point directly opposite the south end of Island Beach, an island in the Navesink.

Besides the railroad buildings, which include a telegraph

office, there are at the Horseshoe a boarding-house for railroad employés, an old car, which some of the latter have fitted up as a seaside villa, and a United States tidal station, where the rise and fall of the tides are observed and recorded, and reported to the Coast and Geodetic Survey. In summer the Horseshoe and Spermacetti Cove are resorted to by clammers, who live in odd-looking shanties built on scows, which they anchor or draw up on to the salt meadows. The shanties are so low that when a clammer stands erect on his scow he towers above his abode. Some of these clammers remain even through the winter. A footpath leads from the rear of the boarding-house through beautiful woods to the seashore. The railroad track is the shortest route to Spermacetti Cove. About 100 yards east of the track, one mile from the river pier, is a meadow on whose northeast edge is a tall pine, said to be the only pine on Sandy Hook. These are called Kidd's meadow and Kidd's tree. Capt. Kidd, the pirate, is said to have buried treasure under this tree, and the holes dug by treasure-seekers are still to be seen. Before the pilots cruised outside for incoming vessels, they made the Cove House, an inn on Spermacetti Cove, which was burned down in the winter of 1854-55, their headquarters, and stationed their look-out on Kidd's tree. The woods and underbrush between the track and the meadow form an almost impenetrable thicket.

In December, 1783, a storm, resembling in its fury the blizzard of March, 1888, swept over the Jersey coast. On that day First Lieutenant the Hon. Hamilton Douglass Hamilton, James Champion, Lieutenant of Marines, and twelve midshipmen, belonging to the British man-of-war *Assistance*, were searching on the Hook for deserters. Overtaken by the storm they wandered aimlessly through the cedars, until overcome by cold and exhaustion they perished. A monument was erected over their grave, near the Horseshoe, by Catharine, Countess Dowager of Morton, but about the year 1807 it was destroyed by some men from a French man-of-war. The remnants of it disappeared with the building of the New Jersey Southern Railroad, whose bed, it is said, runs over the spot where the grave was.

A cart-track leading from the Horseshoe to the point of the Hook is sandy and heavy. It is preferable to follow the shore to the West Beacon, from which a plank-walk leads to the Sandy Hook light, the oldest light-house structure in the United States. It is a white stone tower, 90 feet high, and shows a third-order fixed white light, visible $15\frac{1}{4}$ nautical miles. It was lighted for the first time on Monday, June 18, 1764. The keeper's dwelling was a stone house until 1883, when it was torn down and the present frame dwelling erected. The tower and the old house were known during the Revolution as the Light-house Fort, or Refugees' Town. The British fortified it, and from there the Tory refugees made their bloody raids (pp. 22, 29). Remnants of log fortifications are still to be seen near the large wooden screen, 300 yards east of the West Beacon. Workmen, engaged about fifteen years ago in re-lining the light-

house, discovered a cell beneath the stone floor of the cellar, and in it a rude fire-place and human remains. These latter are supposed to have been relics of Revolutionary tragedies.

In 1776, in order that Sandy Hook light might not guide the British fleet into New York Bay, Capt. John Conover, under orders, destroyed the lamp. He was afterwards taken prisoner and came so near being strung up to the yard-arm of a British ship that the noose was prepared. But his sentence was commuted to incarceration in one of the New York sugar-houses.

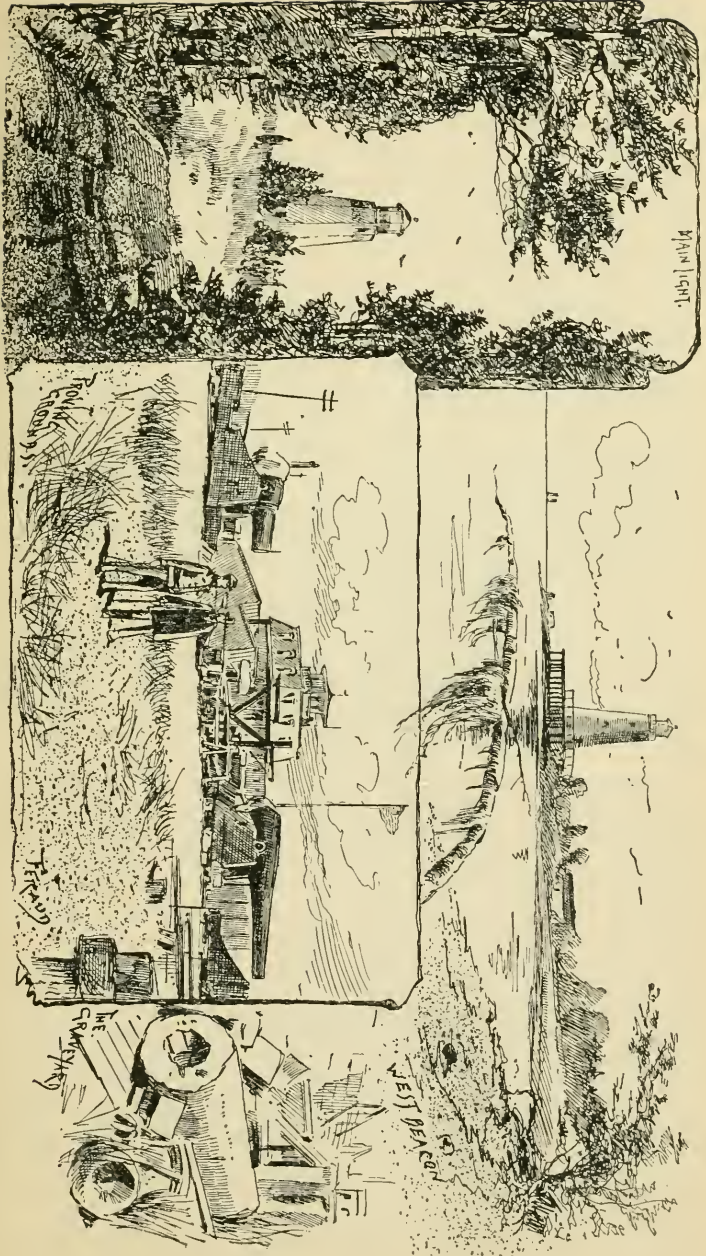
About two hundred yards east of Sandy Hook light is a little graveyard, unkept and desolate. Here are buried unidentified castaways, shipwrecked mariners and soldiers. The most interesting head-stone is that which marks the grave of Capt. Swain, of Cape May, who, with his two sons and three sailors was wrecked on Sandy Hook, and drowned during a wild winter storm in 1806.

The West Beacon (established 1842) is a white tower 30 feet high, and shows a sixth order fixed white light. When obscured by the screen it marks the edge of the bar, and when just clear to the north of Sandy Hook light, the turning point around the southwest spit into the main channel. The East or Hook Beacon (established 1842) is a red iron tower on the north point of the Hook, 42 feet high, and shows a fourth order fixed white light. Near it is the fog signal, a first-class steam siren.

Sandy Hook is a Government reservation, though belonging for town purposes to Middletown township. The light-house was erected by New York merchants, but it and four acres of ground about it were ceded to the United States by the State of New York, February 3, 1790. That portion north of the light-house was conveyed to the United States by Richard Harts-horne, February 26, 1806, for \$3,750; and the remaining portion by the same, June 10, 1817, for \$20,000. The United States Ordnance Department uses the reservation as a proving-ground for cannon. There are usually several pieces of artillery in position near the Ordnance office, north of the Sandy Hook light-house. The range is two miles long, with targets at one mile and two miles distance, and butts nearer by. In the office is a delicate electrical apparatus for measuring the velocity of missiles. In the vicinity is the "Ordnance Graveyard," strewn with fragments of bursted cannon and with guns which remain there as monuments of their own failure. Plank-walks lead to Life-Saving Station No. 1, to the Western Union Tower (telegraph office), from which incoming and outgoing vessels are reported, and to the house in which the electricity for lighting five buoys in Gedney Channel is generated.

A unique news service, of which the Western Union Tower is the outgrowth, was established on Sandy Hook about 1854, when the telegraph line from New York to Beacon Hill, Highlands, was extended to Sandy Hook, a fine wire being stretched across the river from Beacon Hill to a high pole on the east bank of the Shrewsbury. When an incoming vessel was sighted, James Farrell, a noted surfer, put out to her through the surf. The captain threw a can containing the news, in cipher, overboard. Farrell fished out the can, attached the cipher message to a carrier pigeon which bore it to the telegraph station (a mere shanty) on the Hook, whence it was telegraphed, via Beacon Hill, to New York. (See page 12). This service was discontinued after the laying of

MAIN LIGHT.



ON SANDY HOOK.

the Atlantic cable. An unfinished fort of granite blocks occupies a large portion of the point of the Hook. It was commenced in 1857, but work has been suspended for many years. On the inner shore of the Point is the Government dock.

The waters of Sandy Hook Bay are a favorite resort for fishermen. Members of Henry Hudson's crew caught, September 4, 1609, in a short time's netting, "10 great mullets, one and one-half feet long, a plaice and a ray, which four men had to haul aboard." Fish do not swarm in these waters as they did in those days, but there is still good fishing from the Government dock and from the jetties north of the fort; weakfish are plentiful on the flats between this dock and the West Beacon and in a deep hole, about 400 feet north-northwest of the railroad pier, kingfish abound. There are no public-houses on Sandy Hook, but fishermen and excursionists can obtain excellent meals on the boats of the New Jersey Southern Railroad. There is superb still-water bathing on the bay shore and surf bathing from the strand. Beach-plums, which make a delicious preserve, are found in abundance early in September, a short distance north of the Horseshoe. This fruit was highly prized by the Indians, who claimed in 1678 that, when they had sold Sandy Hook to Richard Hartshorne, about 1670, they had reserved "liberty to go on Sandy Hook to get plums."

The marsh which bounds the old Hook runs north from the Horse shoe about one-half mile, then curves southeast and finally due south, in which direction it extends, broken at points by firm ground ("islands"), and by Navy, Long and Round ponds, to Spermacetti Cove. There is a road through the marsh, beginning at the Sandy Hook Light, which continues to Highland Beach, and is known as the Telegraph Road, probably because the first telegraph line from Beacon Hill to the Point of the Hook ran along it.

On the strip of sand, which separates the ocean from Shrewsbury River and connects Sandy Hook with the mainland at Monmouth Beach, are Highland Beach, Navesink Beach, Normandie-by-the-Sea, Rumson Beach, Seabright, Low Moor and Galilee. All these are on the old Eliakim Wardell tract, which he secured by patent in 1670, and bought of the Indians for £4.

A mere glance at the map will reveal the admirable facilities for bathing and boating offered by this sand reef between ocean and river. Bathers have their choice between a dash into the surf or a plunge into the Navesink or Shrewsbury. Both rivers are navigable for sailboats of light draft, but shoals are numerous, and unless the boat is in charge of a skipper familiar with the channels, a sailing party, instead of being a breezy ride over the waves, is apt to result in a broil on a flat. The swiftness of the tides makes it further advisable in planning a sailing party to time the return so as to catch a favorable tide. South of Seabright the Shrewsbury broadens out into a lagoon among the creeks at whose head are Parker's and Pleasure Bay, where boating parties can find "entertainment" respectively at Johnty Smith's (p. 44) and at Price's (p. 37).

There is much confusion in the use of the names Shrewsbury and Navesink. The latter name is often applied only to that portion which, after the union of the two rivers, extends between the beach and the

highlands, while the rivers themselves are called North Shrewsbury and South Shrewsbury. The map of the New Jersey Geological Survey, which must be accepted as final authority in such matters, gives the name Navesink to the north river and Shrewsbury to the south river. The famous Shrewsbury oysters are dredged in these waters and clams and crabs also abound in them. (Shrewsbury Inlet, see p. 2).

HIGHLAND BEACH is an excursion resort, especially designed for family parties, though larger excursions can obtain ample accommodations on notice. The bathing is especially fine and varied, the ocean and the river being but 50 yards apart.

The following features and rates have been established by the Highland Beach Improvement Company: Bath, 25 cents. Furnished dressing-rooms for family parties, 50 cents. From the second floor of the pavilion a fine view of the bathers both in the surf and river can be had. In the restaurant "Shrewsbury Dinners" (50 cents to \$1) are served at one hour's notice, or to 100 at a time at 12, 1 and 2 o'clock on excursion days or at other hours by previous arrangement. These dinners consist chiefly of sea-food. Meals can also be had *a la carte*. Two fast steam-launches ply respectively the Shrewsbury and the Navesink to their heads of navigation, stopping at intermediate places, at 30 cents the round trip; sailboats, 50 cents an hour; rowboats, 25 cents an hour, \$1 a day; St. Lawrence River canoes, 50 cents an hour. Hammocks, lawn-tennis, croquet, quoits, rifle-shooting, archery, merry-go-round, scups and see-saws are provided at trifling cost. Stages holding 12 can be had for \$5 an afternoon; carriages for from \$3 to \$4 an afternoon. Favorite drives are through the Highlands, to Atlantic Highlands, Rumson Neck and to Long Branch.

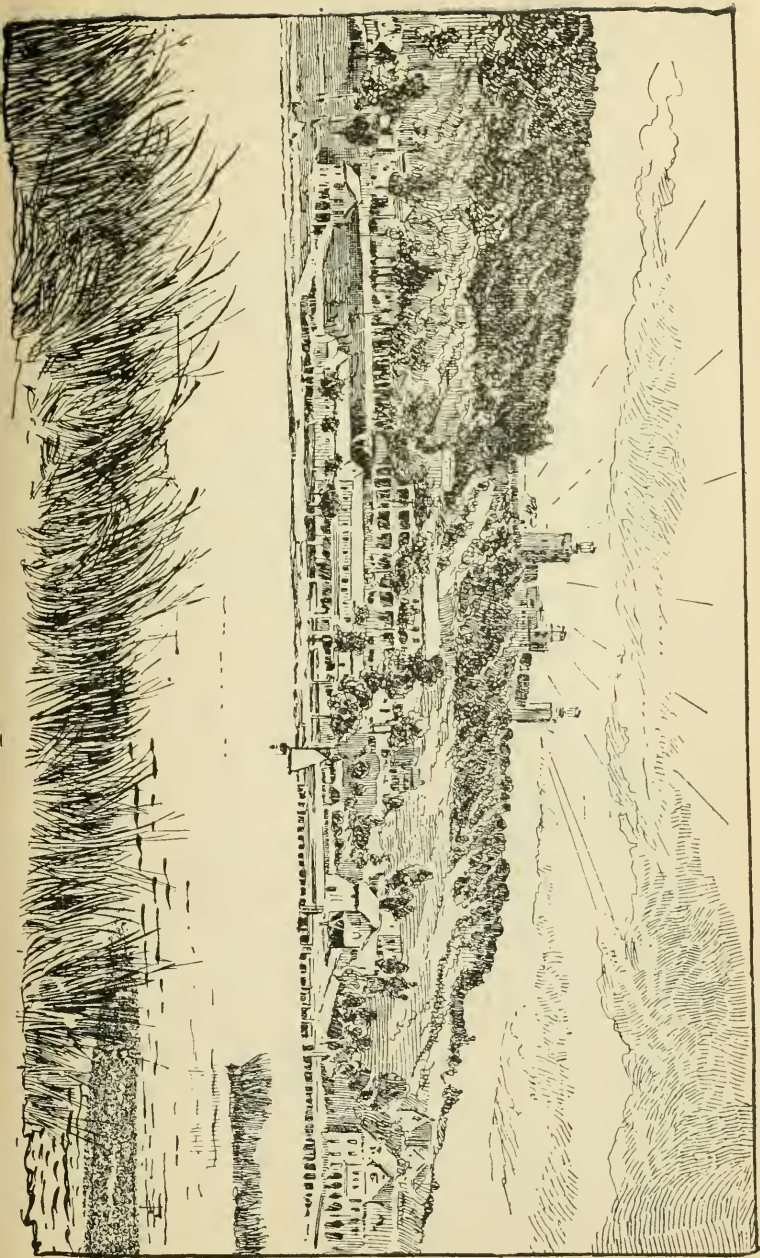
HIGHLANDS OF NAVESINK.—A drawbridge 1,452 feet long, built in 1872, over the Navesink, connects the beach with the Highlands of Navesink (375 feet) at the foot of Light-house Hill, their easternmost spur. From 1865 until the building of the bridge people were ferried over.

The Highlands of Navesink were at one time known as Portland Heights, the name applying to the entire neck between Sandy Hook Bay and the Navesink River. They were purchased from the Indians, who called this bold headland *Newasink* ("Good Fishing Place"), in 1663. Richard Hartshorne, who came from London in 1669, gained possession of the Highlands in the following year, and it is certain that as early as 1687 he had erected a house on his Highland estate, leaving his first Colonial residence at Wakake Creek. A large portion of the Highlands continues in the possession of the Hartshorne family to this day, a tenure of real estate of excessively rare length in this country. The dwelling above alluded to stood on the part of the Hartshorne estate now called Portland, on a small cove between Clay Pit Creek and Minturn's Point, a mile southeast from the "twin lighthouses" of the Highlands, although somewhat farther if one follows the road. In 1703 the Highlands, including Sandy Hook, passed by deed of gift into the hands of William, son of Richard Hartshorne, who thus became proprietor of what might be called Portland Manor. The princely estate remained nearly intact, held, as it would seem, by a sort of entail until 1762, when Esek, the elder of two brothers, who had inherited all but some 200 acres on the Navesink and Clay Pit Creek, bequeathed to his uncle John, agreed to release to his brother Robert his title to half of the domain, drawing a line east and west and reserving to himself the northern portion. Each brother thus held a tract of 747 acres. Portland is in the southern half and thus belonged to Robert, who retained it until his death in 1801. Richard, his son, lived at Portland until his death in 1831.

Benjamin M. Hartshorne now occupies the Portland mansion. This is, however, a comparatively modern structure erected on the site of the original house, which was burned down about forty years ago. It is a large but unpretentious building near the water. The grounds are kept in good order, the lawn smoothly shaven, and a pair of brass field-pieces give an old-time air to one of the most interesting family residences on the Continent. In early times the Indians often encamped at this place, and Indian relics are still turned up by the plow. On the opposite side of the cove is another interesting building of the Colonial period which belonged to the estate of John Hartshorne. Apparently an unpretentious conventional white farm-house, the interior is of a character to stimulate the interest of the antiquarian. It stands on a lawn within a few yards of the Navesink. It is said that in the war of 1812 shells thrown by a British man-of-war lodged in these grounds. The building is divisible into two sections, the earlier including a stone kitchen and a two-storied section. The ground floor is occupied by a large, low-studded apartment, to one side of which is an immense old-fashioned fire-place. The black timbers hewn into shape with the axe are in excellent order and the heavy frame is also thoroughly preserved. The partition walls are of the most massive character. The second section of this house is an addition erected in 1788, and is almost as venerable in its appearance as the other parts of the building.

HIGHLANDS, a settlement which includes a number of pretty villas, among them the summer houses of several popular actors and the Jackson Club, spreads out along the slope of Light-house Hill to Minturn's Point, a superb promontory to the south, and to Parkertown (Sea Plain), about one-half mile to the north.

LIGHT-HOUSE HILL is named from the twin light-houses which stand on its small, bare plateau, semi-encircled by thick woods. The site was utilized as early as 1746 for a beacon, put up at the request of New York merchants. England was then at war with France, and the beacon was to give warning should hostile vessels be sighted. About a month afterwards it was accidentally fired, and, as it was not observed from New York, it was discontinued as useless. A light-house was built there in 1762 and continued in use until 1828 when twin towers were erected. In 1826 a semaphore, by means of which, before the invention of the electric telegraph, vessels were reported to New York, was put up on the same plateau. The present structure which, with its "twin towers" and battlements, is picturesque enough to be worthy of a commanding position on the banks of the Rhine, was erected in 1862. The "establishment" is of brown-stone and consists of two castellated towers connected by a castellated wall, 228 feet long, forming the



front of the keepers' dwellings and of the oil and supply-rooms. The structure is on a line northwest and southeast. The centers of the lanterns are 53 feet from the ground, the lights are first order, 248 feet above sea-level, and from a vessel's deck can be seen $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles out at sea, but have been seen 30 miles out, from aloft. The northwest tower is octagonal, the southeast tower square. The lamps which burn five wicks, the largest of which is $5\frac{5}{11}$ inches in diameter, consume, of long winter nights, 60 quarts of oil. The Light-house Board instructs keepers of light-houses to show visitors over their establishments free of charge whenever their doing so does not interfere with their duties. As a rule, light-houses are not open to the public after the lamps are lighted.

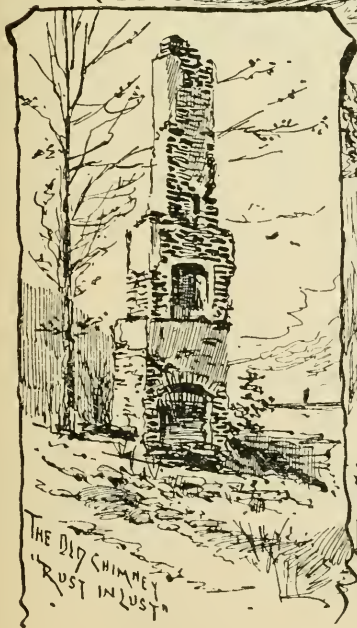
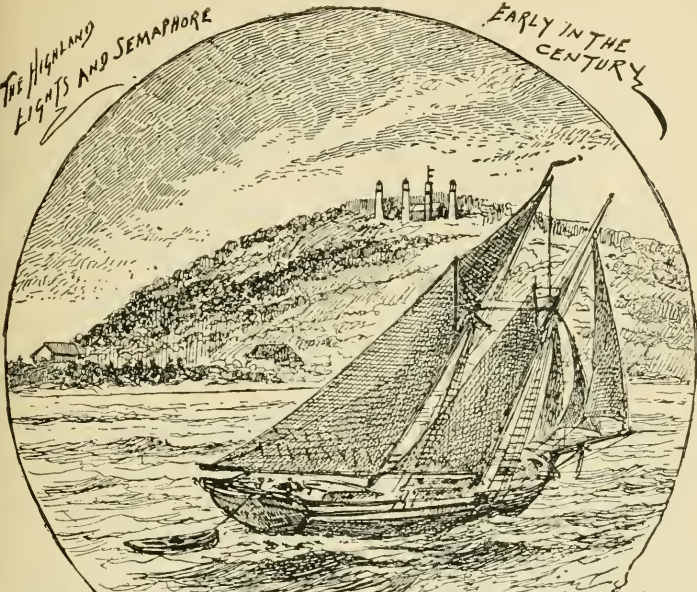
The view to the north and east from either of the "twin towers" is superb. To the north it overlooks Sandy Hook and extends as far as the Narrows; to the northeast, Coney Island, Rockaway Beach and the Long Beach Hotel can be seen; while to the east is the magnificent expanse of ocean with innumerable vessels, from the stately steamer to the saucy tug; from the clipper, with its swelling square sails, to the frail but buoyant fishing-boat scudding home under spritsail and jib. These views are beautifully reflected in the Fresnel lenses around the lamps, and visitors should not fail to have this effect pointed out to them.

Light-house Hill is an excellent point from which to watch the outside yacht races. Sandy Hook Light-ship (six and five-eighths miles off Sandy Hook, red hull, two fixed red lights) and the *Scotland* Light-ship (three and one-half miles off Sandy Hook, lead-colored hull, two fixed white lights) are objects of special interest in the seaward view. As many as a thousand people have visited the Highlands of Navesink Light-houses in a day. The cannon in front of the structure was discovered when the cellar of the present building was being dug. It bears the inscription: "*I. Lopez, 1756.*" Some suppose it to be a Revolutionary relic, others say it was taken from a British tender, which was sunk in Sandy Hook Bay during the war of 1812.

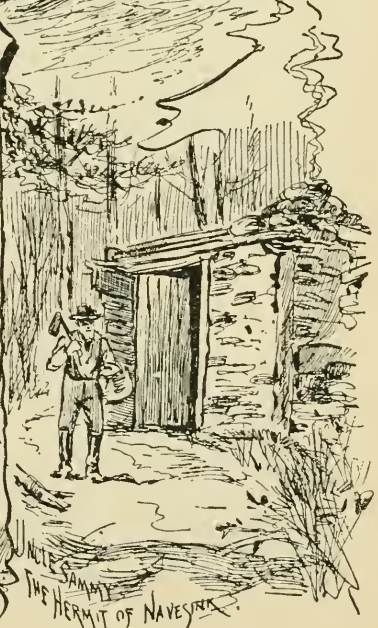
The semaphore, referred to above, was an interesting apparatus. On a tower about 70 feet high was a tall spar to which two arms were rigged, far enough apart to enable each to describe a circle without interfering with the other. In the tower was a dial graduated from 1 to 10, and with the words "look out" and "repeat." If the pointer on the dial was set at any number between 1 and 6, the upper arm on the spar moved to a corresponding position; if set at any number from 7 to 10, or at "look out" or "repeat," the lower arm moved. The operator worked from a "Telegraphic Dictionary," adopted by the Merchants' Exchange. The names of vessels and words generally in use were represented by numbers. The number of the ship *Napoleon*, for instance, was 6335, and to report her the operator set the dial successively at 6-3-3-5 and the upper arm moved successively into the corresponding positions. There was a semaphore on Sandy Hook which signalled the figures to an operator on the Staten Island side of the Narrows, who in turn signalled them to an observer in the Merchants' Exchange. The operators became so skillful that a vessel could be reported from the Highlands of Navesink to New York in a minute. The old operator of the semaphore, who is one of the characters of the Highlands, may be seen almost daily at the telegraph station on Light-house Hill, where, with the old, well-thumbed *Telegraphic Dictionary* in hand, he rehearses the story of vessel reporting in his youthful days. Vessels are now reported from a station about half a mile south of Light-house Hill. The original single tower, the semaphore and the first

THE HIGHLAND
LIGHTS AND SEMAPHORE

EARLY IN THE
CENTURY



THE OLD CHIMNEY
"RUST IN LUST"



UNCLE SAMMY
THE HERMIT OF NAVESINK

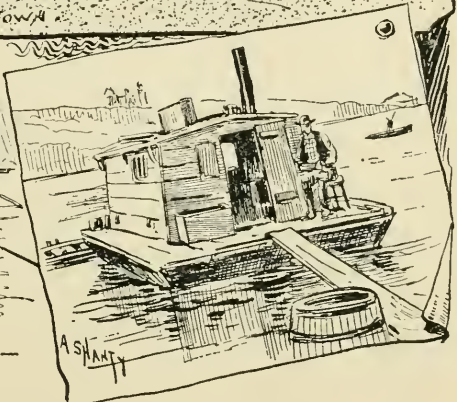
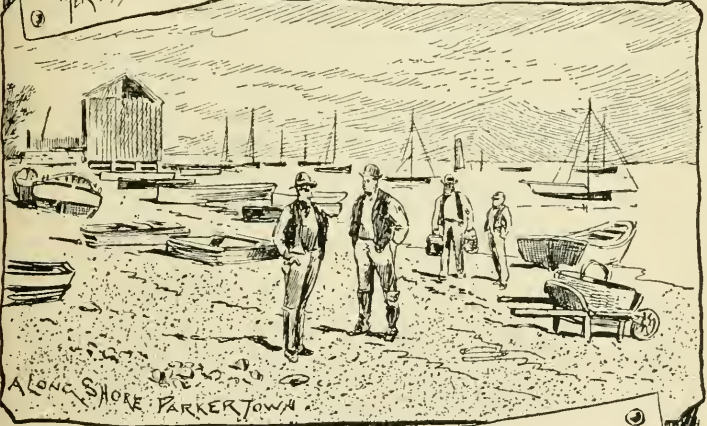
HIGHLAND MEMORIES.

twin towers are shown in the illustration, which is a reproduction of a drawing made in the early "thirties," when these structures were all standing.

PARKERTOWN is an odd little hamlet whose population is engaged in clamming. The soul of this original community is wrapped up in clams. They are to it what whales once were to Nantucket. Parkertown is clamming, shelling, stringing or canning clams; devouring them, or dreaming of performing one or another of these acts. The idiosyncrasies of the clam are as well-known to Parkertowners as are the whims of a child to its parents. "Clam" is said to be the first word lisped by Parkertown babies. But while versed in all the arts of warfare upon the bivalve, this community has not shown itself as thoroughly versed in the arts of peace, and for this reason goes by several graphic but not very complimentary soubriquets.

Clamming is one of the important pursuits of the inhabitants of the Jersey coast, and it is nowhere better exemplified than at Parkertown, because there the whole community is absorbed in it. The clam is pursued afoot and afloat. The former method includes raking and treading, and is of course followed only in shallow water. The term, "raking," explains itself. In "treading" the clammer wades with a boat or tub in tow. An expert treader when he feels a clam with his foot, seizes the bivalve with his toes, raises his foot out of water and lets the clam drop into the tub or boat. "Chugging" for clams is an operation performed in deep water with a rake of 40 fine steel teeth, about three-quarters of an inch apart, attached to a 30-foot pole. The bobbing motion of the rowboat on the waves and the drift of the boat with the tide causes the rake to bury itself in the sandy bottom, and when the teeth strike against clams a gritting sound—"the kind of music we likes to hear"—travels up the pole, and the clammer hauls up and dumps the catch into his boat. Clams are also dredged for from sloops. A number of the Parkertown women and girls tread for clams, but as a rule the female element of the settlement is engaged in opening and stringing clams, about \$40,000 worth of which are annually shipped from this queer hamlet to New York and sold as Little Necks—for "the Little Necks has the name though the Parkertowns has the flavor."

About one-half mile north of Parkertown is Gravelly Point, from where the British army, after the battle of Monmouth, crossed to Sandy Hook. Here, also, one of New Jersey's revolutionary heroes, Captain Joshua Huddy, whose brilliant story is told under Rumson Neck (p. 22), met a tragic death. Proceeding westward from Parkertown about half a mile by a winding and romantic drive in a depression of the Highlands extending to All Saint's church, Navesink, we come to the ruins of the famous mansion of Colonial times called "Lust in Rust," where Cooper laid the scene of some of the chief incidents of his famous "Water Witch." The site is close to the road, not far from the Hill-side farm, upon a small plateau overlooking Sandy Hook Bay and commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect—the ocean and bay in front and the lofty wooded hills in the rear. Nothing now remains of the dwelling of portly Alderman Van Beverant, the dignified



CLAMMING.

burgher of New Amsterdam, and the fair Alida, the Lady Barbarie, his lovely ward, except the cellar filled up by the debris of fallen walls overgrown with weeds and the chimney, which stands alone on the eminence like a tower. Firmly constructed it may stand for ages yet if no ruthless vandal tears it down to erect another building on that site. It may be hoped that time and man may respect a spot rendered famous by the Walter Scott of America. A few yards from the chimney the old smoke-house of masonry yet remains; but it is in a dilapidated condition and is evidently not long for this world. It is not inappropriate to quote here the description of this place in the "Water Witch," probably as it was when Cooper first saw it :

"The western bank of the river is an abrupt and high acivity, which rises to the elevation of a mountain. It was near the base of the latter that Alderman Van Beverant, for reasons that may be more fully developed in our tale, has seen fit to erect his villa, which, agreeably to a usage of Holland, he had called the Lust in Rust, * * * The villa of the Lust in Rust was a low, irregular edifice, in bricks, whitewashed to the color of the driven snow, and in a taste that was altogether Dutch. There were many gables and weather-cocks, a dozen small and twisted chimneys, with numberless facilities that were intended for the nests of the storks. These airy sites were, however, untenanted, to the great disappointment of the honest architect, who, like many others that bring into this hemisphere habits and opinions that are better suited to the other, never ceased expressing his surprize on the subject, although all the negroes of the neighborhood united in affirming there was no such bird in America. In front of the house there was a narrow, but an exceedingly neat lawn, encircled by shrubbery, while two old elms that seemed coeval with the mountain, grew in the rich soil of which the base of the latter was composed. Nor was there a want of shade on any part of the natural terrace that was occupied by the buildings. It was thickly sprinkled with fruit trees, and here and there was a pine or an oak of native growth. A declivity, that was rather rapid, fell away in front to the level of the mouth of the river. In short it was an ample, but an unpretending country house, in which no domestic convenience had been forgotten; while it had little to boast of in the way of architecture except its rustic eaves and twisted chimneys. A few outhouses for the accommodation of the negroes were nigh and nearer to the river; there were barns and stables of dimensions and materials altogether superior to those that the appearance of arable land, or the condition of the small farm would seem to render necessary. * * * At the northern extremity of the villa, which it will be remembered leaned against the mountain, and facing the east, or fronting the river and the sea, there stood a little wing, evenly more deeply embowered in shrubbery and low trees than the other parts of the edifice, and which was constructed altogether in a different style. This was a pavilion erected for the particular accommodation and at the cost of *la belle Barbarie*. Here the heiress of two fortunes was accustomed to keep her own little *menage* during the weeks passed in the country."

The cove in which the "Skimmer of the Sea" anchored, and the path by which he clambered to the eyrie of "*la belle Barbarie*," are still pointed out.

The drives through the Highlands are of great beauty. Among them is that to Atlantic Highlands, to the sketch of which the reader should turn; to Sunset Hill, from where a beautiful view is had; and to Navesink, whence the fine drive along the

Navesink River to Red Bank is easily reached. Just after crossing Clay Pit Creek, this road runs along the slope of a hill on the old Burdge property, west of the creek. From the top of this hill a view is had to the south of the coast as far as the eye can reach, and to the north of the Bay and Narrows. Those not desiring to return the same road, can drive down Rumson Neck and then up the beach. One of the prettiest stretches of road in the country is that from Portland Manor to All Saints' Memorial church (Protestant Episcopal).

NAVESINK.—This last-named village, formerly Riceville, is near the head of Clay Pit Creek. The people follow farming, oystering and clamming.

All Saints' Memorial church was erected in 1864 by a gentlemen in memory of his daughter and other members of his family. The church is of the Gothic order. Built of stone, of dark orange hue, and occupying a position on a green knoll, and draped with ivy it presents a most picturesque object in the landscape. A school-house and rectory designed in the same style, and a church-yard within the same enclosure, almost lead the observer to imagine himself in some rural corner of Old England. At this point the road turns in three directions, to Locust Point, and to the Highlands by the "Water Witch" house, and to the Highland Lights through the Hartshorne Woods. Locust Point (New Amsterdam) is a small village on the south side of Clay Pit Creek, an inlet of the Navesink River, reached by a short ride from Navesink, crossing by a wooden bridge. The people are chiefly occupied in dredging oysters and clams, which abound at this point.

Not far from Portland Manor, between that and Minturn Point, is the Neptune Club House, right on the shore of the Navesink. The club was chartered in 1858, and numbers about forty members. A few rods north of the club house is Black Fish Hole. This is a pool of considerable depth, separated from the Navesink by a strip of sand about 40 feet wide. The pool receives its name from the fact that some years ago, before the inlet by which the pond communicated with the river was filled up, black fish found a congenial retreat in the dark waters of the pool, a singular freak in piscatology, as this species is rarely found so far away from the deep sea.

NAVESINK BEACH adjoins Highland Beach, and consists of cottages extending to **Normandie-by-the-Sea**, a first-class hotel (open June 15–October 1), capable of accommodating 300 guests. It commands a fine view of both ocean and river, the rooms looking out upon one or the other, and ample porticoes being on both sides.

In addition to the surf and river bathing hot and cold sea-water baths can be had in the hotel (50 cents). The following is the official schedule of prices: Transient, \$4 and \$5 per day; room for two persons, \$45 to \$70 per week; room for one person, \$25 to \$35 per week; maids or valets in single room, \$21 per week; maids or valets in dormitory, \$14 per week; coachman (room over stable), \$10 per week; horses, ponies and donkeys, \$7 per week each; row-boats by the day, week, month or season; steam-launches \$10 a day; bathing-houses \$2 per week or by the season. Extending from this hotel to Seabright is **Rumson Beach** (formerly Stokem's), a line of pretty summer cottages.

SEABRIGHT occupies a portion of the old Wardell Beach and farm, extending from North Long Branch to about one mile north of Seabright, which, in 1865, was purchased by a physi-

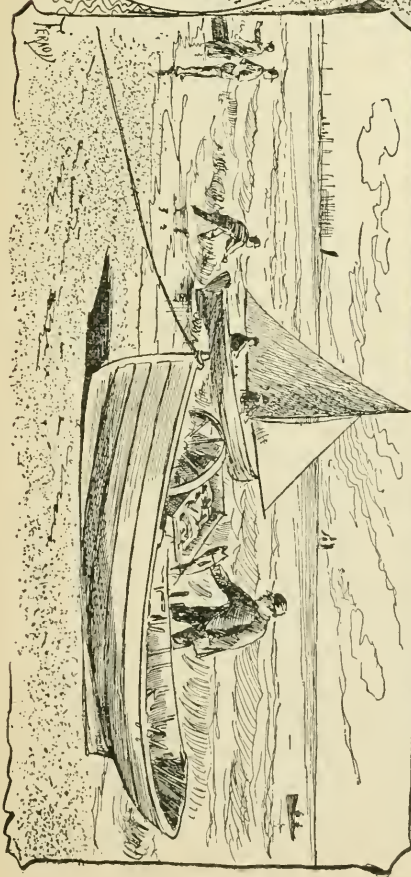
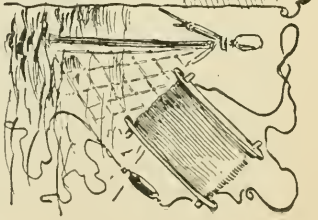
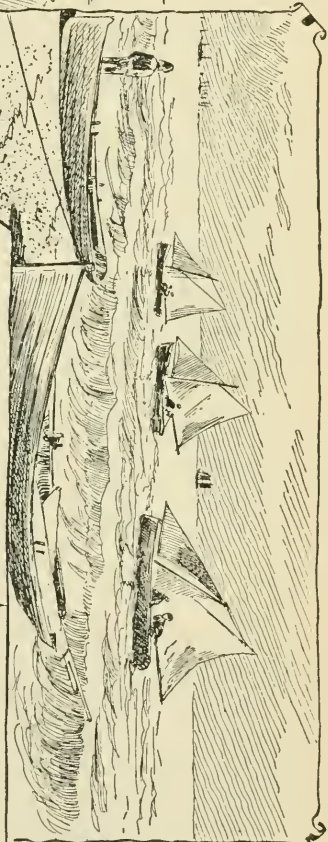
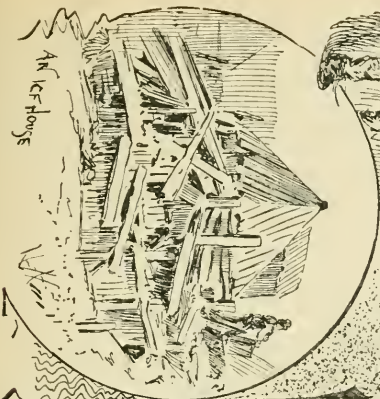
cian of Freehold, at \$5 an acre, and which in a short time he was able to dispose of at \$100 an acre. It now sells in lots at the rate of \$7,000 an acre.

That little interest was taken in beach property in former years may be gathered from the fact that until 1869, when the Jumping Point Drawbridge was built connecting Seabright with Rumson Neck, the Rumson Road had not been extended to the river bank. At the time of one of the sales of beach north of Seabright the Wardell title was disputed, being, however, finally settled in favor of the Wardells, chiefly on the evidence of the Widow Wardell, to the effect that her boys had always "whipped" any other boys they caught gathering driftwood on the beach.

Seabright is one of the gayest resorts on the coast. Most of the cottages are commodious, and the sandy tract between them and the railroad track, and even to the river, has been sodded, so that there are lawns and flower-beds, reaching, in some instances, almost to the strand. This gives the place a fresh and attractive appearance. Besides numerous private tennis-courts here and on Rumson Neck, there are, on the Rumson Road, not far from the Jumping Point Drawbridge, the house and grounds of the Seabright Lawn-Tennis and Cricket Club. These embrace tennis-courts, cricket and base-ball grounds, and four bowling-alleys. Tennis tournaments, base-ball and cricket matches are played here every summer, the American tours of foreign cricket teams always including a visit to Seabright. In the club-house is a ball-room with a gallery and accommodations for theatricals. The grounds cover about five acres.

For many years the popular route from New York to Long Branch was by the old Allaire steamboats (Orris, Osiris, Isis), whose course was outside of Sandy Hook and through the old Shrewsbury Inlet, a short distance north of Seabright, about where Normandie-by-the-Sea now stands, to a landing at the Ocean House, a short distance south. Sometimes there were as many as sixty stages around this old inn to convey passengers to Long Branch over the beach road, which was so sandy that the drivers often hired negroes to spread salt meadow grass over it in order to prevent the wheels from sinking down almost to the hubs. The passage through the inlet was at certain tides very exciting. The steamboats which were fitted up with double engines would, on coming abreast of it, swing around and rush through it as if they were running rapids. (A history of Shrewsbury Inlet will be found on p. 2.)

The most picturesque portion of Seabright is the old fishing village of Nauvoo, the largest fishery on the coast. The proximity of the Shrewsbury Rocks, a famous fishing ground, and the easy slope of the strand, making the launching of boats frequently less dangerous than elsewhere south along the coast, attracted fishermen to this spot already some fifty years ago. They sailed down the Shrewsbury from Branchport and Pleasure Bay, hauled their boats from the river to the strand and launched them through the surf. Soon, in order to save the river trip, some of them erected shanties and ice-houses, and the nucleus around which the settlement grew was formed. Now, fishermen come hither all the way from Cape May, and it



NAUVOO AND GALILEE.

is a noteworthy fact that many Swedish sailors leave their vessels for a summer's fishing off Nauvoo. There are about two hundred and fifty boats with crews of two each, and the average "fare" to a boat is 150 pounds of fish a day, so that the average daily "fare" of the fishery is 37,500 pounds or 4,575,000 pounds from June 1 to October 1. To any one with an eye for artistic effects, Nauvoo and the beach in front of it form one of the most picturesque spots on the coast. Against the quaintly peaked ice-houses nearest the strand winter storms have piled all sorts of flotsam. The beach is a scene of varied activity. A boat is lying with prow seaward and her little white jib and spritsail hoisted. A fisherman stands at her bow, another near her stern. They shove her through the listening surf, and, as she rises buoyantly on the incoming billow, leap into her as a rider leaps into the saddle. The wind spreads out her sails and she skims over the water like a sea-gull. The boat is late launching, for most of the little fleet is standing in for shore. Suddenly the sails are furled and the masts shipped. The crews row to the line of surf, leap into it and run up their boats. The "fare" which has probably been cleaned on the homeward run is loaded into hand-carts, then packed in barrels with ice and then shipped to New York or down the coast. The nets are spread and the spritsails and jibs are again set so that they will dry in the sun. Hence sometimes there is a whole fleet under sail high and dry on the beach. There are some strong, storm-furrowed faces among the older fishermen, and many of the younger men are sturdy looking fellows, especially when in their sou'westers and surf boots.

The usual method of fishing is with hook and line from an anchored boat, using menhaden for bait; but there are also pound nets in the vicinity of Nauvoo. Bluefish, bass, weakfish, blackfish—in fact, all kinds of fish inhabiting the waters off this coast are caught in plenty. These, with the crabs and clams abounding in the river, make sea-food abundant and cheap at Seabright and the resorts near it. Fishing is carried on, though on a smaller scale than at Nauvoo, and there is also plenty of crabbing and clamming further south along the coast, so that the New Jersey coast resorts are not obliged to import from New York their "fish, clams and crabs fresh from the sea."

At Seabright, carriages are let not only by the hour, at the usual rates, but also by the "morning," "afternoon" and "evening" drives, \$4 for the morning, \$5 for the last two. Stages run from the station to Oceanic (25 cents).

The Presbyterian church was erected in 1880 by the wife of one of the residents of Rumson Neck. The pulpit is supplied by visiting clergymen, some of the most prominent divines of the denomination being heard here during the summer. The lady who erected the church also donated a reading-room to the fishermen of Nauvoo.

The steamer *L'Amérique*, of the General Transatlantic Co., between Havre and New York, stranded Sunday morning, January 11, 1877, 150

yards off Seabright, Twelve of her sailors lowered a boat and attempted to reach shore, but the boat was swamped in the surf and three men were drowned, the other nine being rescued by Capt. Abner H. West, of Life Saving Station No. 3, and three of his crew, who rushed up to their waists into a surf in which they had to contend with a strong undertow and masses of floating ice. The passengers and the rest of the crew of the steamer were rescued with the life-car. The vessel was eventually gotten off by the Coast Wrecking Co., but not before she was again in danger of destruction in a fearful storm which raged along the coast February 23, 1877, when the Life Saving crews of Stations 3 and 4 brought off 200 souls, wreckers and seamen, from her.

RUMSON NECK.—This peninsula, between the Shrewsbury and Navesink Rivers, is considered by many people the finest situation on the coast. Its shore opposite the beach is a bold bluff, crowned with shrubs and grasses. Like the Highlands of Navesink it was washed by the sea before the beach north of Seabright was formed and when Sandy Hook was joined to the mainland at the Highlands. A large part of Rumson Neck is a high, rolling ridge commanding such a beautiful view of the rivers and Highlands and of the ocean that the Ridge Road (which is to be continued through to Red Bank) has become one of the favorite drives on the coast. The view is particularly fine from the tower of the house on Bingham Hill.

This was once the property of U. S. Senator William Bingham, of Philadelphia, whose family made it their summer residence, where they entertained lavishly, Mrs Bingham being one of Philadelphia's social leaders. The eldest daughter, a famous American beauty, was married in 1798 in the southeast room of the old mansion on Bingham Hill, to Lord Ashburton.

The Rumson Road is the great thoroughfare of the Neck, as it connects directly with Seabright by the drawbridge and leads into other favorite roads, among them that which, crossing Little Silver Creek and Parker's Creek and Port-au-Peck, the site of an old Indian camping-ground opposite Branchport, is a short and beautiful drive to Long Branch, whence the return can be made by the road along the beach. The road along the Navesink is also popular, and is destined to become more so when the proposed bridge between Oceanic and the Highlands is built. Now, in order to reach the Highlands from Rumson Neck otherwise than by the beach drive, one is obliged to cross the Navesink at Red Bank and drive down the north shore of that river. The distance will be greatly shortened by the Oceanic bridge, and there will then be to the north a driving circuit which should at least rival that through Long Branch, as it will include mountain and woodland scenes as well as ocean and river views. The roads and walks throughout Rumson Neck are kept in admirable order, and on all sides there is evidence that it is controlled by people of wealth and taste, the improvements made by summer visitors having enhanced rather than destroyed the natural beauty of this superb

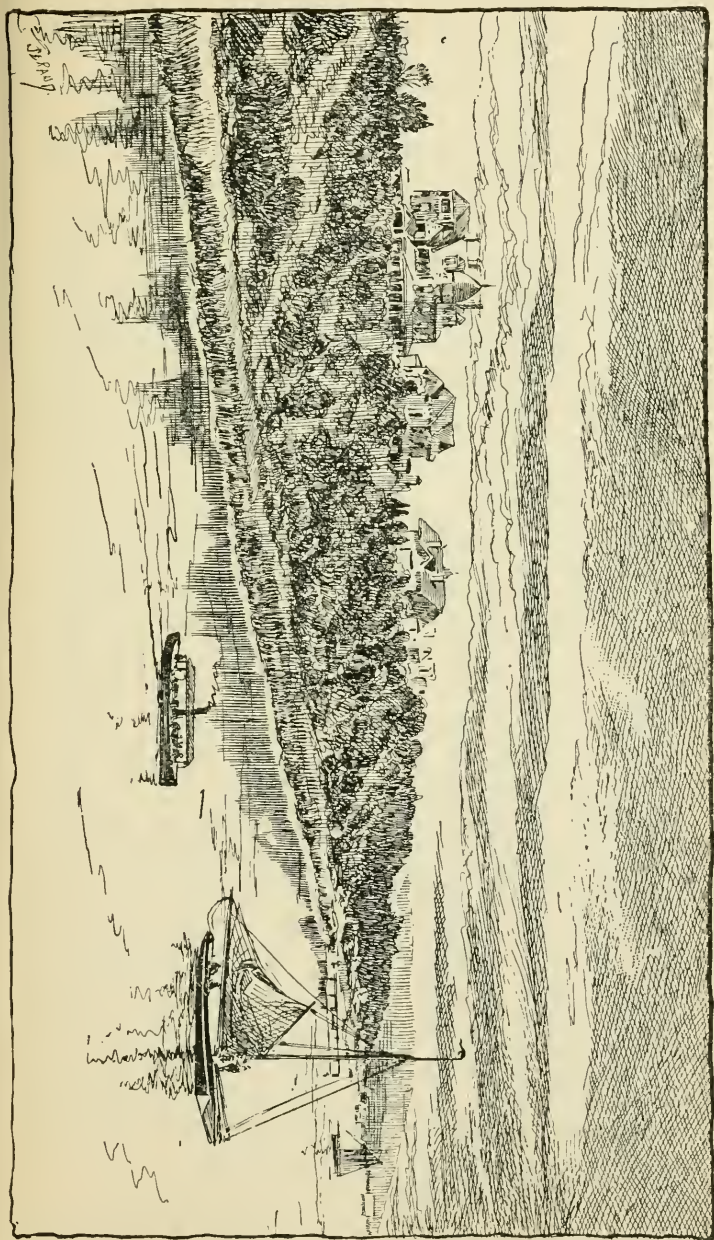
peninsula. St. George's Protestant Episcopal church is centrally and prominently located at the intersection of the Ridge Road and Bellevue Avenue. Another church, whose pretty architecture catches the eye, is the Presbyterian at Oceanic.

Rumson Neck from Red Bank (which see) to Black Point is six miles long. The settlements on the Navesink are Fair Haven and Oceanic (formerly Port Washington and Commercial Dock). Both places are delightfully situated on the river, and afford ample facilities for boating and bathing. They are quiet, pleasant resorts. The inhabitants are chiefly engaged in dredging the famous Shrewsbury oysters. At the head of the Rumson Road is the pretty settlement of Little Silver, so named because it was said to have been purchased of the Indians for a little silver.

Rumson Neck has been the scene of several interesting historical incidents. The name is derived from the Indian Sachem Navarumsunk, which in time became Narumsum and Rumson. Narumsum, though not one of the most poetical of Indian names, is certainly far preferable to the commonplace corruption of it now in use, and might well be revived. There is a ridiculous tradition that the peninsula was purchased of the Indians for *some rum*, of which words Rumson—a prior corruption from Narumsum—is said to be the inversion. As a matter of fact, the cost to the whites of Navarumsunk and Pootapeck (Port-au-Peck) amounted to £359 10s. including the payment to the Indians in money, black and white peague, guns, one anchor of brandy, tobacco, clothing and wine; the services of men and boats for several voyages made, and for the recording of the deeds in New York.

The point of the peninsula north of the Jumping Point drawbridge is Black Point. It was formerly known as Passage Point. When Col. Lewis Morris was operating his iron works at Tinton Falls, which are mentioned as early as 1680, the products of the works were carted through Shrewsbury and down the Rumson Road to Passage Point, where his nephew, Lewis Morris, resided, and from where they were shipped. Hence the clauses in deeds of Black Point property reserving the right of vessels to land and of wagons and beasts of burden to have the right of way to the shore. It is known that a tavern stood on Passage Point in Revolutionary times.

JUMPING POINT received its name from one of the most brilliant exploits of Monmouth's Revolutionary hero, Capt. Joshua Huddy, whose career was a series of daring deeds in the guerrilla warfare waged all along the New Jersey coast between the Tory refugees and their former neighbors. These refugees were banded together under the name of the Board of Associated Loyalists, of which William Franklin, a natural son of Benjamin Franklin, and the last Tory Governor of New Jersey, was at one time President. They made frequent raids from the Light-house Fort on Sandy Hook, and further down the coast acted as guides to British marauding expeditions. Captain Huddy was the terror of these refugees. An attempt was made to capture him in his house on Colt's Neck, in September, 1780. A party of sixty refugees, commanded by one of their most daring leaders, Col. Tye, a mulatto slave, who usually led a mongrel band of negroes and Tories, surrounded Huddy's dwelling. Huddy, his wife and a servant girl were the



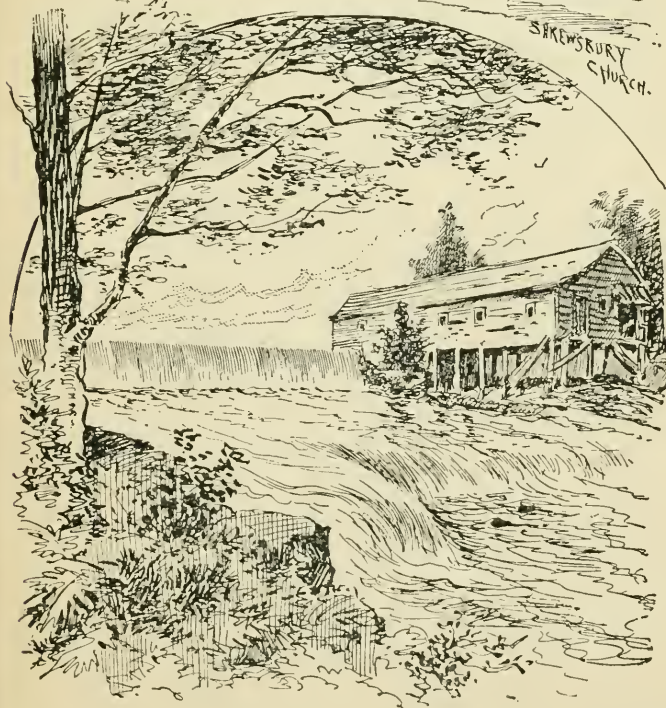
only occupants of the house. Nevertheless the American militiaman determined to defend himself. There were in the house several muskets belonging to the guard usually stationed there. These the women loaded while Huddy, by discharging them at the enemy through different windows, led the refugees to believe that a number of men were defending the house. He succeeded in wounding several of the enemy, and at last, as the attacking party was firing the house, shot Col. Tye in the wrist. The flames spread so swiftly that he offered to surrender if the enemy would aid him in putting out the fire. When the refugees, after suppressing the flames, entered the house and discovered that the stubborn resistance they had encountered had been offered by one man aided by two women, they were so incensed that they were prevented from butchering the defenders only by the stern commands of Tye. Meanwhile the neighboring settlements had been aroused, and a body of militia appearing, the refugees beat a hasty retreat, carrying Huddy captive with them to a place of embarkation near Black Point. Hardly had they embarked when they were fired upon by the militiamen, who had reached the river bank. In the confusion Huddy jumped overboard and swam for the shore. Being wounded in the thigh by a shot from the bank he held up a hand and shouted: "I am Huddy! I am Huddy!" The firing then ceased and Huddy reached the shore in safety. Jumping Point is presumed to have derived its name from this episode. The name of the heroic girl who aided Huddy's wife to load the muskets was Lucretia Emmons, afterwards Mrs. Chambers, of Freehold, where she died about 1822. Col. Tye's wound caused a fatal attack of lockjaw. He was more respected by the Americans than many of the white refugee leaders, as he had distinguished himself by several acts similar to his preserving the lives of Huddy, his wife and Lucretia Emmons. The Huddy house at Colt's Neck still stands, bearing the marks of the refugees' attack upon it.

Huddy's subsequent career was brief and tragic. Sunday morning, March 24, 1782, a block-house at Tom's River, commanded by him, was attacked and captured by a greatly superior force of British soldiers and refugees. After Huddy was made prisoner he was confined in New York until April 8th. He was then placed on board a sloop and conveyed to Sandy Hook. On the 12th of April he was taken to Gravelly Point, one mile north of the Highland Lights, by a band of refugees commanded by Captain Lippincott and hung on a trumped-up charge of having cruelly put to death a captured refugee named Philip White, who, in fact, had been made prisoner and was shot while attempting to escape at the time Huddy himself was a prisoner in New York. It is said that a number of Lippincott's band rebelled at the barbarous proceeding and were forced to take part in it at the point of the commander's sword; and that even then three of them, bringing their bayonets to the charge, adhered to their refusal. The gallows was built of three rails, and Huddy was swung off from a barrel. Standing upon this, and with the noose around his neck, he dictated his will and signed it. One of Lippincott's party subsequently stated that Huddy met death with the braveness of a lion. The hanging took place at 10 in the morning; at 4 in the afternoon a party of Americans cut down the body and took it to Freehold, where it was buried with the honors of war. Before Huddy was swung off the barrel the following label was attached to his breast:

"We, the refugees, having long with grief beheld the cruel murders of our brethren, and finding nothing but such measures daily carrying into execution, we therefore determined not to suffer without taking vengeance for the numerous cruelties; and thus begin, having made use of Captain Huddy as the first object to present to your view; and further determine to hang man for man while there is a refugee living.

"Up goes Huddy for Philip White."

Acting upon an address from the citizens of Monmouth County, and with the approval of Congress, Washington, then at Newburgh, decided upon retaliatory measures, and ordered that lots be cast by the British captains among the prisoners to decide who of their number



SHREWSBURY CHURCH AND TINTON FALLS.

should be hung for Huddy. The lot fell to Captain, afterwards Charles, Asgill, then but nineteen years of age. The affair caused such excitement in Europe that a tragedy by De Sauvigny, based upon it, was brought out in Paris. Baron de Grimm, in his Memoirs, says: "The public prints all over Europe resounded with the unhappy catastrophe which, for near eight months, impended over the life of this young officer. The general curiosity in regard to the events of the war yielded if I may say so, to the interest which young Asgill inspired, and the first question asked of all vessels from any port in North America was always an inquiry as to the fate of that young man." Lady Asgill implored George III to order that Lippincott be delivered up to the Americans, and it is said that the King issued an order to that effect, but that Clinton, influenced by prominent refugees, contrived to avoid carrying it out. Lippincott was, indeed, tried by the British for Huddy's murder, but acquitted on the ground that he acted under verbal orders from William Franklin. Holland interceded in vain for Asgill's release. Finally, Lady Asgill addressed a piteous letter to the Count de Vergennes, who laid the matter before the King and Queen of France, and, under instructions from them, interceded with Washington in Asgill's behalf. Meanwhile Americans, among them, it is said even members of Huddy's family, had petitioned for the young English man's release. Under these circumstances, and as the war was about closing, Washington, with the approval of Congress, liberated Captain Asgill. In February, 1837, the benefit of the Pension Laws was extended by Congress to Martha Piatt, Captain Huddy's daughter, and the representatives of her deceased sister. It seems but proper that some fitting memorial to Monmouth's "heromartyr of the Revolution" should be erected, either on the spot where he was so barbarously murdered, at Colt's Neck, or at Jumping Point.

During the Revolution, Rumson Neck was frequently traversed by the bands of refugees and American militiamen. In order to preserve their property non-combatants were obliged to remain neutral, and to entertain friend and foe alike. In the dwellings along the Rumson Road the table was always kept set, so as to soften the predatory impulses of the intruders. Sometimes, while refugees were partaking of a feast, militiamen would be seen approaching. The Tories would secrete themselves in the garret or cellar, the hostess would quickly clear the remnants of the meal from the table and set it anew for the new arrivals. When they departed, the refugees would reappear with fresh appetites to be appeased. The next time matters would be reversed. Until within a few years a brook flowed through the ground opposite the Keeler property, which was then low and swampy. After the battle of Monmouth, Washington and Lafayette and their staffs, who were riding down the Rumson Road, stopped and watered their horses at this brook. Seeing a little girl, named Rachel Hance, at a well near the house opposite, Washington rode up to her and asked: "My little girl, will you give me a drink of water?" Rachel ran to the kitchen for a cup, filled it at the well and handed it to Washington. She lived to the good age of 89, as appears from the head stone over her grave in the old Rumson burying-ground adjoining the property. The old house still stands, though additions have given it a modern look. The well has been boarded over, but could easily be restored to its old time quaintness. During a skirmish near this property, in which some 400 men were engaged, Rachel ran out to witness the exciting scene. Her curiosity was checked by a bullet which grazed her hair and lodged in a walnut tree, which still stands.

The old Rumson burying-ground is said to have been used for interments by the Friends of Shrewsbury 200 years ago. Some of the stones are so old that the inscriptions have become illegible. On several the year is given both in old and new style. For instance, the date on Joyce Hance's head-stone is February 4, 172 $\frac{2}{3}$. It is claimed that the New England Congregationalists, who were the first settlers of Rumson Neck, built a church which this burying-ground adjoined; and it is argued that, as the Friends had a meeting-house and burying-ground of

their own at Shrewsbury as early as 1672, they would not have had need that on the Neck.

Indian graves have been discovered in various parts of the Neck. The remains are found at about the depth at which we bury our dead. Immediately over them is a layer of shells and another layer is placed on top of the grave.

Considering a line drawn southeast from Red Bank to the head of Parker's Creek as the western boundary of Rumson Neck, the fascinating old village of **Shrewsbury**, so rich in historical memories, both religious and sanguinary, may properly be included in the settlements on the Peninsula.

SHREWSBURY was settled about 1665, and is situated at a cross-road called the "Four Corners," at the meeting of the Red Bank and Eatontown turnpike and the Tinton Falls and Rumson Neck road. At this point a King's Highway, laid out in 1685, crossed the "Corners." The first settlers of the village were probably either Congregationalists or fugitive Quakers from Massachusetts. Three venerable churches are within 100 yards of each other, each surrounded by an old church-yard. Near-by is the old Allen homestead. In the center of the cross-roads stands the toll-house, with its quaint inscription. The two broad streets are lined with stately shade-trees, and through the center of the Tinton Falls Road a row of venerable sycamores cast a dappled shade over the highway. It is doubtful if anywhere in the United States can be found within the same space so many historic buildings, whose tranquil surroundings are in themselves a protest against the iconoclastic tendencies of this bustling period.

Soon after settling in Shrewsbury, about 1672, the Quakers erected a meeting-house, of which, however, nothing remains. At that time they received a visit from the famous Quaker apostle, George Fox. He crossed New York Bay in a sloop to "Middletown Harbor" (probably Port Monmouth), and lodged with Richard Hartshorne, who had recently purchased the Highlands district. Mr. Fox goes on to say in his journal: "Next day we rode about thirty miles into that country, through the woods and over very bad bogs, one worse than all the rest, the descent into which was so steep that we were fain to slide down with our horses and let them lie and breathe themselves before they go on. This place the people of the place are fain to call Purgatory. We got at length to Shrewsbury in East Jersey, and on First day had a precious meeting there. * * * They are building a meeting-house in the midst of them." The location of the meeting-house alluded to by Fox is unknown. In 1695 they bought the lot they now occupy, on which a brick meeting-house was erected, which in 1816 was replaced by a square, two-story frame building, the present Quaker meeting-house of Shrewsbury. It was retained by the Hicksites after the schism of 1828, the Orthodox occupying a hired building until 1842, when they put up the little structure, which since the Orthodox meeting became extinct in 1880, has been Library Hall.

The organization of the Presbyterian church opposite the Quaker meeting-house dates back to the seventeenth century, but the first church was not built until 1727. At this time dissenting churches could not hold the title to land in New Jersey, and hence the lot for the Presbyterian church was conveyed to Alexander Napier and others as individuals. The famous Rev. John Tennent (see Freehold) was one of the first ministers who had charge after the construction of the Presby-

terian church. That building was replaced in 1821 by the present structure, which was enlarged in 1845 without altering its simple old-time character.

On the southeast angle of the "Four Corners" is Christ Protestant Episcopal church, one of the quaintest and most interesting old churches in the country. Until 1854 it belonged with Christ church, of Middletown, to one parish. Among the early staunch patrons of Episcopalianism in this neighborhood were Lewis Morris, George Keith, a zealous convert from the Quakers and an Episcopal missionary, and Rev. Alexander Innes, who held occasional services in a private house in Shrewsbury in 1689. As a result of the exertions of these ardent churchmen, the lot on which Christ church now stands was deeded in 1706 to "ye Revd. and Honorable Society for ye propagation of ye Gospel in Foreign Parts * * * in trust forever * * * for ye service and worship of God according to ye way and manner of ye Church of England, as it is now by law established." It began on Nicholas Brown's land, at "a walnut stump, bearing southwesterly twelve degrees westerly from ye Quaker's Meeting-House Chimbley, and from John West's great house chimbley north fifty-eight degrees easterly." The first church was built in 1715, of stone, a few feet north of the present structure. The bell hung from the branch of a huge oak tree. Both the building and the tree are now gone, but portions of the oak are preserved in the chancel chairs of the church. The corner-stone of the present church was laid in 1769. At the centennial memorial services Bishop Odenheimer officiated, and among the distinguished attendant visitors was the President of the United States. The building can accommodate 400 people. The exterior is shingled and unpretentious, but the plainness is relieved by the steeple, which has given the name of "The Spire" to the cross-roads. This was formerly on the gable, but when a porch was added in 1874, it was brought forward without altering its form. It is surmounted by an iron crown under the copper vane, supported by a rod springing from a gilded ball. Several holes, distinctly visible in this ball, were made by the bullets of Continental troops in their efforts to bring down the iron crown, the hated emblem of England. They also tried to burn down the building by lighting a fire on the floor, but it was smothered by William Parker, a Quaker, who rushed in and threw his coat over the starting flames. This spirit of desecration was doubtless in a measure due to the fact that Rev. Samuel Cooke, then in charge of the parish, was in strong sympathy with the English. Samuel Cooke was the first rector who preached in the present building.

As one enters the porch he sees two tablets of marble, that on the right in memory of Rev. George Keith and Rev. Samuel Cooke; that on the left in memory of William Leeds. The interior, although renovated from time to time, has retained the characteristic features that serve to

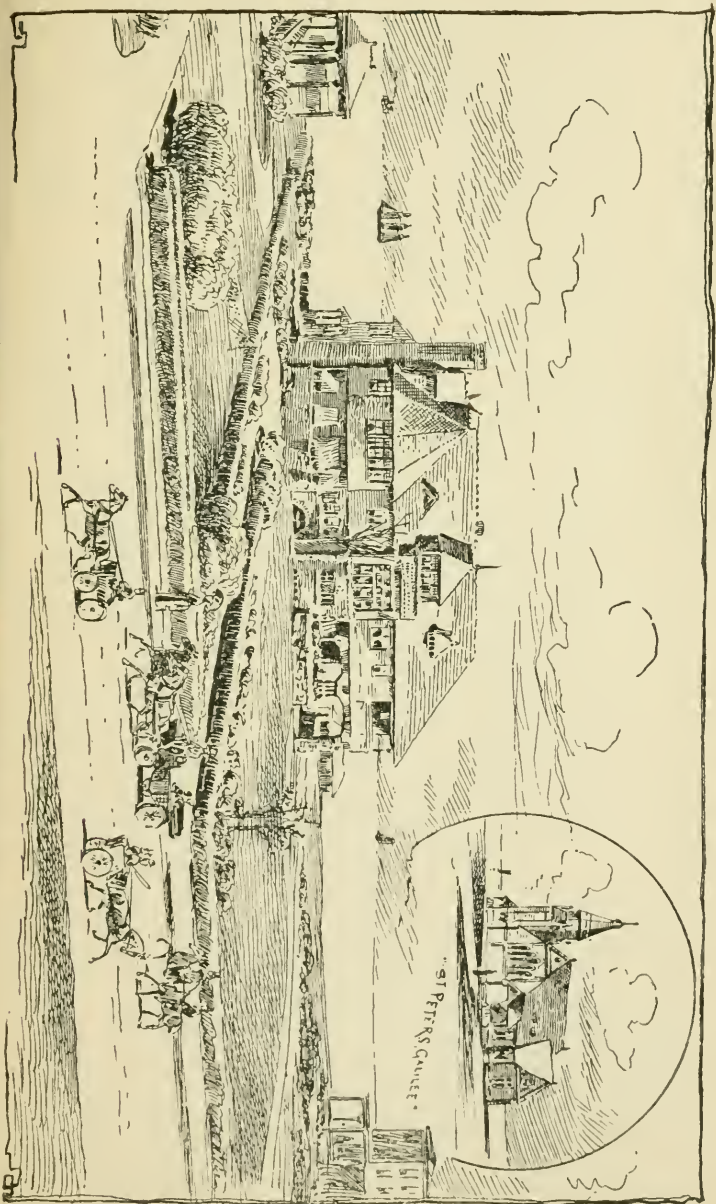
remind one of its age and associations. The pulpit has been moved from the west to the east end where a chancel has been added, and the organ has been placed at the west end. Among the numerous objects of interest, the visitor will notice especially the carved canopies supported by fluted pillars under which were once the pews of Lewis Morris and of the rector. The pews have been removed, a handsome altar font now standing under the northeast canopy and under the other a memorial to Rev. Harry Finch, who was rector of Christ church for 34 years. The church owns two books of great interest—one a prayer-book printed at Cambridge, England, in 1760, and presented to the church in 1767 by Governor William Franklin; the other a Bible printed by John Basket, in Oxford, England, in 1717. It was presented by John Elliston, "Controller of the Customs of His Majestie" at New York, and bears the Elliston coat of arms. The illustrations, by Thornhill, engraved by Du Bose, merit examination. The communion cups and platter of silver are gifts of Queen Anne in 1708. The largest of the chancel chairs, made of the great oak which served at one time as a belfry, is reserved for the bishop, and is occupied only when he visits Shrewsbury. The wife of Lewis Morris is buried in the north aisle, but, and one marvels thereat, the slab over the grave is covered by the carpet. Among numerous time-worn headstones in the old church-yard of this venerable sanctuary the oldest now existing is that of Benjamin Stelle, who died in 1719; it stands by the northwest corner of the church, near the entrance.

Diagonally opposite to Christ church, on the northwest of the "Four Corners," stands the Allen house, reported to be the oldest building in Shrewsbury. It is gambrel-roofed, and has an old-time look notwithstanding the store which has been attached to the eastern end. During part of the Revolution it was occupied as a tavern. The Tory refugees made several raids through Shrewsbury, not scrupling to rob and even murder their former fellow-townsmen. The Allen house was the scene of one of their bloodiest deeds. A corporal's guard of twelve Virginia Continentals were quartered in the tavern for the protection of the village. Five refugees, learning of this, came up from Sandy Hook and, secreting themselves among the graves on the south side of Christ church, watched their opportunity to surprise the Continentals. Entirely, perhaps culpably, unsuspecting of danger, the latter had released all vigilance and having stacked their arms in the north room on the lower floor were idling away the afternoon in a shady corner of the grounds in the rear. Meanwhile, from among those quiet graves, the Tories were watching for the moment when the "Four Corners" would be free of passers-by who might give the alarm. Suddenly the five refugees leaped from their hiding place and made a dash for the open door of the Allen House, their leader the moment they entered throwing his arms around the stack of muskets and locking them in his firm embrace. The Continentals hearing the noise, rushed into the house unarmed, almost upon the bayonets of the Tories. With a thrust one of the refugees pierced the foremost Virginian and pinned him to the floor, where he died without a struggle. Two others also received deadly wounds. One of them staggered through the door and a short distance

up the Red Bank turnpike, where he fell at the foot of a tree by the roadside; the other escaped a short distance up the Tinton Falls Road, where he was found by George White, a Quaker, who bore him to his house and watched at his bedside till he expired at midnight. The rest of the guard, some wounded and all unarmed, surrendered, were conveyed to Sandy Hook and thence to New York, where they were cast into one of the infamous sugar-house prisons. The father of the present proprietor of the Allen house, himself a descendant of the original owner, employed every means to obliterate the blood-stains from the floor, even planing the boards, but the blood had sunk too deep to be effaced, and accordingly he laid another floor over the old one, the blood-stained planks remaining there still, mute witnesses of a deed of horror. After the peace, three of the refugees engaged in that tragedy—Joseph Price, Robert Pattison and Clayton Tilton—ventured to return to Shrewsbury. They were obliged to conduct themselves with circumspection, however, so intense was the feeling against them; but Price always gloried in the part he took in that tragedy, and talked of it freely when with those in whom he could confide. One of these was the Quaker, White, from whose son, now one of the oldest residents of Shrewsbury, many of the facts relating to this event were obtained.

TINTON FALLS, about two and a half miles from Shrewsbury, is well worth a visit, as it is one of the prettiest nooks in the country back of the coast. The Hock Hockson branch of the Swimming River broadens here into a pond whose waters rush over a mill-dam, sweep down the slope of a huge sandstone, and then flow on peacefully through a beautifully shaded dell. The land came into the possession of James Grover, one of the original Monmouth patentees, in 1667. As the swamps were rich in iron ore he, with the aid of James and Henry Leonard, after whom Leonardsville is named, erected iron works, the first in New Jersey. The place was then known as the Falls of Shrewsbury. In 1673 Col. Lewis Morris, then of Barbadoes, but originally of Monmouthshire, Eng., and proprietor of the Tintern estate, came to New York to administer the estate of his brother Richard, and to assume the guardianship of Richard's son, Lewis Morris; and subsequently purchased the iron works and a large tract of surrounding land. He named the place Tintern Falls, and when a county was established, in 1675, his influence was sufficient to have it named Monmouth, after his native shire. He built a manor which still stands, and employed about his iron works, a portion of which remain to this day, some eighty negroes. He died in May, 1691, at Morrisania, N. Y. Tintern Falls was inherited by his nephew, the Lewis Morris who became Governor, and who should not be confounded with Lewis Morris, of Passage Point, another nephew.

The future Governor was a youth of rapid proclivities. Our first knowledge of him is through a presentment at the Middletown Court of Sessions "for running of races and playing of nyne-pins on the Sabbath Day." Nevertheless, in 1700, desiring, for political purposes, to ally himself with the Church of England, he wrote a letter denouncing many of his neighbors for immorality. He was at odds with the Provincial government, yet was sufficiently prominent to be appointed, in 1712, Chief Justice of New Jersey, and in 1720, of New York. He was removed in 1733 by Governor Cosby, for a reason which would seem to indicate that his early habits followed him into public life. Having



failed to put in an appearance at court, the people went toward evening to his manor to inquire the reason of his non-appearance, and found him still sleeping off the effects of the previous night's dissipation. When they awakened him he mistook the roseate hue of sunset for the first blush of dawn, and berated them soundly for rousing him so early.

Nevertheless, he continued leader of the opposition, and in 1738 was appointed the first Governor of New Jersey, as a province separate from New York. He died at Kingsbury, near Trenton, May 21, 1746, and was buried at Morrisania.

There is a never-failing chalybeate spring at Tinton Falls, whose curative virtues the Indians prized so highly that they reserved it and the right of access to it, so that it remains public property. One of the piazza posts in the Mineral Spring Hotel is a portion of a large flag-staff set up by the Continentals during the Revolution.

MONMOUTH BEACH adjoins Seabright to the south. In 1871 there were only two houses between Seabright and North Long Branch, a distance of over three miles. Now there are so many summer residences on this portion of the coast that there is scarcely a stretch of a few hundred yards without a cottage, and scarcely a foot that does not show evidence of the improvements made by the Monmouth Beach Association. Here, as on Rumson Neck, it is apparent that expenditures for improvements have been guided by good judgment and refined taste. There are three stations on the property: Low Moore, Galilee, where there is a fishing village similar to, but smaller than, Nauvoo, and Monmouth Beach proper, where the railroad and Association combined to erect a depot, whose architecture has been justly admired. Most of the property of the Association was originally part of the old Wardell beach and farm.

The great charms of Monmouth Beach are its privacy and refinement. The nearest approach to an hotel is the Club House, the old pre-Revolutionary Wardell farm-house, in which are a few sleeping apartments and a spacious dining-room, the latter for the use of the occupants of some 25 cottages, which are let to friends of the regular cottagers. There is a Casino, with a hall and a stage for private theatricals, a bowling-alley and a billiard-room. The church of St. Peter of Galilee (Protestant Episcopal), one of the prettiest, most noted and most happily-named churches on the coast, has no settled pastor, but prominent divines of the denomination officiate there during the summer. The Association having been able to procure the removal of the railroad from its old bed along the bluff to its present site, secured a continuous drive for eight miles along the ocean from Seabright to Elberon.

It may be gathered from the foregoing that Monmouth Beach is preëminently a settlement of private summer residences, distinguished for quiet elegance rather than for the excitement of fashionable hotel life. The sand has been overlaid with fertile soil, and what was once an arid waste is now a stretch of lawn, dotted with flower-beds. There are numerous private tennis-courts, boat-houses on the river, stables and bath-houses; and

also public stables and bath-houses. What has been accomplished by the Association affords one of those rare instances where nature has gained rather than lost through the handiwork of man; and one regrets that there are no historic landmarks on the property beside the Wardell farm-house, or historic associations connected with it, for one feels sure that the former would have been preserved and the latter fostered.

LONG BRANCH.—The general impression that Long Branch, like Monmouth Beach and Seabright and many other resorts on the coast, is a watering-place of recent origin is erroneous. It was known among Philadelphians, who, by the way, were the pioneer residents of the New Jersey coast, as early as 1788. Tucker's Beach and Long Beach further south, were also resorted to by them at that time. In those old days the fishermen carted fish, oysters and crabs in shore-wagons to Philadelphia and Trenton, and on their return trips conveyed the summer visitors and their household effects to the seashore. From the fish-cart to the parlor-car—there is the history of summer travel to the New Jersey coast.

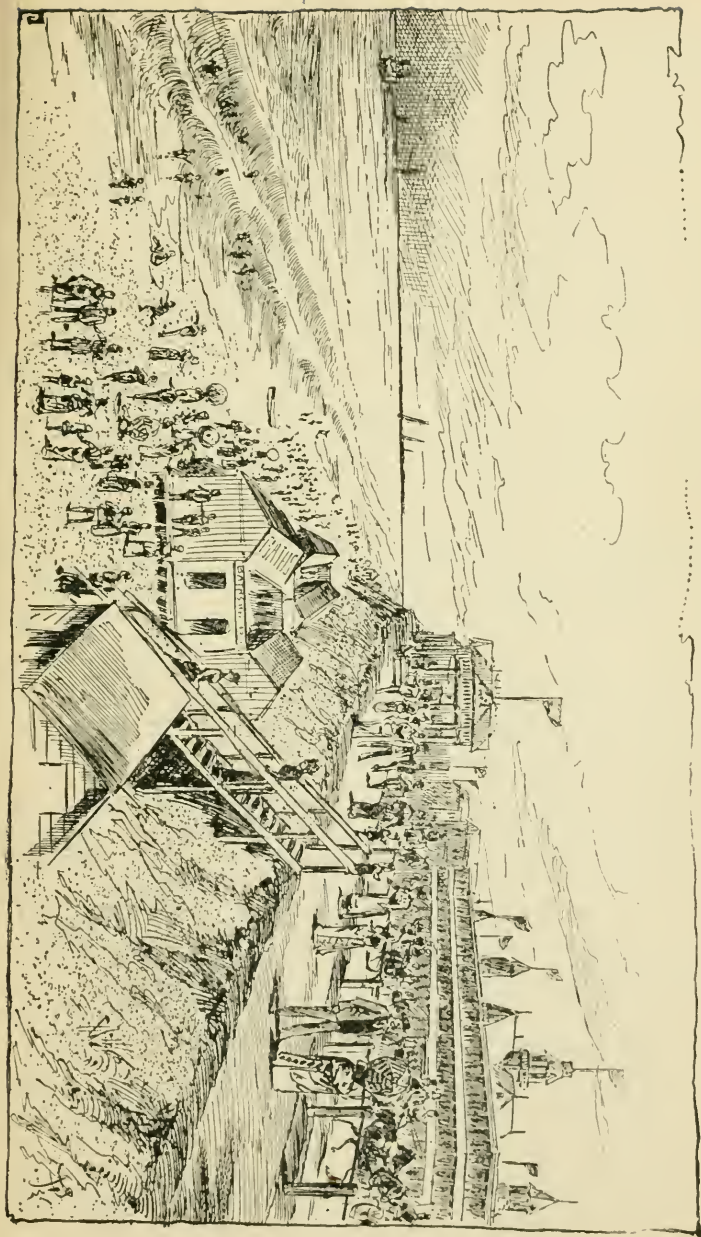
Long Branch derives its name from the adjacent branch of the Shrewsbury river. It is known to have been in 1734 a camping ground of the Cranberry Indians, two of whom, Tom Store and Andrew Wooley, claimed the land between the Manasquan and the Shrewsbury. In 1753 a conference was held at Crosswicks between the Indians and four settlers from Rhode Island to arrange for the purchase by the latter of a portion of the State which now includes Long Branch. After much palaver, it was agreed that they should be allowed to buy as much land as a man could walk around in a day if one of them could throw an Indian champion in a wrestling match. John Slocum, a man of large size and athletic strength, was the white champion. After a long struggle he threw his man. At the outbreak of the Revolution, Long Branch is said to have been the property of Colonel White, a British officer residing in New York. He erected a summer residence on his seaside estate, which was, however, confiscated after the opening of hostilities. Others say that this house belonged to Ebenezer Wardell and was confiscated because he sympathized with the British. In 1788, Mr. Elliston Perot, of Philadelphia, persuaded an old woman in charge of the house to allow him and his family to occupy it during the summer, on condition of providing the beds and food. Others begged the privilege of sharing the house with Mr. Perot, and this suggested to a Mr. McKnight the idea of purchasing the building and establishing a public resort. Borrowing \$2,000, McKnight made additions to the dwelling and was so successful that he cleared \$40,000 from his venture, a large sum in those days. The best families of Philadelphia resorted to it. McKnight's hotel was purchased

in 1820 by William Renshaw, whose widow continued the house until 1837. The property then passed into the possession of James Green, who built the Bath Hotel. It burned down in 1867, the loss being \$100,000. The Hotel Scarborough now occupies the site of the Bath Hotel.

Besides McKnight's house there was another hotel established in Long Branch in 1792 by Herbert & Chandler. Gradually, but steadily, the importance of Long Branch increased. It is not worth while to go into the history of every hotel of the place, but it may be interesting to compare the style in vogue at this famous resort as late as 1840 with the style and customs now the fashion there, by quoting from a description by Senator Stockton, who was an eye-witness of what he describes :

"Then one little steamer made the trip from New York, rounding the Hook and making her way into the Shrewsbury through an inlet at Seabright (now closed) almost at the spot where the Octagon Hotel now stands. The water rushed through it as in a mill-race, and the passage through was an event of the day. From the little dock inside, stages, with the tires of their wheels eight inches broad, toiled slowly along the sands to a farm, the borders of which is now Monmouth Beach, and thence to the upper end of Long Branch, and to a low tavern known as the Fish House, at about the point where the telegraph office now is (1882). The foundations of this office are now almost washed by the sea. The Fish House was then several hundred yards from the beach. There were but two other hotels—the Bath House, about half-way between the present West End and Ocean, and the Conover House, still standing and occupied by the musicians employed in the West End Hotel. There was a bowling-alley on the beach, opposite the Bath House, the site of which is now three hundred yards out in the ocean. Then all who came here drove from Philadelphia, or Trenton, or Princeton in their own carriages; few came from New York. The fare was plain. Great dishes of boiled hard-shell crabs and lobsters were on every table. There were beef, mutton and vegetables from New Jersey farms, and rich cream and milk, and in the kitchen were colored cooks from the South. People came here for their health, and after supper everyone went to the beach and there stayed until ten or eleven o'clock, unless a couple of fiddlers enticed the young people to a dance in the parlors. Every one bathed in the sea; a white flag gave notice that it was ladies' hour, and no man except a husband then ventured on the beach. When the red flag was up the men crowded the surf, and there was no pretense of bathing suits. The hotels were then so far back that the bluffs concealed the bathers." The flag-hoisting was in vogue as early as 1819, for it is mentioned in *Niles's Register* of that date, the writer adding: "A wag lately hoisted both flags together, which created some awful squinting and no little confusion."

The Long Branch of to-day is a sea-shore cosmopolis. The features which attract the vast summer throng to it probably repeat as many, if not more, from it, a circumstance to which the majority of the more rational resorts on the coast doubtless owe their origin. The leading characteristics of Long Branch may be described in one sentence: It is the only resort on the coast which supports a synagogue; the "tiger" has two superbly appointed jungles, in one of which at least one man is known to have left of a single night \$25,000 for the voracious animal to paw over and devour; it is "fashionable" in the



sense in which the word is used by those who fondly imagine that lavish display of wealth is evidence of high social position. In fact, the display of wealth, whether in the equipages on Ocean Avenue, in the fabrics and jewels of evening toilets, at the gaming-table or on the race-track, seems to be the chief amusement of a large majority of the successors of the worthy Philadelphians who over a century ago discovered the resort. It may be judged from the foregoing that Long Branch is not a place whither a circumspect parent would take his family for a quiet summer by the sea; but for those who like to be in the whirl of a "fashionable" watering-place it is without a rival, as it is also for the cynic who enjoys drawing his own conclusions anent the madding crowd as it gads by.

Yet, as there are islands in a rushing, roaring stream, so there are some spots in Long Branch where the noisy throng has not intruded. Besides many private cottages there are the hotels, cottages and grounds of Hollywood, near the West End station, a settlement within itself, under one management and including a huge bathing pavilion shut in by high walls from the gaze of the *ignobile vulgus* and for the use of the Hollywood guests only. Another pavilion is that of the West End. It is connected with the second floor of the hotel by a bridge, and has 400 bathing houses. There are also numerous bath-houses under the Iron Pier, the landing for excursion boats, which extends on a level with the 20-foot high bluff 800 feet out over the ocean. The bathing-hour, near full tide, is announced by the hoisting of a white flag on the hotels. The bathers are carefully watched by life-savers in boats on the line beyond the surf, and should bathing be dangerous the flags are not hoisted.

Ocean Avenue toward evening is probably the liveliest thoroughfare in the United States. Here one can see almost every kind of vehicle—stages crowded with excursionists, buggies drawn by swift roadsters, tandems, four-in-hands, T-carts, etc., many of them perfectly appointed and each interesting in its own way, as representing one of the many types of people to be found at this resort. Among the turnouts are many from the resorts north and south of Long Branch, whose residents doubtless look with quiet amusement upon much of what they see. Even to those who would not care to live there Long Branch is interesting, if only as an object-lesson in certain extreme phases of American life—phases which could manifest themselves only in a country whose society is still undergoing the process of fermentation. Ocean Avenue in itself is a beautiful thoroughfare, a broad drive-way along the five miles of bluff, commanding a superb view of the ocean and swept by its cooling breezes. It is a part of the famous "Beach Drive" which extends from Highland Beach to Bay Head, a distance of about twenty miles.

Long Branch is abundantly supplied with pure water obtained from Green's Pond and Whale Pond Brook, the latter a stream which feeds Whale Pond, a picturesque lake between Elberon and West End. The system of pipes extends ten miles from Elberon to Highland Beach, and is under the control of the Long Branch Water Supply Company. A thorough system of gas and electric lights also illuminates the avenues and beach, and the promenades are kept in excellent repair.

The Long Branch theatrical colony, which at one time included some of the most prominent members of the profession, has dwindled into insignificance. Edwin Booth, Lester Wallack, the Blakes, Edwin Adams and Mary Anderson once occupied summer villas there. Miss Anderson was literally stared away. Maggie Mitchell still passes the summer in her cottage.

Long Branch practically includes North Long Branch (formerly Atlanticville); East Long Branch, which boasts a Reading Room and Library Association occupying a special building; Long Branch Village; and Branchport.

LONG BRANCH VILLAGE, accessible from the Branchport station as well as from the Long Branch station, is one mile from the beach and is a business place rather than a summer resort. It was settled before the Revolution, and in former years was locally known as "The Pole," owing to a lofty Liberty pole which stood near the center of the village.

BRANCHPORT, closely adjoining Long Branch Village, is pleasantly situated at the head of the network of creeks and inlets forming the Long Branch of the Shrewsbury. **PLEASURE BAY**, near by, is a little settlement on the pretty bay of that name which enters the Shrewsbury. Besides the hotels mentioned in the Introduction there is Price's, a resort for boating parties. At Branchport the Sandy Hook Division of the New Jersey Southern R. R. joins the New York and Long Branch R. R., and crossing it, continues through Oceanport to Monmouth Park and Eatontown, at which latter place it joins the main line of the New Jersey Southern R. R. **OCEANPORT** was once a flourishing settlement with considerable shipping trade, employing three steamboats and twenty sailing vessels. The products of the Allaire Works were once shipped from here.

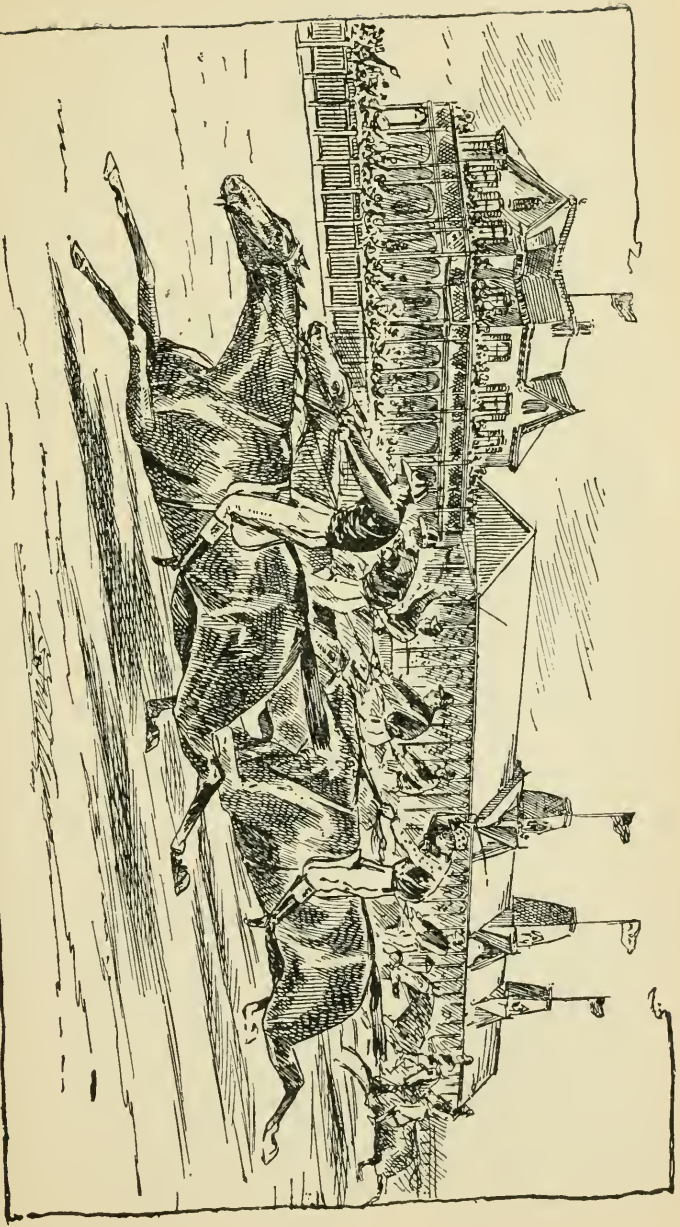
Oceanport is on the site of the old Edwards estate and the Edwards homestead stood on a lot near Monmouth Park. In the latter part of 1778 Stephen Edwards, a Tory refugee, was sent as a spy to his former home. The Americans learning of this, Capt. Jonathan Forman was sent on a Saturday night to the Edwards' homestead, where he discovered Edwards in bed with a woman's night-cap on his head. In his clothes under the bed written instructions were found. Monday following, at 10 A. M., he was hung as a spy at Freehold, and his remains were taken back to the homestead by his father and mother who, ignorant of the swiftness of military punishment in war times, had gone to Freehold to see what they could do toward procuring his discharge.

MONMOUTH PARK—That Monmouth County was a producer of swift horses was discovered already by Sir Henry Clinton on his retreat from Philadelphia to New York in June, 1779. In fact, New Jersey made its mark in breeding and developing

horses very soon after Maryland and Virginia had become famous in the same line. But few efforts were made to establish racing under rules until after the war of 1812. Since then the State has more than held its own, with race tracks at Camden, Trenton and Hoboken or Paulus Hook, as the latter place was called by some New Yorkers who raced there in 1819. Away back in the "twenties" and "thirties" some of the best horses in the country were owned by Jerseymen, notably the famous Black Maria, by John C. Stevens; Shark, by R. F. Stockton and Henry Archy by the Lairds. Perhaps the most celebrated mare of the "forties" was Fashion. She was bred in Morris county, was trained and raced by Samuel Laird, of Colt's Neck, Monmouth County, and ridden in nearly all her races by Joseph Laird "the best jockey at the North," and who is now the cashier of the First National Bank of Freehold. He rode Fashion in her great race for four-mile heats against Boston over the Union Course, L. I., May 10, 1842. It was North vs. South for \$20,000 a side and Fashion won easily in 7.32½ and 7.45.

In the "fifties" but little was done in the State in racing. A revival came in the "sixties" with racing at Paterson, where, in 1863, the famous Kentucky, then a two-year old, was a winner; where, in 1864, he was beaten by Norfolk and Tipperary for the Jersey Derby, but in turn won the Sequel Stakes from Eclipse and Relief, the St. Leger from Lexicon, and a match at two-mile heats from Aldebaran. Racing continued at Paterson with only fair success in 1865 and 1866, and then Jerome Park practically wiped it out. In 1870, the residents of Long Branch decided to add racing to the other attractions of the resort. The sport was a success at Saratoga, and there was no reason why it should not be at Long Branch, with New York and Brooklyn only two hours away. Near Oceanport and Eatontown there was a half-mile trotting track, with ample ground on which to build a mile track. The ground was bought and a mile track laid out and racing was inaugurated on Saturday, July 30, 1870.

The programme was made up of three races. The first, a hurdle race at two miles, was won by Jim Thompson's Lobelia, carrying 143 pounds, in 3.57, beating Sir Joseph, Oysterman Jr. and Morris. The second race was the Continental Hotel stakes for three-year olds at mile heats which Gen. Abe Buford's Enquirer won in 1.49 and 1.51¾. Among the other starters were Maggie B. B., famous later in her life as the dam of Iroquois, the winner of the English Derby in 1881. The third race was the Monmouth stakes at two and one-half miles won by W. R. Babcock's Helmbold in 4.33¼, beating Glenelg and Invercauld. The meeting continued on August 2, 3, 4 and 6. Among other races run during the meeting was the West End



MONMOUTH PARK.

Hotel stakes to which the proprietors added \$1,000, as they have continued to do annually ever since. The race on that occasion was won by John O'Donnell's Marie Louise. Late in August there was a trotting meeting at which St. Elmo, Col. Russell, Western Girl, Goldsmith Maid and Black Crook were winners. In 1871 two meetings were held, the first in July, the second in August. At the July meeting, Harry Bassett won the Jersey Derby; Longfellow won the Monmouth Cup; Wine Sap winning the West End Hotel stakes at the August meeting. Among the riders during that meeting who are still following their profession were Billy Hayward, who owns a very nice property at Oceanport, and Billy Donohue a property owner in New York. Among those now owners and trainers who rode at the same meeting were Jimmy Rowe, John McClelland, Billy Stoops, Charley Miller and Billy Lakeland, with Harvey Welch, John Hyland and the famous "Touser," then steeple-chase riders.

On the second day of the July meeting in 1872, July 2, the great race between Longfellow and Harry Bassett was run. It was for the Monmouth Cup at two and one-half miles. Harry Bassett was a tremendous favorite. He sulked in the race and Longfellow beat him easily by one hundred yards in 4.34. The crowd on the occasion was enormous, considering the then limited transportation facilities. That Harry Bassett beat Longfellow in turn for the Saratoga Cup, the latter breaking down in the race, is a matter of turf history. In 1873, the success of racing at Monmouth Park had its first serious blow. It grew out of the start for the Jersey Derby run July 4, and won by the late H. P. McGrath's Tom Bowling. It was claimed that he was given a running start, so unfair to the other horses, that none of them ever had a chance. The controversy caused a serious quarrel between two prominent turfmen. The contest was bitter on both sides and although the Association was not at first seriously affected, it gradually lost caste, and in 1878 the estate was sold by the Sheriff and purchased by a few gentlemen for about \$60,000. They at once organized the present Monmouth Park Association with the late George L. Lorillard as President; D. D. Withers, Treasurer and J. H. Coster, Secretary. From the Association's first meeting for four days in 1878, it has steadily increased in public favor and confidence. Direct railroad communication from the track has been had for years. No greater evidence of the success of the present Monmouth Park Association can be had than the following statement of the amounts of added money to stakes and purses given by the Association from 1878 to 1888 inclusive, specially prepared for this book by Mr. G. M. Croft, the Association's Assistant Secretary:

1878, 4 days.....	\$12,600 00
1879, 9 "	30,440 00
1880, 8 "	35,600 00
1881, 11 "	51,400 00
1882, 19 "	92,250 00
1883, 24 "	121,250 00
1884, 24 "	120,000 00
1885, 23 "	132,450 00
1886, 24 "	154,850 00
1887, 25 "	169,500 00
1888, 25 "	210,850 00
Total	\$1,131,190 00

To this amount Mr. Croft estimates that there can be added \$938,887.00 paid in by owners as stakes, declarations, forfeits, and added money to purses, all of which was paid out to winners, and the owners of second and third horses.

Additional proof of the success of the Monmouth Park Association is shown by the fact that during the past winter (1888-89) it purchased nearly 450 acres of ground to the west of the 250 acres previously owned. On the newly-purchased ground, which is between Little Silver and Eatontown, will be made a new track, of the usual oval—two straights and two turns—one and three-quarter miles in length, to which will be added a straight track of one mile and three furlongs, beginning near Eatontown and running diagonally through the main track finishing at the same line as races run on the main track. Thus with a short addition on a line with the back-stretch, races at one and one-half miles can be had with only one turn, also at all fractional distances less. The home-stretch is one-half mile long, while for races of five furlongs, three-quarters of a mile, and for any distance up to one mile and three furlongs the straight track can be used if owners wish. The track at all starting points except immediately in front of the stand is 150 feet wide with a width of 100 feet in the home-stretch. The stand will be of enormous proportions, with sufficient elevation to enable spectators to see all the racing even at the greatest distance. It will seat 10,000 and there will be ample accommodations for 15,000 more on the lawn and surrounding grounds. The betting-shed will be the largest ever built. Transportation will also be in proportion, with no less than sixteen tracks from which as many trains can pull out within fifteen minutes after the races, for New York, Philadelphia, Newark, Brooklyn, Long Branch and way-stations on all the railroads. The track will be built in 1889, as will all the foundations for the stands and other buildings, all of which will be completed for the inauguration on July 4, 1890. The old track will be used for training.

In the vicinity of Monmouth Park are a number of well-appointed stud-farms. Most notable is that of D. D. Withers, Brookdale, near Holmdel. In his neighborhood he has B. Pryor, who still owns the ground on which he trained Lexington in 1854 for his great time race at New Orleans; Mrs. Harriet Brown, and the Lloyd Place. Near Eatontown, Jeta Walden, Charles Littlefield and W. Lovell are located. Close to Monmouth Park Mrs. Geo. L. Lorillard, Matt Byrne and Lewis Stuart have their homes, while at Shrewsbury Lucius Appleby has recently bought and established for himself a home with both breeding and training stables.

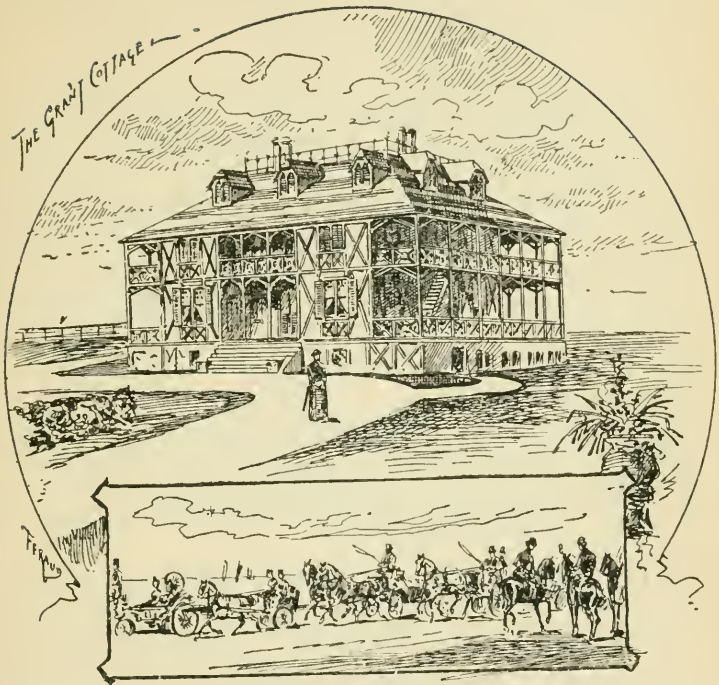
The proximity of Monmouth Park, doubtless, had something to do with the clustering of so many stud-farms in this section; but they hardly would have been located there had not the character of the soil and water, the equable climate and the facilities for transportation to the centers of population of New York and Pennsylvania been so admirable. With the additional impetus given to racing by the new Monmouth Park, stud-farms in this attractive location are bound to multiply.

EATONTOWN, four miles from Long Branch, was founded in 1670 by Thomas Eaton, who first settled in Rhode Island in 1660.

A curious ship-building experiment was witnessed at this village in 1808. Joseph Parker built a schooner of 30 tons, which implies a vessel some 45 feet long, on the lot behind the present printing-office. She was called the *Eatontown*. The distance to the water was one mile, and the problem of getting her there was similar to that which puzzled Robinson Crusoe when he built his first boat, a problem which he was unable to solve. But Parker succeeded in mounting his schooner on a platform resting on sledges drawn by many yoke of oxen, and crowds from the country round assembled to see the launching of the ship. Accomplishing one third of a mile each day, the eccentric builder at last succeeded in safely floating his vessel in Parker Creek.

The oldest building now standing in Eatontown is the residence of Dr. Joseph Eaton, who studied medicine in Massachusetts and returned to his native place and began to practice there in 1735. He was one of the first Abolitionists of the country, warmly advocating the freedom of the slaves until his death in 1761. The house has been somewhat altered and has been moved from the corner opposite the Wheeler Hotel, a few yards below, on the opposite side of the road.

But the most interesting and picturesque object in Eatontown is the old grist-mill, which one passes on entering the village by the Shrewsbury Road. At that point a stream, which is one of the feeders of the Shrewsbury, crosses the village. Grouped there, as if to give delight to an artist's eye, are a clump of fine old sycamores, rows of osiers waving over the whimpering waters of a brook, an arched bridge, a beautiful mill-pond, a dam flanked by green banks and shrubbery and a most antique looking mill, altogether a combination of effects one might sooner expect to see in Old England than in America. Thomas Eaton built a dam and mill there about 1670. On this



THE FRANCYLN COTTAGE, IN WHICH GARFIELD DIED.

AT ELBERON

site the present mill was erected in 1780; and it may be doubted if anywhere in the United States there is a grist-mill with so long a genealogy as that at Eatontown.

A well-known resort of Shrewsbury boating parties, and also of driving parties and tourists generally, is "Johnty" Smith's, whose house or shanty is on Peggy's Point, directly on Parker's Creek. It is most easily reached from Oceanport or Little Silver Station. Where the Oceanport road turns down to his place is a signboard: "To Johnty's." At the entrance of the premises is the warning: "All race-track clicks, drunken bums and peach-meddlers are not admitted under penalty of the law." A large, roughly-thrown-together dining room offers ample accommodation for the numerous visitors to this curious haunt, where they can enjoy the best of oysters taken right out of the water, or paddle or sail about the pretty stream in the boats provided by Johnty, who, with his wife, has kept this place for over thirty years. He is a quaint, shrewd character, who knows how to turn his eccentricities to good account. Sunday afternoons in winter the old seadogs in the neighborhood drop in and hold congenial chat on the warm side of the shanty.

On the road from Long Branch to Eatontown, on a small stream running into Pleasure Bay, is Turtle Mill. On this site a mill was in operation as early as 1730. Early in the Revolution, Thomas Barclay, of the light-horse, while standing in front of the mill, was fired on from ambush. Having heard a rustling in the bushes he had stooped and the bullets passed over his head and through the open door, and are still to be seen in the post in which they lodged.

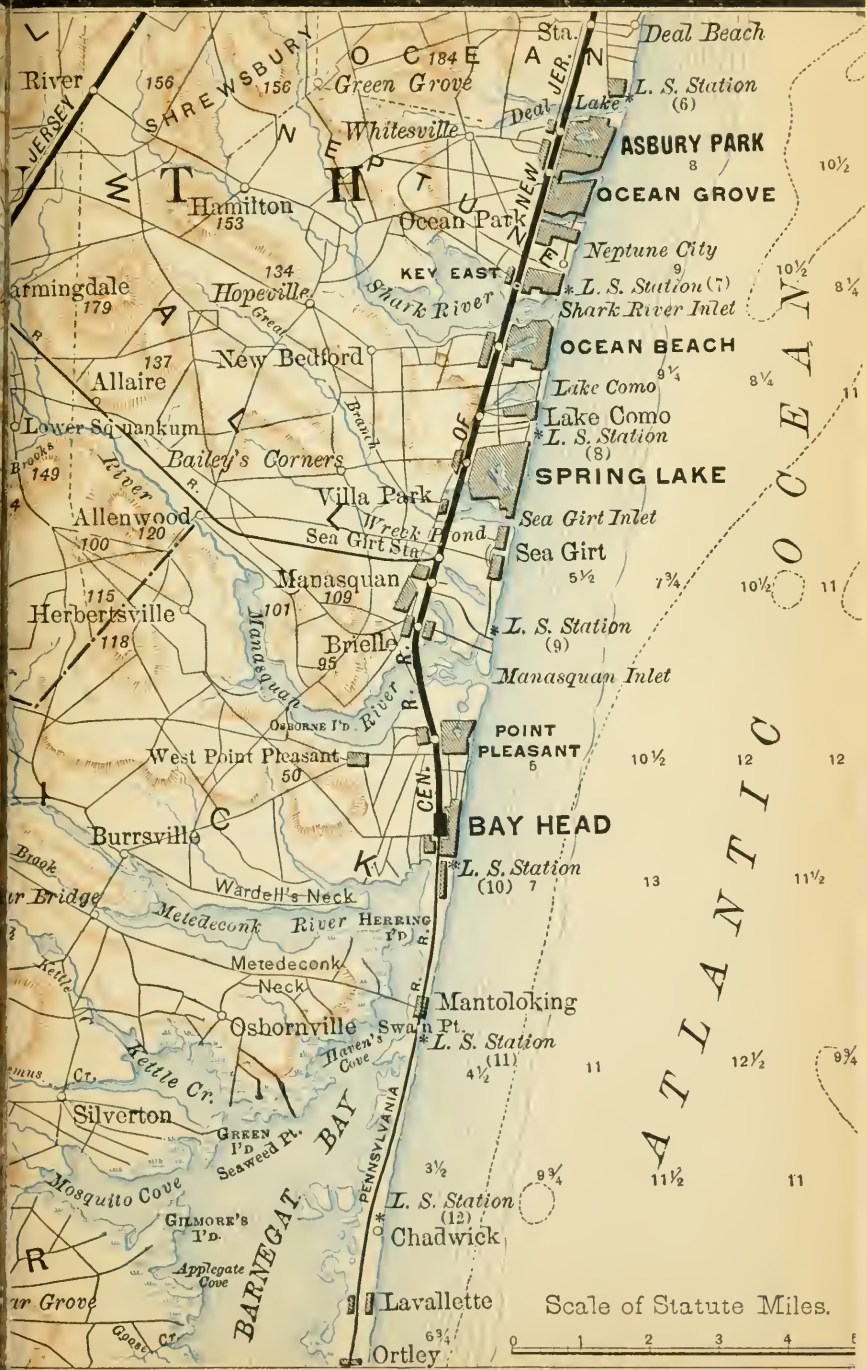
ELBERON is a continuation of Long Branch on the south, practically belonging to it although not within the corporation limits. The ground was purchased of Benjamin Wooley by Lewis B. Brown (from whose initials and name Elberon was formed) being an area of 100 acres. This plot was laid out with much taste, many improvements being added to a naturally attractive site, the result being one of the most complete and elegant resorts on the Jersey coast, of much the same refined and exclusive characteristics as Monmouth Beach. The Elberon Casino was incorporated in 1882 with a capital of \$50,000, and the company also erected the admirable hotel called the Elberon. Among the handsome residences of this place is the Francklyn Cottage, rendered famous as the refuge to which President Garfield was brought, and where he was lulled into his final sleep by the murmur of the sea. General Grant's former summer home is also at Elberon. The ground at Elberon is higher and more rolling than at the resorts directly on the sea and thus gives the place a distinct topographical character.

The night of March 17, 1877, the steamer *Rusland*, of the Red Star Line, came ashore opposite President Grant's cottage at Elberon. March 3, 1859, the bark *Adonis*, with a cargo of grindstones, was wrecked on the same spot, and the *Rusland*, striking upon the old hull and the grindstones, broke as if she had been dashed upon a rock and proved a total loss, but happily not before passengers and crew had been rescued by the life-savers.



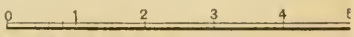


Rand, McNally & Co., Engravers, Chicago.



ATLANTIC OCEAN

Scale of Statute Miles.



DEAL BEACH extends from Elberon to Deal Lake. Already in 1693 the portion north of the Hathaway estate bore this name.

The sea front (1,320 feet) and lake shore (4,224 feet) of **Locharbor** (Deal Lake) have been laid out and a few cottages erected. This should become a popular resort, as the lake is nearly two miles long and the expanse of heaving ocean is plainly seen over the low dike that separates lake and sea. The dike, which is now controled by dike gates, was once full of quicksands which contributed to the frightful loss of life involved in the wreck of the *New Era* during a heavy fog the night of December 13, 1854, at the head of Deal Lake, a few yards from the present Life Saving Station, a catastrophe the more heartrending as it might have been avoided had not the captain been intoxicated.

After the vessel struck she touched a quicksand which drew down the hull, and the wind shifting to a piercing cold blast from the northwest, froze the wretched sufferers until they dropped by the dozen from the rigging into the roaring surf. Nearly 500 corpses, men, women and children, were laid in rows in a long barn where the bowling-alley of the Hathaway House now stands. They were buried in rough coffins in one common grave at Branchburg, over which an inscription, still to be seen, was placed. The passengers of the ill-fated vessel were of the better class of emigrants, belts containing gold and jewelry being found on the bodies of many of the men. By some means the captain succeeded in evading the penalty of his criminal carelessness and passed out of sight.

The winter temperature of the Jersey sea coast being considerably less rigorous than that of New York, and many inland places, a fact not generally known, a number of capitalists have purchased the fine tract of land between the forks of Deal Lake, have named it Interlaken and intend developing it into a winter resort.

ASBURY PARK and its adjunct **NORTH ASBURY PARK** are outgrowths of Ocean Grove. They are separated only by a narrow lake 300 feet wide. But while Ocean Grove owes its origin and growth to a large association, Asbury Park sprang from the enterprise of one man who, when the 500 acres north of Wesley Lake were, in 1870, about to come into the market and it was feared that they might fall into the hands of people not in sympathy with the methods pursued at Ocean Grove, came forward and paid \$90,000 for the tract, showing the intensity of his principles by naming it after Bishop Asbury, and giving no deeds without a clause against liquor-selling. So far resembling Ocean Grove, Asbury Park in other respects conforms to the world, and stimulated by the fiery influence of ice-cream and ginger-pop, its permanent and floating population may plunge into the vortex of social dissipation afforded by pool, billiards, bowling, smoking and dancing. The property has been so well managed that what was in 1870 a wilder-

ness of sand is now a thriving town with a permanent population of some 4,000 and over 30,000 in the summer, a large printing establishment, three papers, three national banks, an opera house, a handsome library and a lecture hall (Educational Hall), brought from the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia and capable of holding 1,500 people, eight churches, an electric tramway and a system of drainage into the sea unsurpassed on the coast for efficiency, with 15 miles of mains within a square mile, while an abundant supply of pure water is furnished by the Artesian Well Company. The streets and the beach are also universally lighted by electricity all the year round. To crown all, we find as a result of this enterprise nearly 200 hotels and boarding-houses and some 800 private residences.

The place has been laid out with good taste, many natural features of beauty having been skillfully utilized. On the southern boundary is Wesley Lake. Sunset Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, with a picturesque wooded islet in its center, lies between Asbury Park and North Asbury, while Deal Lake, with its abrupt banks called the Bluffs, is on the extreme northern limit. To the east the restless Atlantic laves the yellow strand.

The opportunity offered by these features has not been neglected. The streets are of ample dimensions, lined with shade trees; those running at right angles to the sea are from 100 feet to 200 feet broad; the sidewalks and crossings are covered with flagging, asphaltum, cement or planks. In many spots clumps of the primeval pine and cedar break picturesquely in upon modern formality. Along the beach there is a well-kept plank walk one mile long, with seats and pavilions, at intervals joining the esplanade of Ocean Grove, thus giving an unbroken promenade of nearly two miles. At the bathing pavilion on the southern limit of Asbury Park is a bronze statue of a soldier, dedicated to the memory of the 14th New Jersey Volunteers.

The attractions of Asbury Park are enhanced by the orderly administration of affairs. Several hotels are kept open through the winter, and as the climate is far less rigorous than that of New York, it is not impossible that in time Asbury Park may become a winter as well as a summer resort, a remark which applies to all the resorts on the coast. The place now pays taxes on \$2,000,000 as against \$16,000 in 1870, the present rate probably representing an actual value of \$5,000,000.

Francis Asbury, the first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church ordained in America, was born at Handsworth, England, August 20, 1745. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a mechanic, but enthusiasm for Methodism, inspired by its preachers who visited his father's house, led him to become one of the most zealous of Wesley's followers. In 1771 he began his missionary labors in America, and it is doubtful if any similar record of travel and preaching can be credited to any other minister of any denomination. His valuable "Journals" show that he traveled over 270,000 miles; preached some 16,500 sermons,



ASBURY PARK AND OCEAN GROVE.

or nearly one a day for forty-five years; presided at 224 annual conferences, and ordained more than 4,000 preachers. After the Revolution, it was deemed expedient to establish an independent Methodist Episcopal Church for America, and Asbury was ordained bishop December 24, 1784. He died at Spottsylvania, Va., March 31, 1816. As Monmouth County came in for a large share of his labors (he preached at the White homestead in Shark River, and at Long Branch and other places in their vicinity), Asbury Park is not inaptly named.

OCEAN GROVE was formed with a view of bringing people under religious influence at a season when they are most at leisure, by locating these influences amid agreeable surroundings, and under a system the most rigid on the continent 25,000 to 30,000 people are kept within the space of half a square mile under an autocratic form of government. The experiment is so extraordinary that the place merits the careful examination even of those whose religious convictions or sense of individual dignity and independence revolt against such a form of administration.

The Vineland Camp-Meeting Grounds having proved unfit for the purpose, the coast from Sandy Hook to Cape May was explored for a more favorable site. Ocean Grove was visited in February, 1868. It was a wild, wave-lashed solitude of sand, overgrown with pines and oaks and cedars. But the advantages of the location were apparent. Only one family then lived there, and only thirty-four people between the limits of Deal Beach and Ocean Beach. In July, 1869, twenty people pitched their tents at Ocean Grove and the first united religious service on this memorable spot was held in a tent July 31st. Twenty-two persons were present. This was the beginning of the camp-meetings at the place which then received the name of Ocean Grove. Satisfied with the point selected as a permanent religious resort, an association was formed December 22, 1869, composed of thirteen Methodist clergymen and thirteen laymen to put the proposed plan into execution. Soon after they were chartered by the New Jersey Legislature under the title of "The Ocean Grove Camp-Meeting Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church." Up to the time of the meeting above mentioned no land had been purchased excepting eleven acres on the beach for \$50; but while two of the promoters were examining the new possession one of them picked up an old Spanish silver dollar on the sand. It seemed a favorable omen, and soon after a further tract was purchased in the grove that grew a little removed from the beach. Other land adjoining was purchased by the Association until the present rectangular area of some 266 acres had been secured, surveyed and marked out with streets and lots. The risk attending the purchase of this land was unusual, for the enterprise was an experiment and the association had no private funds of consequence. It was essentially a faith undertaking, aided, however, by business shrewdness. Once fairly started, the enterprise went off with a rush. In 1870 to 1871 no less than 373 building lots were sold, and sixty cottages were up by the end of the year.

Now we find at Ocean Grove, as a result of the efforts of its founders a flourishing, growing community, which seems fairly to have passed from the period of experiment to that of actual success. The rules laid down by the Association, though maintained with unrelaxed severity, do not yet appear to check the growth of the place. Religion or curiosity still draws crowds.

Nature has admirably ministered to the maintenance of the characteristics of Ocean Grove. On the west it is enclosed by

a fence and gates; on the north and south are two narrow lakes crossed by foot-bridges. On entering Ocean Grove the stranger is aware of something uncommon as he reads the names of the principal streets. He passes from Pilgrim Pathway to Tabor Way, Herman Way, Embury Avenue, Cookman Avenue, Whitfield Avenue, Carmel Way, Zion Way and the like. On Main Avenue is the Association office, a neat brick building with a clock tower and also containing the post-office. Before the entrance is a large metal vase on a pedestal, on the sides of which latter the names of deceased incorporators of Ocean Grove are inscribed. Just north of this spot is the park devoted to the special purpose for which Ocean Grove was established. So far as practicable the evergreens of the primeval woods have been left to give beauty and protection to the immense covered enclosure called the Auditorium. Open on all sides except at the end where the platform stands, it allows the soft sea wind to cool the vast audiences of upwards of 5,000 which are often gathered there. Just south of the Auditorium is the Tabernacle in which the Holiness Meetings are held, and opposite to it is the Young People's Temple. North of this, on permanent exhibition, is a model of modern Jerusalem, stated to be $\frac{1}{150}$ th the size of the original—probably an error—for, while the diameter may be as stated, no allowance seems to have been made for the mathematical fact that with the enlargement of the circumference the area of square feet increases vastly in excess of the actual increase of the diameter. The error was, of course, unintentional.

The stables and hitching-places are near the eastern line. Proceeding eastward down Main Avenue, the handsomest street of Ocean Grove, we come to the ocean. A metal statue of the Angel of Peace faces the avenue, which widens at this end, producing an imposing effect, notwithstanding the somewhat crowded appearance of so many cottages and hotels. A broad space has been retained between the town and the beach, offering a fine drive-way, and a well-kept plank-walk, 3,100 feet long, extends on the entire ocean front, along which pavilions and numerous seats have been provided. The bathing-grounds are at either end of the sea limit of the town, the bath-houses being arranged in compact rows, in front of which are extensive pavilions built over the water. At the northern end is a camera obscura, which, it is naively stated, will prove "an agreeable surprise to everybody."

On the south of Ocean Grove is Fletcher Lake, a narrow, winding pond, crossed by two wooden bridges, and on the north is the famous Wesley Lake, nearly three-quarters of a mile long and 300 feet wide. It was one of the features which led to the selection of Ocean Grove, and the disappointment was therefore great when, one morning, it was found to have vanished over night, having broken through into the sea.

However, the opening was eventually closed, and as this, like the other lakes on this coast, is supplied by fresh-water springs, it again became available for the row-boats, which, on both these lakes, add so much to the pleasure of summer visitors.

Two handsome iron trestle bridges were completed in the winter of 1888-89, replacing the wooden bridges and the ticklish ferry. The Association has established a thorough system of drainage, and for the better health of the place has artesian wells, thus avoiding the use of ordinary wells in so thickly-peopled a settlement.

It is chiefly in the regulations by which it protects the ends for which it was founded, that Ocean Grove is most distinguished from other resorts. In order to maintain control over the character of the population, no lot is sold outright, but only leased for 99 years, with privilege of renewal. The lease carries with it the burdens of ownership in the way of taxation, improvements and repairs, and the privileges of ownership, including sale of lease during satisfactory tenancy and the fulfillment of the proviso that no liquor be sold or any nuisances created on the premises. "No person shall keep pigs or chickens, nor dogs, unless licensed and muzzled;" and a large number of occupations require a license. No theatrical or other like entertainment is allowed, nor the distribution of handbills and advertisements of the same, under penalty; nor is it lawful "for any organ-grinder, pack-peddler, scissors-grinder, hand-peddler, or person having for sale or selling anything in a push-cart, rag-gatherer, or for any person engaged in similar pursuits, or for any person exhibiting shows of any kind, to pursue their calling within the premises of the Association." The penalty is a fine or imprisonment. The sale of tobacco under any form is strictly forbidden, under penalty, and smoking is not permitted in the neighborhood of the camp-meeting grounds. Spirituous liquors are forbidden, under severe penalties, excepting under very strict regulations by the druggists. By special act of the Legislature, this prohibition extends for a statute mile from the limits of Ocean Grove. With the tabooed potables are included "such seemingly innocent liquids as Schiedam Schnapps, Tolu, Rock and Rye, Wild Cherry, Rock and Bitters, Tippecanoe and the various so-called bitters, which are preparations put up as medicine, but really intoxicating stimulants." No carriages are permitted on the beach, no velocipedes, bicycles or wheelbarrows on the plank-walks, and it is forbidden "to discharge any cannon or other piece of artillery, or small-arms, guns or pistols, rockets, squibs, fire-crackers, or other fire-works, within the limits of said Association." No swearing is permissible in the boats, where, it is presumed, parties might be inclined to indulge in unseemly speech, out of earshot of the Association. An efficient police is employed day and night to exclude tramps or other unsuitable persons, and enforce the

other regulations. The gates are closed at 10 P. M., daily, and all day on the Sabbath, when no one can enter except by the bridges, which are carefully watched, and only those desiring to attend services can then cross, paying no tolls, but liable to a fine of \$10 if crossing for other purposes. No papers can be sold on Sunday, nor, by agreement with the authorities of Asbury Park, within one block of the Asbury end of the bridges. No boats are used on that day, no wheeled vehicles can be seen in the streets, no milk is distributed, and even the physicians, though summoned to the bed of the dying, must go on foot. It is needless to add, that no trains stop there on the Sabbath, nor at Asbury Park. Of course no bathing is permitted on the Sabbath.

The bathing question has received the serious consideration of the Association, lest the lessons of purity imparted at the camp-meetings should be forgotten under the influence of Neptune, with whose bad reputation in mythology the Association seems to be familiar, as it is enacted, under penalty of fine or imprisonment, that "bathing in improper or indecent bathing apparel, or passing through the streets or avenues to or from the bathing-grounds without suitable covering, is hereby prohibited." As this ordinance did not seem to have the desired effect, and great scandal was caused by bathers of both sexes promenading the streets and doing their shopping in their bathing-suits, to the injury of public morals, it became necessary to post the following ordinance in prominent places about the town :

Modesty of apparel is as becoming to a lady in a bathing dress as it is to a lady dressed in silk and satin. "A word to the wise is sufficient." For the sake of example, all respectable people are requested to discountenance the practice of the sexes in assuming attitudes on the sand that would be considered immoral at their city houses or elsewhere. If this rule is not observed, it becomes the duty of the police to serve a small card on the offending person, and if the thing is repeated the offender must be ordered from the beach. As a rule respectable people retire from the beach at 10.30 o'clock in the evening. The electric lights are extinguished at 12 o'clock. All persons are expected to be off the beach one half-hour before that time.

The organizations acting at Ocean Grove under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church are the Ocean Grove Sunday-School Assembly, the Inter-denominational Bible Reading Society, the National Temperance and Publication Society, the Hackettstown Institute, the New Jersey Sabbath Union, the King's Daughters, the National Reform Association, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Association and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, whose headquarters for New Jersey are naturally found at Ocean Grove. With the religious exercises of these societies are also included the African Methodist Episcopal Church Jubilee, the Anniversary Prayer-Meeting, the Ocean Grove Memorial Service, Dickinson College Day, the Fourth of July celebration, the opening of the season,

July 1st, the Auditorium opening, numerous surf-meetings, Holiness Meetings and Young People's Meetings, and finally, but not least, the grand annual Camp-Meeting. The throngs which flock to all these devotional exercises indicate that after leaving a wide margin for those who visit Ocean Grove from motives of curiosity, a larger number remain from motives of earnest zeal and faith, while it may be reasonably assumed that of those who go "to scoff some remain to pray."

During the season the number of religious exercises of various kinds, prayer-meetings, baptisms, sermons, addresses, anniversaries, religious society meetings, camp-meetings, sacraments (to which latter there were 3,228 communicants), Sabbath-school sessions (which included 23,076 attendants), and the like, aggregated the enormous number of 987, or an average of over sixteen each day for a season of sixty days. But for the cold figures it would be difficult to believe that a community like this could be found anywhere at the present day, reminding one, with its set purpose, its organization and rigid ordinances, of the march of the Israelites across the desert under a theocratic leadership.

In order more perfectly to protect the interests at stake, the Association has recently purchased some of the wild land overgrown with forests on the southern side of Fletcher Lake. It is proposed to lay out and divide this up for sale, with restrictions as to the sale of liquors and tobacco; but otherwise to sell the fee outright to desirable purchasers. This new tract of the Association adjoins a plot which has been surveyed for a summer resort and called Ocean Park. It is, however, as yet entirely in the rough, its prospects and advantages remaining to be developed.

The following are matters of official regulation: Carriages \$2 an hour, \$1 for each additional hour; between the railway station and any part of the Association grounds, 10 cents; boats, 25 cents an hour; bathing-houses, 75 cents a day, \$4.50 a week. Bathing suits let for not more than an hour, time marked on a card attached to the suit. Tent cottages of two sizes, having respectively two 13x18 and 11x18 rooms furnished and a tent in front with floor, a neat fence and front yard sodded, according to location from \$75 upwards, paid in three instalments, but invariably for the season. Tents with floor and a small kitchen in the rear, from \$2.50 per week, paid in advance, and for not less than two weeks from \$2 per week upwards for any period beyond first four weeks. Furniture may be hired of the Association at moderate rates.

Far-fetched as the comparison may seem, in view of the fact that Ocean Grove is a creation of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, I cannot think of the lake and bridges by which one enters this resort otherwise than of the moat and drawbridges of some mediæval fortified town governed by an autocrat.

KEY EAST is a comparatively new resort below Ocean Grove. It fronts on the ocean and is bounded on the north by a small wooded tarn three-quarters of a mile long called Sylvan Lake, and on the south by Shark River, along whose lovely

shores it extends one and a quarter miles. It consists of a tract of 300 acres laid out in broad avenues and graded. These avenues are 80 feet wide ; no building can be erected within 20 feet from the road, thus securing ample space for the thoroughfares. An excellent system of drainage has been provided, emptying into the ocean, the drain-pipes being flushed from the waters of the lake, which is several feet higher than Shark River and the beach. The greater part of the area of Key East is somewhat higher than most of the Jersey coast, and clumps of oak, pine, maple and cedar still remain. Ample means are afforded for bathing, and a picturesque pavilion is near the bath-houses. Excellent boating and fishing are to be found on Shark River which, westward of the bridges, becomes a lake of considerable size. The Seaside Assembly occupies a block near the center of Key East, and the American Institute of Christian Philosophy hold its annual summer school in the grove of the Assembly grounds from July 26th to August 12th. A summer home for crippled orphans, called the Home of the Merciful Savior, is maintained at Key East under the auspices of the Episcopal Church.

Neptune City, although still a separate borough, is now included under the name of Key East, and reaches west of the railway along the north shore of Shark River. A number of summer cottages have been erected there.

OCEAN BEACH is a tract of 400 acres, bounded by the ocean on the east, by Shark River on the irregular northwest side, and by Como on the south. Of this land, 229 acres belonged to the White farm, and were purchased for \$90,000. The original proprietors of the farm were Gawin and Robert Drummond, to whom it was patented in 1701. The White homestead, where that zealous Methodist missionary, Asbury, preached in 1809, is still standing, near Shark River. The Ocean Beach Association was incorporated March 12, 1873. The spot they selected for a summer resort was well chosen, fronting one mile on the ocean and one mile and a half on Shark River, which is practically a lake two miles wide, with several branches. The shores are wooded and undulating. In the western horizon the hills rise to a considerable height, and the general effect on a calm day is one of rare poetic beauty. Across the center of the place extends Silver Lake, a small pond supplied by fresh-water springs. It would be a great addition to the resort, but for the far superior attractions of Shark River, both for boating and fishing. Besides the famous Shark River oysters planted there, great sport may be found in crabbing ; indeed, most of the soft-shell crabs in the markets of New York are from Shark River. Bluefish, bass, weakfish and flounders also abound, and the sportsman has for years found capital shooting when the water-fowl migrate in autumn.

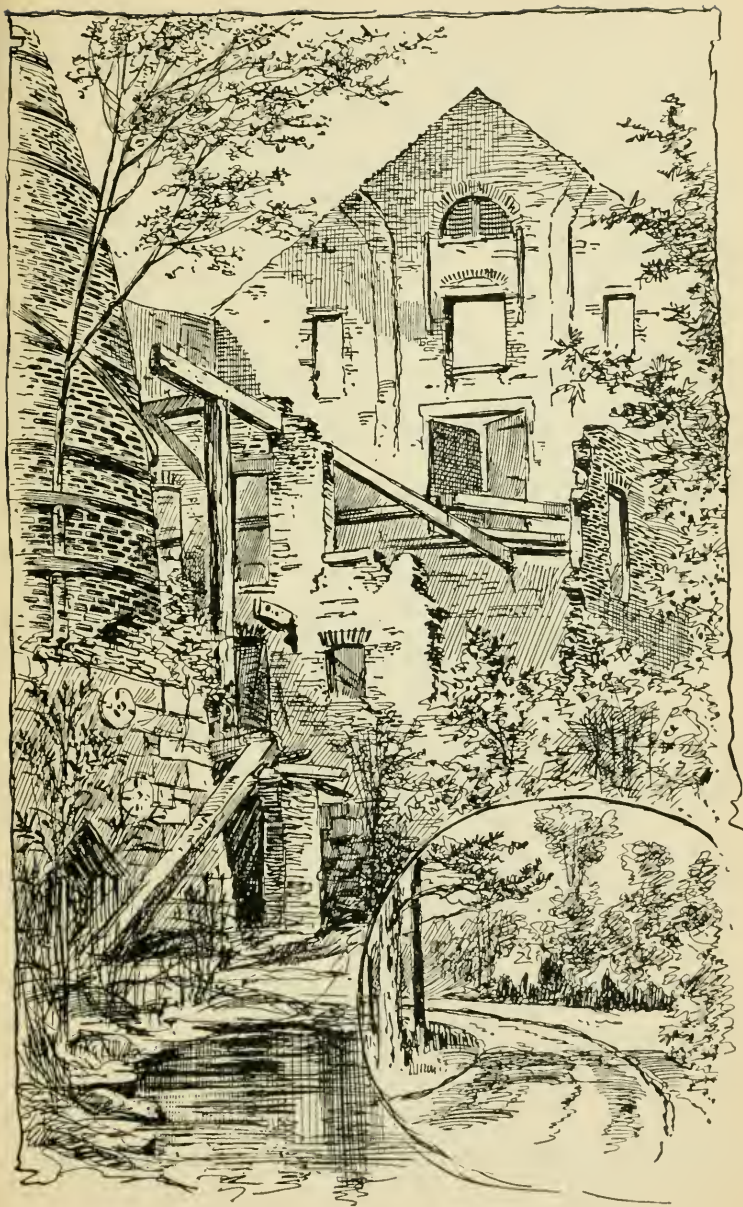
The twelve chief avenues of Ocean Beach extend from the sea to Shark River ; they are 80 feet wide, and each house is required to have a space of at least 20 feet between house and front line of lot, which insures a road-opening of 120 feet. The place has had a steady growth. A fine plank-walk extends along the beach as far as Sea Girt, and the bath-houses are well arranged.

One of the most interesting drives in the neighborhood of Ocean Beach is along the southern banks of Shark River to the now deserted iron-works of Allaire, which in the last generation enjoyed wide prosperity and national fame. It may be noted here that the drive to Allaire is frequently taken from all the resorts south of Ocean Beach to Bay Head.

LAKE COMO, sometimes called Como, consists of an irregularly-shaped tract of 240 acres, laid out and with a complete system of drainage. Among the attractions of this place are extensive woodlands of oak, pine and cedar, and the lake, which is nearly three-quarters of a mile long and one-quarter of a mile wide, offering opportunities for boating. There is a tendency now to include the tract surveyed on the west side of the Long Branch R. R., and first known as Sea Plain, under the name of Como.

SPRING LAKE takes its name from a pretty sheet of water, a little over half a mile long. A plank and asphaltum walk leads around its shore. A rustic bridge spans its west end. The Spring Lake tract, to which North Spring Lake properly belongs, although still a separate borough, was patented to Robert Hunter Morris, in 1760. In 1875 a Philadelphia company purchased the land from Wrack Pond for three-quarters of a mile north, but sold it to its present proprietor. In 1875 the Lake House Company was incorporated, and the following year erected the Monmouth House. Midway between the ocean and the lake, 200 yards from each, this hotel served as a nucleus for the growing settlement of summer residents, and in its immediate neighborhood are streets, cottages and churches, forming a resort conspicuous for the elegance of its exterior.

Besides tennis and bathing there is boating on the lake, whose waters are so clear that an object dropped into it is distinctly visible at a depth of 25 feet. It is usual to make the test with coin, and a story is current of a youth who, desiring to impress an heiress with his own wealth, dropped a gold piece into the lake for her entertainment whenever he took her out rowing, which was pretty much every day. Finally, a rival took it into his head to dive after one of the gold pieces. Great was his glee to discover that it was only one of the imitation coins used as substitutes for poker chips. Of course, the story got into circulation, and the bold diver became master of the situation and subsequently of the heiress. A night carnival on the lake, at which prizes are offered for the most beautifully illuminated boats, is one of the features of the season at this resort.



THE ALLAIRE RUINS.

SEA GIRT is, in every sense of the term, a seashore resort, for it has but few permanent residents, they being farmers and fishermen along the shore of Wrack Pond, known also as Sea Girt Inlet ; while the summer visitors are guests of the hotels which are on the beach. Very few cottages have been built thus far, and the dense pine woods, springing almost directly from the coast, have hardly been touched, except for the laying out of beautiful rambles and drives. Sea Girt is one of the most exclusive resorts along the coast. The great majority of its summer visitors are Philadelphians, and it is said that if you shake the genealogical tree of a Sea Girt summer visitor, a Binney or a Biddle is sure to drop off.

In 1853 the late Commodore Robert F. Stockton purchased a tract of 288 acres and erected a commodious summer mansion, so near the surf that from a short distance back of the piazza rail the beach cannot be seen, and one looks out over the expanse of ocean as from a vessel's deck. This piazza he rigged like a deck, with capstan, compass, cleats and davits from which life-boats are suspended. The ship-like character has been retained by the Sea Girt Land and Improvement Co., which, in 1875, acquired the property and erected the Beach House, by adding a wing to either side of the Stockton mansion. Those, and they are many, whose imaginations are pleasantly stimulated by the nautical character of the piazza, will be pleased to learn that the mansion has a veritable ship's bottom, so that, were it to be carried away by the sea, it would ride the waves in gallant style.

The State camp, where the N. G. S. N. J. holds its annual field exercises during one week in August, is a beautiful tract of land whose entrance is near the station. The glamor and bustle of military life and the ball given at the Beach House to the Governor and his staff make the encampment a welcome episode of the summer season.

BEACH DAY—It was a custom among the Indians to flock for one day of the summer to the seashore, where they bathed and feasted on baked clams. The custom survives, and on Beach Day, the second Saturday in August, a point of beach near Wrack Pond is crowded with wagons, in which farmers, from as far back as 20 miles in the country, have driven their families. Families coming from such a distance usually array themselves in their bathing-suits at home, and start on Friday afternoon, sleeping in the wagons. It is said that before the advent of the summer visitor put a restraint upon the proceedings of Beach Day, they were decidedly unconventional. While the Indian clam-bake is no longer a feature of Beach Day, the Indian method of baking clams yields more succulent results than any other. A hole is dug in the sand, in which faggots are burned until it is thoroughly heated. The clams are then dumped into it and covered with wet seaweed. When they open, it is found that the seaweed has imparted a most delicate flavor to them. On clams the Indian cook was a Lucullus.

MANASQUAN is comparatively a new place, although more a farming town than a summer resort. The first clearing for a settlement was made in 1815, where the Osborne House now

stands. The limits of the village are bounded by the ocean and the Manasquan River, which here enlarges to the size of a lake, and offers excellent facilities for boating, bass and blue-fishing, crabbing and duck-shooting. New York is largely supplied with soft-shell crabs from this place. But the oyster-beds of the Manasquan, at one time so productive, appear to be less fertile at present. There is a canning factory at Manasquan. At Union, on the Manasquan, William Brown built vessels as far back as 1808, and ship-building was continued there until the inlet and channel became too shoal for the passage of anything above a large sail-boat. Small craft are, however, still built there in large numbers, and the bridge to Point Pleasant still has a draw, and is bound to open for any craft able to float through.

In 1872 an investor purchased 30 acres south of the village, on the Manasquan, laid it out in lots, and called it Sea View. It is now built up, and is included in the village limits.

BRIELLE was founded by the Brielle Land Association, which was incorporated in 1881. It purchased a tract of 150 acres of land southeast of Manasquan village, beautifully situated on a cove of the Manasquan River, once rejoicing in the name of Mud Pond, but now euphonized to Glimmerglass. This land has been laid out in lots, and a pretty hotel, the Carteret Arms, and a number of cottages, have already been erected. The place has a railway station of its own, and a good road directly to the beach, which here adjoins Manasquan Inlet. This inlet has of late nearly closed, owing to the wreck of a Spanish brig on the north side. Laden with iron-ore, she has become solid as a rock; the sand has filled all the chinks, buried the deck and made a permanent landmark; the masts, firmly imbedded, stand as high as the top-gallant cross-trees. In a storm the surges sometimes sweep completely over the wreck up to the round tops, greatly adding to the grandeur and sentiment of the scene. The Association runs a stage free for the hotel guests and cottagers to the beach.

POINT PLEASANT is essentially a summer resort. There is a permanent farming population, and the two railroads meeting there add a considerable number of resident employés; but it is in summer that the real character of Point Pleasant is seen. West Point Pleasant, the oldest portion of the village, is an agricultural hamlet.

In the cemetery of West Point Pleasant are buried the 42 victims of the *Minturn* wreck. She was a fine packet-ship that went on shore at a point near what is now called Seaside Park, in a terrible storm, known as the *Minturn* storm, February 14, 1846. The snow was so blinding that, although but a few yards from the beach, the ship could only be seen at intervals between the clouds of driving snow. The passengers and crew sought refuge under the lee of the deck-houses, but were soon

frozen and washed into the sea. As the corpses came on shore it was found that they were frozen stiff. The captain's face was as placid as if he were asleep, but others bore the marks of intense suffering. A mother was found clasping her nursing babe to her bosom. Eye-witnesses wept at the touching spectacle. The bodies were brought in an old boat to Bay Head and buried at West Point Pleasant. Captain John G. W. Havens, Superintendent of the Life Saving Service on the coast of New Jersey since its organization, has, in the course of a long experience, gathered many interesting relics of the numerous wrecks on that coast, which he is always ready to show to visitors at Point Pleasant. A romantic interest attaches to a sword with a hilt of gold which is among the relics. It is firmly believed to be part of a treasure buried by pirates near the present site of Life Saving Station No. 22, about two and a quarter miles south of Beach Haven. The evening of Sunday, September 11, 1886, two men, representing themselves as surveyors, asked a surfman of the station to point out two cedars about one hundred yards northeast from the location of the old inlet. This the surfman was easily able to do, as the cedars were well-known landmarks. Something in the manner of the men, who spent the night at the station, led the crew to suspect that their visitors were not what they represented themselves to be, and the next morning, after the men had left the station, one of the crew climbed up to the look-out and trained a spy-glass on the cedars. He saw the two men busily engaged digging up the sand. One of them, happening to glance up toward the station, became aware that they were being watched, and they departed in haste, bearing something with them. Several surfmen then hurrying over to the cedars, discovered that two holes had been dug there and found the valuable sword on the edge of one of the holes.

Point Pleasant has two special points of attraction for those who visit it in summer, especially the cottagers. The hotels are chiefly in the village, but near the southern bank of the Manasquan there is a broad avenue lined on one side with summer cottages and on the other by a beautiful pine grove, through which the water is seen gleaming.

Another cluster of cottages is on the shore facing the sea near the Land's End Hotel. This settlement, about one mile from the station, is reached by a horse railroad and a plank walk. Here one finds bath-houses, a large and well-appointed pavilion commanding a breezy view of the ocean, and refreshment saloons. The coast at this point possesses remarkable wildness, reminding one of the eastern side of Cape Cod. The sand is heaped up in high, snow-like dunes, overgrown here and there with tufts of salt grass. In stormy weather the drifting sand fills the air like the spray of the surf.

Before leaving Point Pleasant the visitor should go to what is called Will's Hole, a cove of the Manasquan below a hill tufted with a clump of cedars on the south side of the river. The cove was at one time deep enough to float small ships, but it is now nearly filled up. Indian Will was a noted chief of the Jersey Indians in the seventeenth century. He was a man of intelligence and vigorous character, and made an impression on the annals and traditions of the period. He had his camp for many years by the cove which goes by his name. Shell heaps still exist there attributed to him. It is likely he and his family contributed a share of oyster and clam-shells to that deposit of crustaceans, but it must have taken several generations of Indians to collect those heaps. Tradition states that Indian Will, for reasons unknown but doubtless more satisfactory to himself than to his victim, murdered his wife by drowning her in that pool. Such accidents not being unknown in the domestic

life of the noble red men of the forest, there seems no reason to question the authenticity of a tradition which casts a legendary interest over the placid waters of the Manasquan.

BAY HEAD, a small summer resort on the bluff, two miles south of Point Pleasant, is reached by a carriage-road. This is a noted spot for shipwrecks on the Jersey coast, averaging one a year for the last eleven years. There is no apparent reason for this fact as there is no point making out there; it may possibly be because this spot is midway between Barnegat and Sandy Hook lights, and in thick weather a ship at that point loses sight of both. It is a remarkable fact that no less than four wrecks have occurred upon an identical part of the beach; in one case a ship passing directly over the remains of a previous wreck. There is a curious breed of Manx cats (without tails) in Bay Head and Point Pleasant, which sprung from two cats that came ashore in a wreck at the former place twenty years ago.

CHAPTER II.

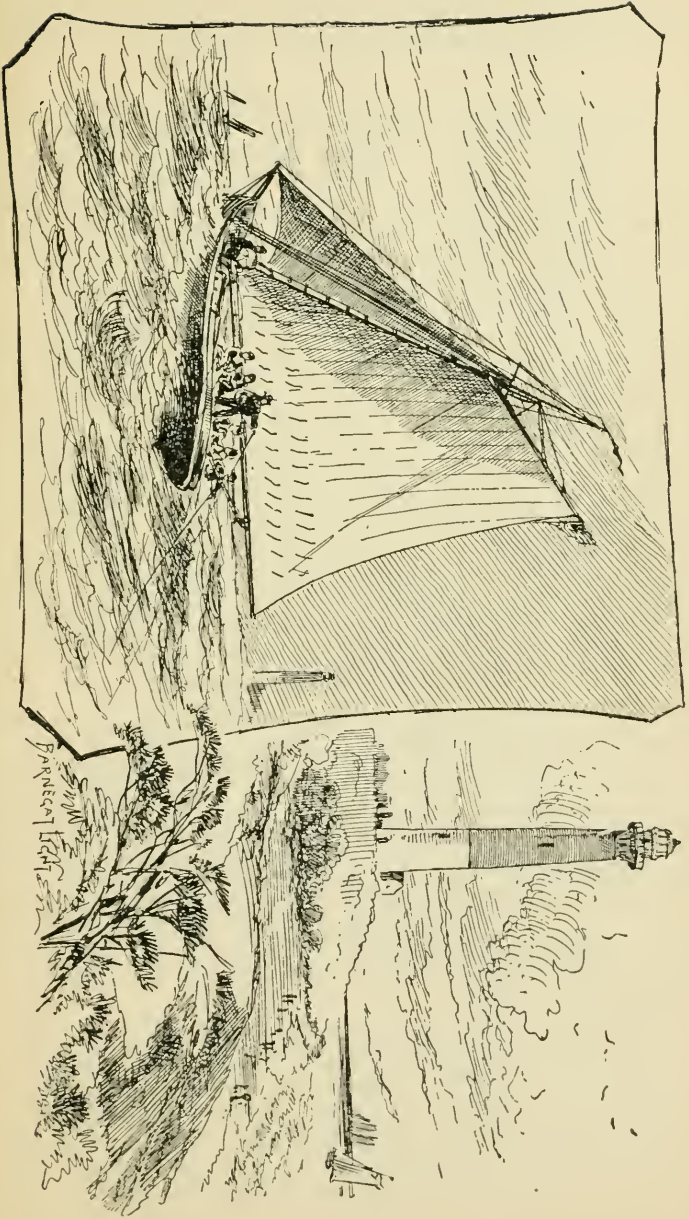
BARNEGAT BAY AND ATLANTIC CITY.

The earliest description of Barnegat Bay is found in the log of Henry Hudson's *Half Moon*. After getting out to sea from Delaware Bay, Hudson stood northeasterly making land September 2, 1609, probably near Great Egg Harbor. The same day the *Half Moon* passed Barnegat Bay and Barnegat Inlet.

From the log-book of the *Half Moon*, September 2, 1609: "The course along the land we found to be northeast by north from the land which we first had sight of until we came to a great lake of water, as we could judge it to be, being drowned land which made its rise like islands, which was in length ten leagues. The mouth of the lake had many shoals, and the sea breaks upon them as it is east out of the mouth of it. And from that lake or bay the land lies north by east and we had a great stream out of the bay."

The lake mentioned in this extract is Barnegat Bay; the "mouth" of the lake, Barnegat Inlet. The reference to shoals proves that in those early days already the reefs on which many a gallant ship has fought its last fight existed. In fact, Barnegat Bay derives its name from the breakers whose foam hisses over these shoals, the name being a corruption from the Dutch *Barnig Gat*, meaning Breakers' Inlet, which was given to the inlet by the Dutch navigator Captain Mey, after whom Cape May is named. The tide still rushes as furiously through the inlet as it did when the sea was "east out of the mouth of it," and the tall, slender light-house tower rises up from out of the dunes on the south side like a finger raised in warning.

The inlet has always jealously guarded its rights against the efforts of the Government to erect lights to warn vessels off the treacherous shoals. It licked around the foundations of the light-house put up in 1834, until they melted away and the structure fell into the waves, which since then have been hurling themselves with such destructive force against the beach south of the inlet that there is now deep water where the old tower stood, and the site of that erected in 1858 is seriously threatened. This light-house, red and white, 165 feet above sea level, showing a first order light, flashing white every 10 seconds, is so exposed to the fury of winter storms, that the vibrations of the structure are violent enough to cause water in a pail placed on the floor of the top story to splash over. The wear and rapid changes produced upon the beach by Barnegat and other inlets through the beaches south of it can be readily understood when it is remembered that, for instance, the average rise and fall of tide in Barnegat Bay is 1 foot, which for its area



BARNEGAT LIGHT

FISHING NEAR BARNEGAT LIGHT.

of $7\frac{1}{2}$ square miles means that a volume of 2,016,000,000 cubic feet of water passes through Barnegat Inlet four times daily, making in the year more than thrice the amount which flows from the water-shed of the Hudson in the same time and that to the impetuous rush of the tide must be added the destructive effect of wave action.

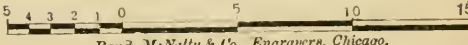
Barnegat Bay really resembles a lake more than a bay, so that the description of it in the log of the *Half Moon* is apt. It is separated from the ocean by two beaches, Squan and Long. That portion of the former, from the site of the old Cranberry Inlet (now closed), opposite Tom's River, to Barnegat Inlet is often called by its old name of Island Beach, the entire length of beach from the Manasquan to Barnegat Inlet being about twenty-four miles. Long Beach stretches from this inlet to Little Egg Harbor Inlet, a distance of about twenty-one miles. The depth of the bay north of the inlet scarcely exceeds ten feet anywhere, a considerable area next to the beach being less than five feet. Southward it reaches twenty feet near Lovelady Island. Barnegat Inlet has now about seven feet of water on its bar at low water, and from eleven to twelve feet at high tide. The bay is about twenty-seven miles long and from one to four miles broad. The west shore of the beach and the mainland across the bay are fringed with salt meadows, and in the bay itself are many sedgy islands, these being so numerous in places as to form a net-work of narrow, sinuous channels which the natives call thoroughfares or "slews" (sluice-ways). Metedeconk River, Kettle Creek, Tom's River, Cedar Creek, Forked River, Oyster Creek, Gunning River, and several smaller streams, flow into Barnegat Bay.

There are settlements both on the narrow beaches and along the main shore. The beaches, having the ocean before them and the broad bay in their rear, seem to offer delightful sites for summer settlements. Between Bay Head and the point where the Philadelphia & Long Branch Railroad extension of the New York & Long Branch Railroad leaves the beach and crosses the bay to Tom's River are Mantoloking, Chadwick's (a famous old-fashioned gunning resort), Lavalette, Ortley, Berkeley Arms and Seaside Park. South of Barnegat Inlet are Barnegat City and Harvey Cedars. The expectations of the founders of some of the summer settlements among the places named have unfortunately not been realized, for certain winds bring the mosquitoes over to the beaches in such swarms that life becomes almost unendurable. Barnegat Pier is a station about half way across the Philadelphia & Long Branch R. R. bridge, from where many pleasure-boats start for the fishing-grounds down the bay.

Barnegat Bay is the most northerly of a series of bays formed by a strip of beach on the east and the main shore on the west, and receiving the waters of the ocean through narrow inlets. These bays are separated from one another by encroachments of the salt meadows fringing their shores and by sedgy islands. Through the channels between these islands one can pass from bay to bay, so that it is possible to sail in small craft by an inland route from any of the resorts on Barnegat Bay clear through to Cape May.



Scale of Statute Miles.



Rand, McNally & Co., Engravers, Chicago.

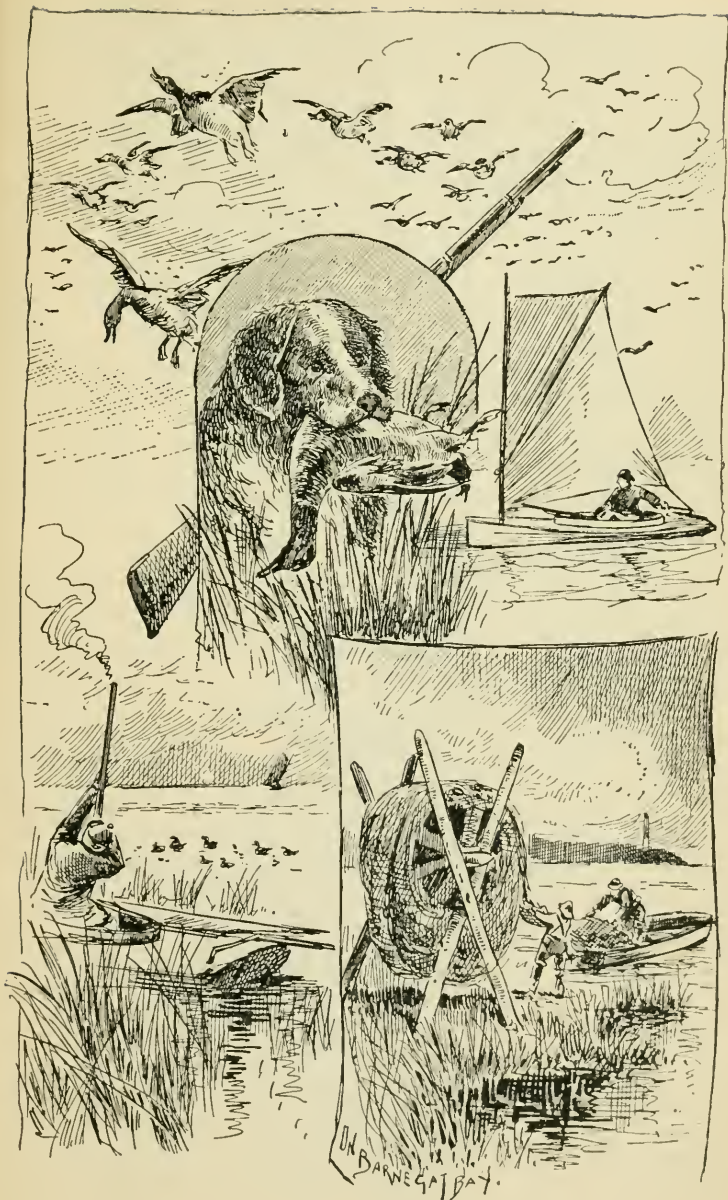
THE PIRATES OF BARNEGAT.—Many of the beaches south of Bay Head retain their original wild and desolate character. One can wander for miles among the dunes without coming upon human habitation other than the Life-Saving stations or an occasional gunner's hut. These beaches were settled by whalers as early as 1640, whales being then plentiful off shore. Afterwards, and until the establishment of the Life-Saving Service, it was on these beaches that the "Barnegat Pirates" plied their infamy. These miscreants had not the venturesome spirit to cruise the sea and attack every vessel they met, sometimes even accepting the risk of a fair battle. Their piratical acts were the more dastardly because they rarely involved peril to the lives of those who perpetrated them. A man who coldly shoots down his fellow-man from ambush is not more cowardly than were these Barnegat Pirates. Woe to the ship and crew which in those times found themselves off one of the Jersey beaches of a stormy night! The elements were not half as pitiless as the wretch who trimmed the false beacon on the beach, while the band of wreckers stood among the dunes peering with straining eyes through the gale and sleet in eager expectation that some vessel would be lured out of her course and driven on to the shoals. It is easy to imagine the scene which was then enacted. Suddenly a ghostly, heaving form is discerned through the storm. A ship is plunging toward the breakers. There is a crash, a wail of despair, heard above the uproar of the tempest, and the false light has fulfilled its mission. The wreckers are now watching the surf. Suddenly a dark object is tossed up from the hollow of a wave and rolled ashore through the surf—the corpse of the first poor fellow to drop benumbed from the ice-coated rigging. The wreckers regard him with indifference—he is only a sailor with no money about him. Another is cast ashore and then another; and then they come rolling in faster. Some object larger than a man's body darkens the surf. It is a door from which one of the panels has been knocked out. A man has thrust an arm through the frame and hangs on to it, while with the other he clasps a woman so tightly that even the fury of the elements has not availed to separate them. The wreckers pay more attention to these corpses. They search the captain's clothing till they find a wallet and then take his wife's ear-rings. The number of corpses washed ashore has confirmed what the crash with which the vessel went on the shoal told the wreckers—she is a large ship, a prime prize for the Barnegat Pirates in spars, timber and cargo. And the chances are she will break up before daylight, so that they can secure a good share of the plunder under cover of the night. Such were some of the scenes once enacted on that desolate shore when the Pirates of Barnegat were in league with the demon of the tempest. When one reflects upon the terror of a storm at sea; the joy with which the tempest-tossed mariner must have beheld what seemed to him a familiar beacon; and the despair that must have come over him when he saw the line of hissing breakers ahead, and realized that he had been lured to certain death, one fails to find words strong enough to express one's sense of the villainy of the Pirates of Barnegat.

The natives of the coast are rather chary of information regarding these matters—they are too nearly contemporaneous to be freely spoken of. But sometimes, while sitting of a winter evening around the open fire-place of one or another of the old-fashioned inns on the coast, one can gather no uncertain details of these crimes, and old sportsmen will tell of taverns among the dunes where wines of the finest vintages of France and Germany could be had for a mere song. There is also a dark tradition that of wild winter nights a white female figure can be seen wandering up and down Long Beach and suddenly falling upon her knees and bending over with clasped hands, as if over a corpse. This is said to be the specter of a young woman who was an active member of a band of wreckers of which her father was the leader. One night, when the corpses were beginning to roll in from a vessel which this band had lured on to the shoals, the men heard their leader's daughter give a shriek and saw her throw herself over one of the bodies. It was the corpse of her sailor lover, who, it was afterwards learned,

had escaped from a wreck on the British coast and had then shipped for home in the very vessel she had helped lure to destruction.

Nowadays, the only men to be found on the beaches of a stormy winter night are the life-savers. The service has put an end to wrecking as a business. For a living the natives now "follow the bay" or provide entertainment for summer visitors and the sportsmen who are at all seasons attracted to this coast. Of a winter night, instead of hoisting false signals on a storm-swept beach, they draw up to the open fire-place or sit around the tap-room stove of their village inn, and their signalling is confined to "tipping the wink" to one another when to begin "loading up" some fresh, green youngster, down from the city on his first duck-shooting expedition, with stories of the wonderful sport to be had on the Bay—stories in which the 52 broad-bills bagged in a day by one gunner at Wrangle Creek, or the 73 bagged in Sedge Islands' thoroughfare, or the single haul of 200,000 pounds of fish in Metedeconk River in 1847, usually figure in the expressive native vernacular. Another story is perhaps cut short by a gust of wind caused by the opening of the door. Three muffled figures seem to be fairly blown in. When they have thrown off their great-coats the new-comers turn out to be an ex-sheriff from Tom's River, with a spare, shrewd, gray-whiskered face, and two friends who have come down to have a quiet little game with the landlord. They join the circle around the stove, and the ex-sheriff reminisces for the benefit of the young sportsman of the days when he could beat every man in Ocean and adjoining counties at quoits. Then he invites all hands up to the bar. "Drink hearty, gentlemen! Drink hearty!" he says briskly, and tosses off three fingers of rye, after which he and his friends retire with the landlord. The next morning, at breakfast, the landlord and the ex-sheriff's two friends can hardly hold up their heads; *he* has long ago hitched up and is well on the road to Tom's River. It may be judged from this brief sketch that life along Barnegat Bay is quite different from that at the resorts north of Bay Head. There the visitors do not mingle with the natives. But along Barnegat Bay one is brought into quite different relations with them. You feel like knowing more of the man who brings down his red-head every time, who knows every fishing-ground, and who can steer his yacht unerringly through all the channels, thoroughfares and "slews," and an *entente cordiale*, such as exists between the Adirondack hunter and his guide, is soon established between the sportsman on Barnegat Bay and his boatman or gunner.

SPORT.—Barnegat Bay is all sport. In summer, hundreds of little vessels scud over its waters to the fishing-grounds near the inlet; and of the early mornings in winter, the figures of gunners may be seen dimly outlined against the gray horizon as they row their sneak-boxes out of the creeks toward some sedgy point or island. The earlier the start the better, for a few of the "shooting points" are considered to be more favorably located than the rest, and it is a gunner's ambition to get his "man" to one of these points—that is, if he knows his man to be a first-rate sportsman. There is amusing rivalry between the different places along the bay shore for pre-eminence as sporting headquarters, especially between Forked River, Ware-town and Barnegat (not to be confounded with Barnegat Pier, Barnegat Park or Barnegat City). At Forked River they will tell you that at Barnegat you have to drive one and a half miles from the station to the landing, and that the gunners there are so numerous they will double up on the good "points." At Barnegat they will tell you that their landing, although one and a half miles from the station, is right on the



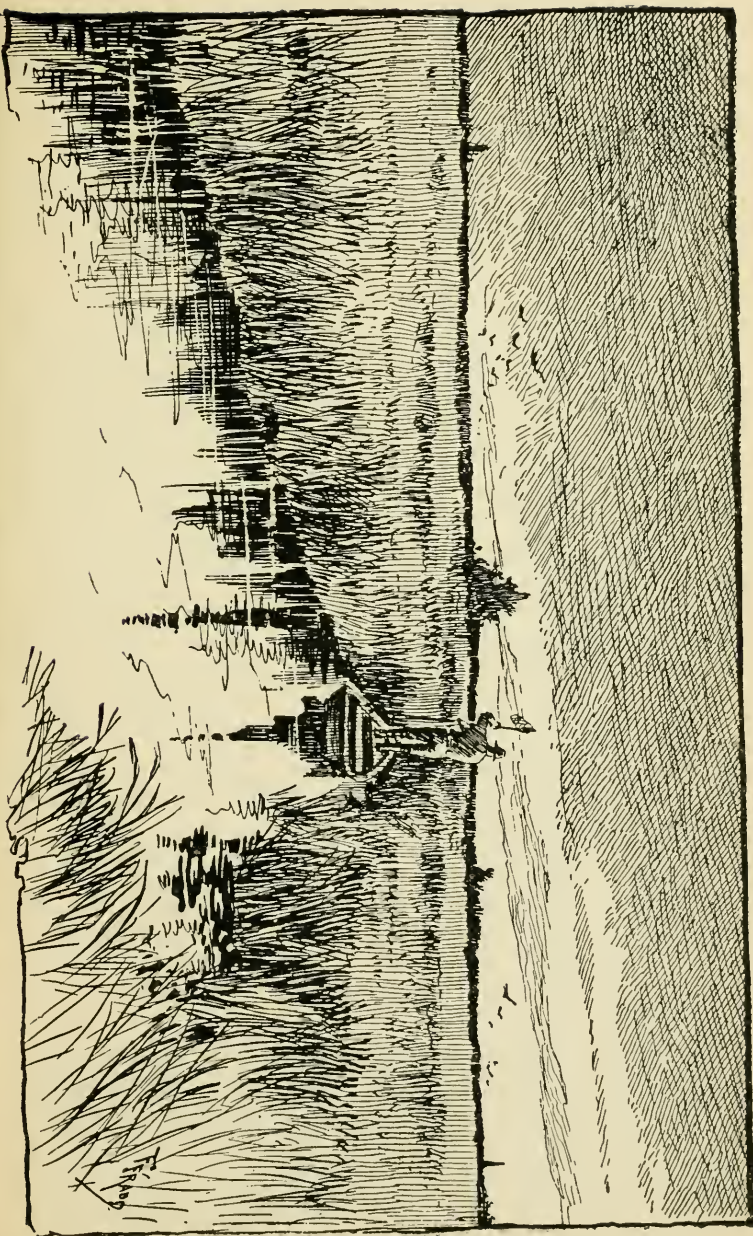
SCENES ON BARNEGAT BAY.

bay, while at Forked River, although the landing is near the station, it is far up the creek, and that unless wind and tide are favorable you will be a long time reaching the bay. At both places they will say that, while Waretown is right on the bay, so that you have neither to drive to the landing nor to navigate a creek, the fact of there being no creek for a harbor makes landing there dangerous in stormy weather.

The reason these three places are rivals for pre-eminence as sporting resorts lies in the fact that the best fishing-grounds and shooting points are in their vicinity. The great summer sport is weak-fishing. Weak-fish from one to one and three-quarters pounds in weight can be caught in great numbers a short distance from the mouth of Forked River, while in Oyster Creek Channel, or in the Elbow near the Inlet, the large "tide-runners" are almost equally numerous. On a fine summer day there is always a large fleet of fishing-boats from Tom's River, Barnegat Pier, Forked River and Waretown anchored over these grounds. Sheep's-head can also be caught in Oyster Creek Channel during July and August, while many king-fish are taken from near Clam Island. The Barnegat fishermen have an excellent weak-fishing ground a short distance from the north mouth of Double Creek, where their landing is. In the fall, there is also fine striped-bass fishing, especially in the gap between Sandy and Marsh Elder Islands and in the Marsh Elder thoroughfare. From February, or even earlier, if the bay is clear of ice, until May there is excellent sport fishing for flounders through holes in the coral beds formed by worms.

In point of fact, Waretown is the most favorably located of the three places for fishing excursions, because there a tongue of solid ground penetrates the salt meadows to the edge of the bay, and the landing is within a few minutes of the railroad station and at the same time right on the bay. Nevertheless among sportsmen Forked River is considered the fishing headquarters for Barnegat Bay, and Barnegat the headquarters for gunning. Forked River undoubtedly owes much of its reputation among sportsmen to the fame of its comfortable, old-fashioned sporting house, the Lafayette, which for many years has been kept by old Sheriff Parker, large of frame and of heart, and as genial and cheery as the blaze of pine logs and stumps, which in winter are piled up on the hearth of the Lafayette sitting-room. The house is noted for its plain but delicious cooking, and the variety of fish, oysters, clams, crabs and game which the Sheriff makes a point of serving. To use his own expressive phrase, he "feeds his guests off the bay." A free stage is run from the railroad station to the house, and from the house to the landing. Fishermen wishing to make an early start can have breakfast at 5 A. M., or earlier if they desire, and the Sheriff will put up lunch for the party and the captain. When boats return from fishing, a signal flag is

CRABBING UP A CREEK.



hoisted at the landing and a stage is dispatched thither. If, while the boats are out, the horses are not in use, the Sheriff bundles the mothers and children into the stages and sends them out for a drive. The house is picturesquely situated on the most northerly of the three branches which give Forked River its name. On the south bank of this branch is one of those beautiful stretches of dark cedar swamp which add so much to the attractiveness of the scenes in this section of the coast, and which so temper the winter winds that the main shore of Barnegat Bay is a pleasant dwelling-place during the winter months.

The gunners make their headquarters at Barnegat because the principal shooting points are in its vicinity, Lovelady and Sandy Islands being considered the best points on the bay now that the Sedge Islands have become private. Nearly all the islands and points south of Stout's Creek, and whether on the main shore or beach are, however, resorted to by gunners, the points of vantage shifting with the changes of the wind, problems of the sport, the solution of which is best left to the gunner who is piloting the sportsman. The ducks which frequent Barnegat Bay are teal, broad-bills, blacks, red-heads, whistlers, mallards and shelldrakes; occasionally canvas-backs stray up from the Chesapeake. From October 20th till December 1st, and March and April are the best periods of the year for duck-shooting on Barnegat Bay. Brant are plentiful in the spring. Goose shooting is followed with greatest success further up the bay, around Tom's River and Chadwick's.

In the woods back of the main shore are quail, rabbits, coons and foxes, and on the meadows English snipe.

Boating, fishing and gunning on Barnegat Bay are not expensive sports. One of the roomy, comfortable Barnegat Bay cat-boats with cabin, can be hired for \$4 a day. Bait is 75 cents a quart for shrimps; \$1 a dozen for soft-shell crabs. The captain finds the tackle. Four should be the limit of a party for comfort, though the \$4 allows you to make your party as large as you choose. Gunning is \$4 a day, the price covering boats and decoys. Shooting through the woods or over the meadows is \$2 a day. Row-boats range from nothing to 20 cents an hour.

TOM'S RIVER.—Between Point Pleasant and Tom's River the settlements on the main shore of Barnegat Bay are small and straggling. They are Bursville, Cedar Bridge, Silverton and Cedar Grove. Tom's River is the county seat of Ocean County. The main settlement is beautifully situated on high ground on the north bank of the river which gives it its name. This river is broad and deep from shore to shore, thus affording excellent facilities for boating. The yachting fleet numbers about 150 sail, and during the summer there are two yacht races. In this river, as in all streams which empty into the bay, there is excellent fishing for perch, pickerel and eels, and there is good fresh water bathing.

Down the north shore of the river are Money Island (now joined to

the mainland), on whose summit tradition locates one of the numerous burial-places of Kidd's treasure; the Methodist summer resort of Island Heights, and Westway's Point. As the view of the bay and ocean from Island Heights is extensive and beautiful, the drive there is a favorite one. Other fine drives are to Lakewood and Bamber, and along the main bay shore, from which one has occasional lovely glimpses of the water. On the south shore of Tom's River is the house in which Thomas Placide, the once famous actor, committed suicide.

Tom's River probably derives its name from Captain William Tom, a sturdy settler on the Delaware some 200 years ago, who, on an exploring expedition to the seashore, discovered, after penetrating the wilderness of pines, the river which now bears his name. On a map published in 1740 there is marked on the point north of Mosquito Cove "Barnegat Tom's Wigwam," and some think the stream was named after this noted Indian. On several old maps it goes by the prosaic name of Goose Creek.

During the Revolution there were extensive salt-works on the meadows some one and a half miles north of the river's mouth, the water being pumped up by a wind-mill which stood until about the middle of this century. These salt-works, which had been established at great expense, were of such value to the American government that a military post was established at Tom's River partly for their protection. At that time Cranberry Inlet, opposite Tom's River, was open, on which account the place formed a favorite base of operations for American privateers. A blockhouse fort was erected "a short distance north of the bridge on a hill about 100 yards east of the road to Freehold." On Wednesday, March 20, 1782, an expedition of some 200 British soldiers and refugees in armed whale-boats, under convoy of the armed brig *Arrogant*, proceeded to Sandy Hook, whence on the 23d they started for Cranberry Inlet. They landed near the mouth of the river at midnight and marched to the blockhouse, which was commanded by Captain Joshua Huddy, whose force was far inferior in numbers to the attacking party. He made a gallant defense, but was overwhelmed by superior force and captured. The enemy then plundered and burned the entire place, except two houses, to the ground. The tragic fate of Captain Huddy is told on p. 24.

Good Luck Point, the southern point at the mouth of Tom's River, derives its name from a revolutionary episode. A refugee named McMullen, of whom a party of militiamen were in hot pursuit, spurred his horse into the stream and was borne safely to the opposite shore where, waving his hat toward his baffled pursuers, he shouted: "Good luck! Good luck!"

The first place south of Tom's River is the straggling settlement of Bayville. Here is the melancholy looking shell of an old free church. In this church it was first come first served, and within its sacred precincts, it is said, itinerant ministers would of a Sabbath morning come to blows for the right to hold services and the accompanying privilege of taking up a collection.

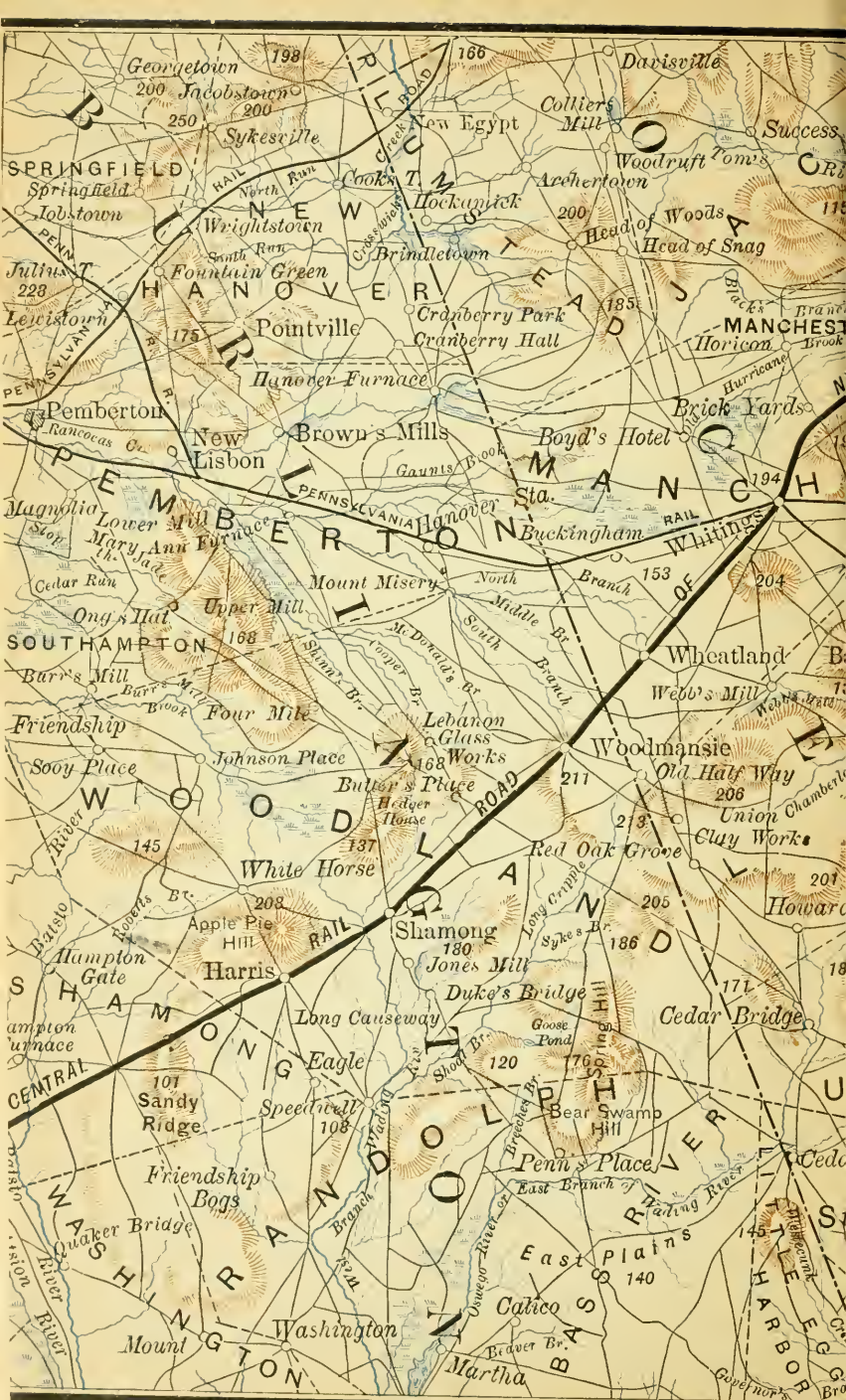
BARNEGAT PARK, the railroad station for Bayville, is being developed into a summer and winter settlement under the auspices of several officers of the Army and Navy. The Park comprises some 300 acres, around and through which flow Pine and Cedar creeks. At the head of the former is Crystal Lake, a pretty sheet of water. The entire tract is covered with a growth of young pines, which will be allowed to remain, so that Barnegat Park is "among the pines" as well as "on the Bay." It is promised that great attention will be paid to the roads. A "Boulevard" 100 feet wide runs around the tract and on the west side along Pine Creek. Decatur Avenue is a graveled roadway running to the bay. The Park has been laid out in building lots and wide avenues, the latter named after prominent Army and Navy officers. A hunting tract of 4,000 acres adjacent to the Park has been placed at the management's disposal; and it is also proposed to run a steam-yacht from the landing. The erection of an inn is also under consideration.

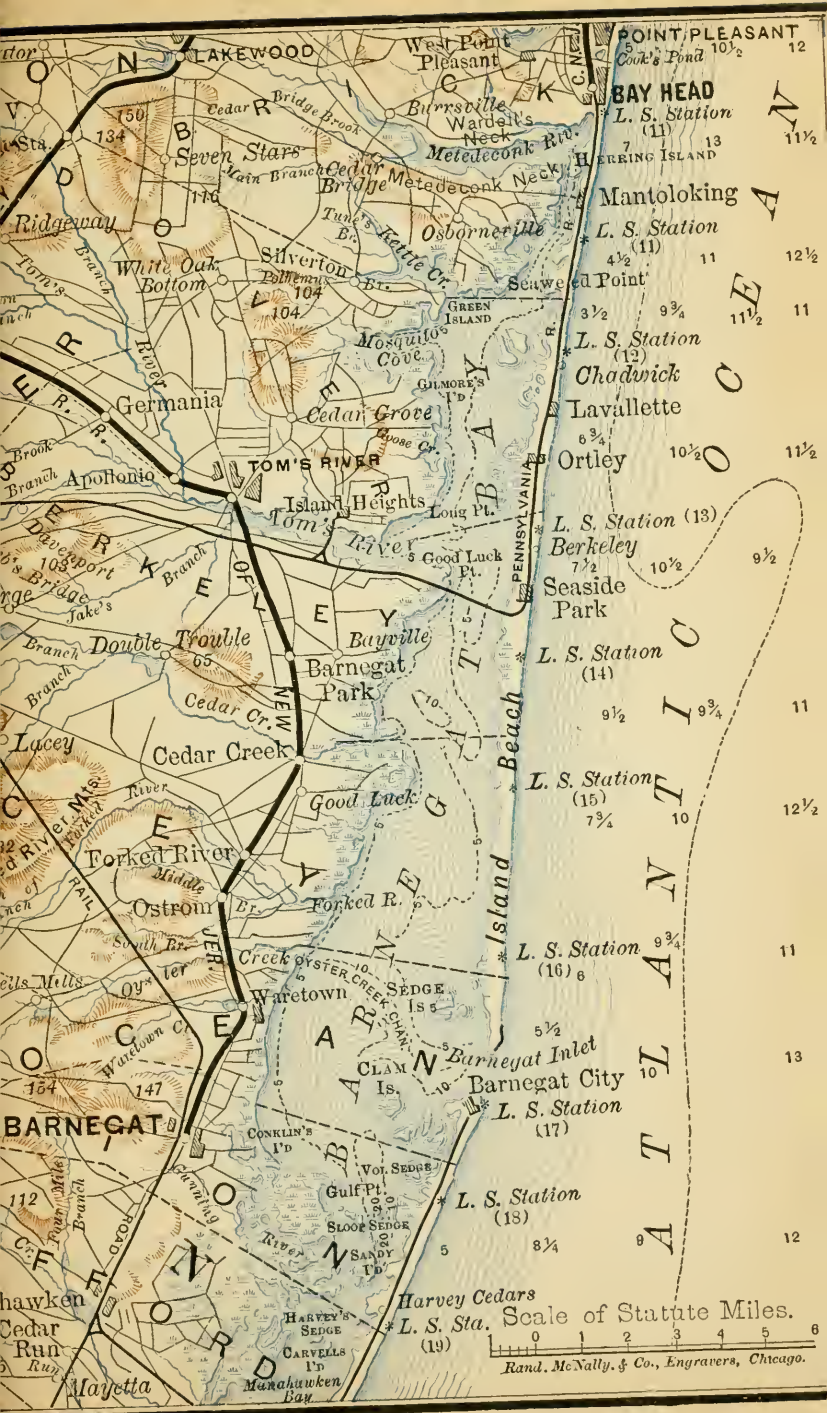
CEDAR CREEK is the station next south of Barnegat Park. It is a settlement of baymen, who in summer sail their yachts from Seaside Park or Barnegat Pier. The creek is one of the most beautiful of the many cedar-swamp streams which cross the road along the bay shore—a swift, deep, clear, resinous-colored current of icy cold, pleasant tasting, healthful water. It may be well to call attention here to what is said in the Introduction of this book of the fine water-power still unutilized in this part of the State.

PINE ROBBERS.—The bridge by which the road crosses Cedar Creek was, on December 27, 1782, the scene of a brisk skirmish between a band of refugees, commanded by one of their most noted leaders, Capt. John Bacon, and a party of militiamen, in which the latter were victorious. The refugees hereabouts were known as Pine Robbers or Outlaws of the Pines, because they concealed themselves in caves which they dug back in the pine woods in the high banks of the streams emptying into the bay. These caves are still to be found on Tom's River, Cedar Creek, Oyster Creek and Forked River, one of whose branches is named Cave Cabin Branch. Bacon, on one of his raids, plundered the Holmes House at Forked River, on the site of the present Lafayette House. In October, 1782, a cutter came ashore about a mile south of Barnegat Inlet. Word was sent across the bay, and a party of unarmed men proceeded to the beach and by hard work managed to land much of the cargo through the surf. At night, wet and weary, they built fires and were soon sleeping soundly beside them. Bacon received word of this, and landing on the beach with a party of refugees, cruelly massacred the sleepers. The following spring he was surprised and killed in a tavern between West Creek and Tuckerton. Other Outlaws of the Pines who raided the shores of Barnegat Bay were Davenport, after whom Davenport Branch of Tom's River is named, and Richard Bird. The latter met his death in a singularly tragic manner. He and a companion being observed on the road near Bayville, a party of militiamen started in pursuit. Bird's companion escaped to a hiding-place, and Bird himself managed to elude his pursuers temporarily. They had heard, however, that Bird was occasionally harbored by a young woman who lived in a cabin in the woods between the road and the shore. At night they made their way to this cabin and through the window saw him seated in the girl's lap. One of the party fired through the window and the refugee fell dead upon the floor. When the militiamen entered, the girl was unconcernedly rifling the dead man's pockets. The house in which this occurred is now part of a dwelling on the road leading from the main road near the old free church at Bayville, toward the shore.

GOOD LUCK is virtually part of Cedar Creek, but boasts a separate name, because there is the site of the old Potter church in which the first Universalist sermon in this country was preached. The building was put up about 1760, by Thomas Potter, as a free church, and as Abbott and Asbury preached in it and James Sterling was married in it, it is almost as noted in the annals of the Methodist as in those of the Universalist Church in America.

When Potter built the church, he stated to neighbors that, while it was to be a free church, he desired to have regular services provided for, and he was sure God would in time send a minister. In September, 1770, the brig *Hand in Hand*, aboard which was John Murray, a warm advocate of Universalism, stranded on the outer bar of Cranberry Inlet. She got over this into deep water and was held by her anchors from going ashore. She lay there several days, and her provisions becoming exhausted, all hands proceeded in a boat across the bay. Murray, separating from the rest, came to a house where he found a tall, rough-looking man standing by a pile of fish. "Pray, sir," said Murray, "will you have the goodness to sell me one of those fish?" "No, sir," was the old man's abrupt reply. "That is strange," replied Murray; "when you have so many, to refuse me a single one." "I did not refuse you a fish, sir; you are welcome to as many as you please. But I do not sell fish; I have them for the taking up, and you may obtain them the same





Scale of Statute Miles.
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 Rand. McNally, & Co., Engravers, Chicago.

way." The upshot of the singular conversation was that Murray, after taking some fish to a tavern where the crew had put up for the night, returned to Potter's house. Potter greeted him warmly, saying: "Come, my friend, I am glad you have returned; I have longed to see you; I have been long expecting you." Noticing Murray's surprise, he told of the hope which had inspired him when he built the meeting-house. "When the house was finished," said Potter, "I received an application from the Baptists, and I told them if they could make it appear that God Almighty was a Baptist I would give it to them at once. . . . My friends often asked me, 'Where is the preacher of whom you spoke?' and my constant reply was, 'He will by-and-by make his appearance.' The moment, sir, I saw your vessel on shore, it seemed as if a voice had audibly sounded in my ears: 'There, Potter, in that vessel, cast away on that shore, is the preacher you have so long been expecting.'"

Murray was astounded. He had preached in England, but had sailed in the *Hand in Hand* as supercargo, having determined never to preach again. Potter's earnestness, however, prevailed upon him, and the Sunday following he preached the first Universalist sermon in America. Murray named the place Good Luck. The old church still stands, an unpretentious, white, oblong structure. There is, every September, a grove meeting of Universalists near the old church. This now belongs to the Methodists, but the Universalists have erected a roomy brick church near by. A head-stone marks the grave of Potter in the little cemetery near the old church.

FORKED RIVER, WARETOWN and **BARNEGAT** have already been spoken of under the division of Sport. Concerning Waretown, it may be added that it is named after Abraham Waer, one of a band of Rogerine Baptists, who located there about 1737, remaining there about eleven years, when they left for Morris County where, previous to their coming to Waretown, they had been settled on Schooley's Mountain.

At Barnegat the shipping of salt hay for packing purposes is an industry of considerable importance, and there is an oyster packing establishment which ships oysters in large quantities.

A trainer of one of the large trotting stables has for several winters past taken his string of trotters down to Barnegat. The weather is so mild along the coast that there are few days when he cannot send his horses spinning over the fine hard roads, a fact to which horsemen may be glad to have their attention called.

The early spring, and the long duration of pleasantly warm weather, have induced some of the natives to experiment with vineyards and orchards in clearings in the pine-woods a short distance back from the bay shore. These experiments have been uniformly successful.

The Tom's River and Waretown branch of the Jersey Southern Railroad has its terminus at Barnegat where, however, connection can be made with the Tuckerton Railroad for Manahawkin (Indian for Good Corn Land) and Tuckerton and via the Long Beach Railroad, which crosses Manahawkin Bay, for Harvey Cedars and Barnegat City on the beach shore of Barnegat Bay; and for Peahala and Beach Haven on the beach shore of Little Egg Harbor. As Little Egg Harbor offers admirable opportunity for aquatic sports, Beach Haven is rapidly coming into favor as a summer resort. The inn at Harvey Cedars is an old-fashioned resort, of the same comfortable, unconventional character as the Lafayette House at Forked River, and a favorite headquarters for gunners in winter.

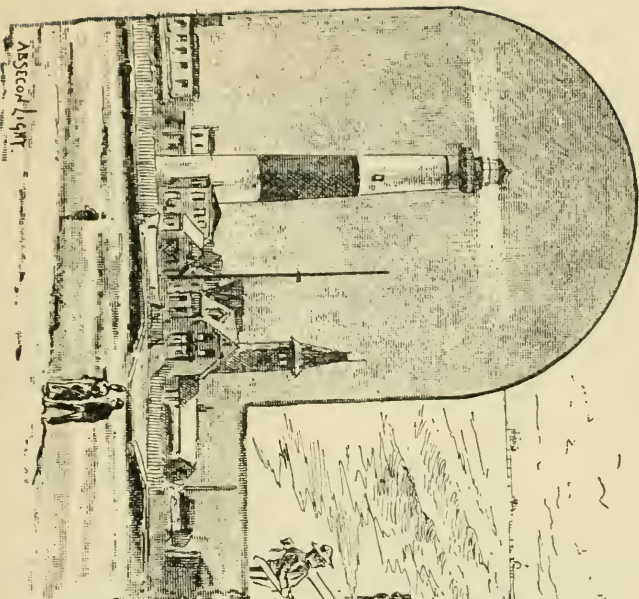
ATLANTIC CITY is virtually a seaside suburb of Philadelphia. It was founded by Pennsylvanians and is frequented chiefly by them, though it has been growing more popular among New Yorkers since the Central Railroad of New Jersey put on its fast express.

Atlantic City is situated on a long low sand spit or islet

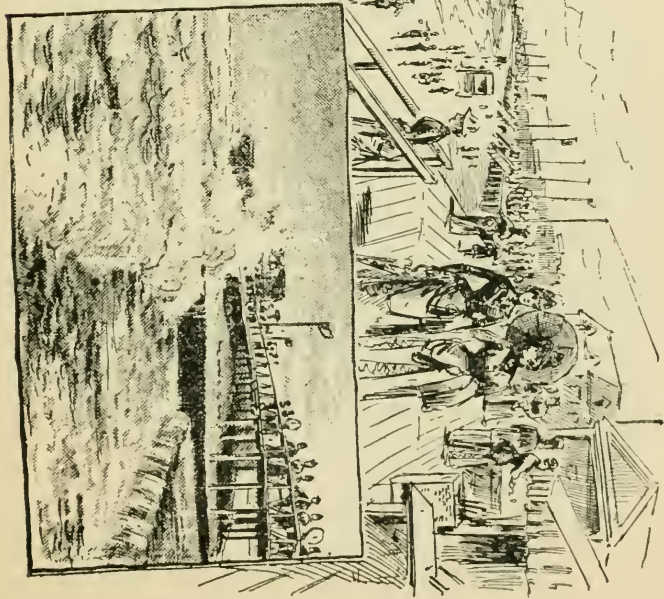
called Absecon Island, seven miles from the mainland, from which it is separated by what is really a continuation of Barnegat Bay. At the northern end is Absecon Inlet, which runs between Absecon Island and Brigantine Island, the latter a low stretch of sand containing two or three farm and fishermen's houses and as many hotels and boarding places. The inlet, navigable for vessels drawing not over eight feet of water, leads to the port of Atlantic City. The bay at this point is studded with low islands and offers admirable facilities for aquatic sports alike with sail, rod and gun.

There is a tradition that a Portuguese adventurer, descended from Vasco de Gama, was wrecked on Absecon Island in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and wandered thence to New York City, returning eventually to Portugal. There is an equally nebulous legend of an Indian beauty called the "Fair Ocean Maid," who, imitating Lord Ullin's daughter, fled from an irate father to Absecon Island on a stormy night, aided by a chivalrous, copper-colored knight called Wan-Koo-Naby. She was pursued, but the affair ended as a properly-managed romance should—the "Fair Ocean Maid" becoming Mrs. Wan-Koo-Naby, and the blood-thirsty parent becoming reconciled. Absecon Island wheeled into line with the records of authentic history not earlier than 1818. No Indians had lived there for more than fifty years prior to that date. In 1818 Jeremiah Leeds settled on the island, attracted to it probably by an attempt made at some vague previous time to establish salt-works there. Three or four other families soon followed, but until 1852 the population of the island was confined to six families.

To a physician of Absecon Village, Atlantic City owes its origin. He discerned the possibilities of the sandy islet on which he had gazed for years, and especially its advantages for the people of Philadelphia. After great effort he succeeded in forming a company and passing a railroad charter through the Legislature of New Jersey. When the railroad was completed the trains proceeded the length of the avenue and stopped at each hotel. It is needless to say that with the large increase of hotels, and the addition of several railways this quaint usage, unique in the history of railways, is no longer possible. No seaside resort in the United States has grown more rapidly than Atlantic City, or stands on a more secure foundation as regards future prosperity. For it is both a winter and summer resort, and being free from the strict regulations which exist at some of our resorts, offers an assortment of attractions which causes it to remind a New Yorker of Coney Island. As Atlantic City has been called the Long Branch of the Quaker City, we may assume that the Atlantic City merry-go-rounds with their incidental risks, take, with Philadelphians, the place which the "tigers" and other attractions in the line of sport at Long Branch occupy with New Yorkers. Salt baths of all temperatures are constantly provided, a fleet of sail-boats for picnics, fishing and yachting flap their pinions in the bay and refreshment piazzas built over the water offer special fascinations when the broad moon is rising over a tranquil sea



Astor Light.



ATLANTIC CITY.

and the night-birds are winging their mysterious flight along the shore. A tramway runs the length of Atlantic Avenue to the Excursion House at the inlet.

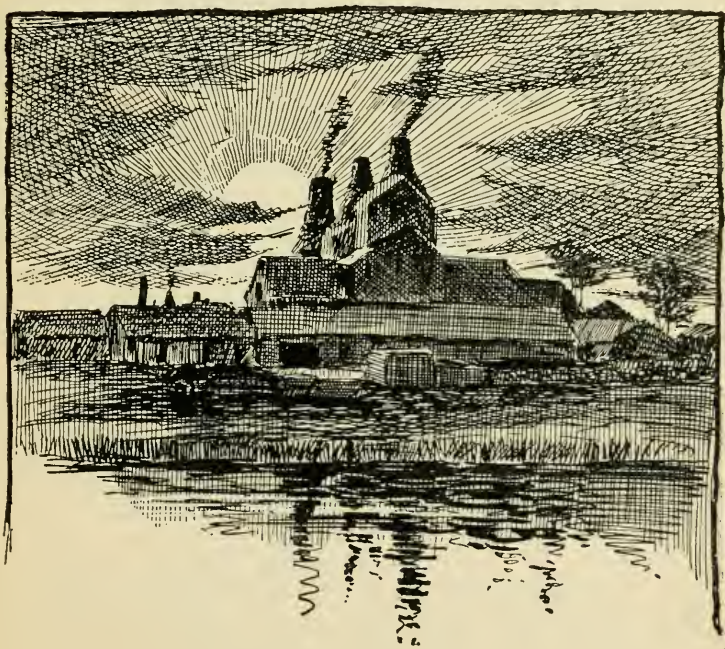
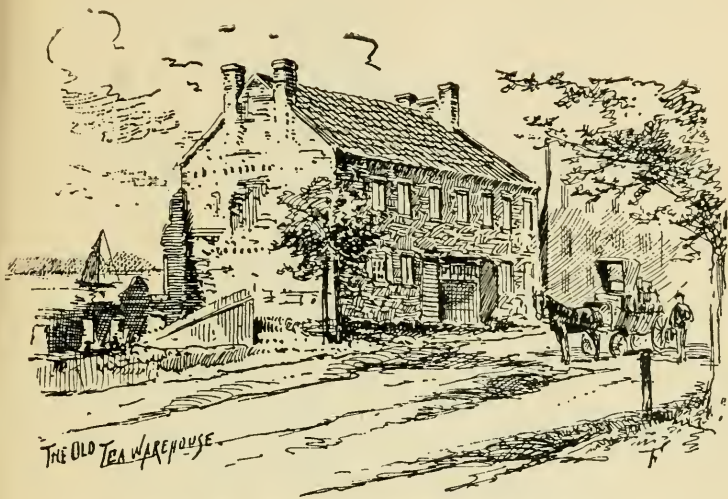
PORT REPUBLIC.—One of the excursions which may be made by sail-boat on a pleasant afternoon, starting from the Excursion House wharf, is to Port Republic on Great Bay, near the mouth of the Mullicia River. One may still see there the remains of an old fort of the Revolution and fragments of the wreck of the English sloop-of-war *Zebra*, which grounded on the point and was burned to prevent her falling into the hands of the Americans. As Egg Harbor was a port to which our privateers took many rich prizes, the British despatched a fleet of ten vessels to break up the place. General Washington sent Count Pulaski with his legion to head off the attack; but Pulaski did not arrive until the British had burned the villages of Chestnut Neck, Tucker's Mills and thirty prize ships sheltered there. Learning of the approach of Pulaski, the enemy's fleet started to return, but the flagship *Zebra* touched on the point, and being unable to get off, was set on fire and abandoned, after the enemy had succeeded in surprising and annihilating one of Pulaski's outposts numbering thirty men.

SOMER'S POINT, on Great Egg Harbor, is a small village which is a port of entry, the inlet being deep enough for vessels drawing twelve feet of water. This village is notable as the birthplace of Captain Somers, who gallantly lost his life in taking the ketch *Intrepid* into Tripoli in 1812, with the intention of blowing up the fleet of corsairs. For some reason never explained the *Intrepid* blew up at the entrance to the harbor, with all on board.

The most harrowing of the numerous shipwrecks on Absecon Island was that of the bark *Powhatan*, of Baltimore. In a driving snow-storm in the winter of 1854, she struck on the outer sands. Besides the crew, 311 passengers were on board the ill-fated ship, and not a soul was saved.

ABSECON LIGHT.—Strange to say, there was not even a light-house at this point until after 1853, when the government appropriated \$35,000 for the present structure, which towers majestically 167 feet above the sea. It stands about 150 yards from the surf-line. Its light is a first order, fixed white, visible nineteen miles. The tower is red and white. The sea is gradually eating its way up to the light-house, and in heavy storms the tide often surrounds the structure and imprisons its inmates for days. The island is so low that sometimes the tide reaches as far as Atlantic Avenue, some 400 yards from the beach. The light-house is open to the inspection of visitors, in clear weather on week days only, between 11 A. M. and noon.

Great and Little Egg Harbors, the former at the south and the latter to the north of Absecon Island, were named from the eggs of the mud-hen which at one time were found in great abundance on the islets of those bays. Great Egg Harbor is by far the smaller of the two. But the apparent absurdity of its name is explained from the fact that the bays were named according to the size of the eggs they yielded.



PERTH AMBOY.

CHAPTER III.

JERSEY CITY TO RED BANK.

The New York and Long Branch Railroad (see TRANSPORTATION in the Introduction) is owned by the Central R. R. of N. J. and operated by both it and the Pennsylvania R. R. The latter follows its main line to Rahway and swerves eastward, reaching the shore at Perth Amboy; the former follows the shore from the start, running over its main line, which crosses Newark Bay on a bridge nearly two miles long to Elizabethport, where connection is made from Newark and Elizabeth.

Between Elizabethport and Red Bank are Tremley; Carteret (the station for Rahway); Sewaren (the station for Woodbridge); Maurers; Perth Amboy, settled in 1683 and in 1686 the seat of the government of New Jersey, with many fine Colonial buildings in strange contrast with the busy life about them; South Amboy, almost equally old, the Amboy in both places being of Indian derivation; Morgan, Cliffwood, Matawan, Hazlet and Middletown.

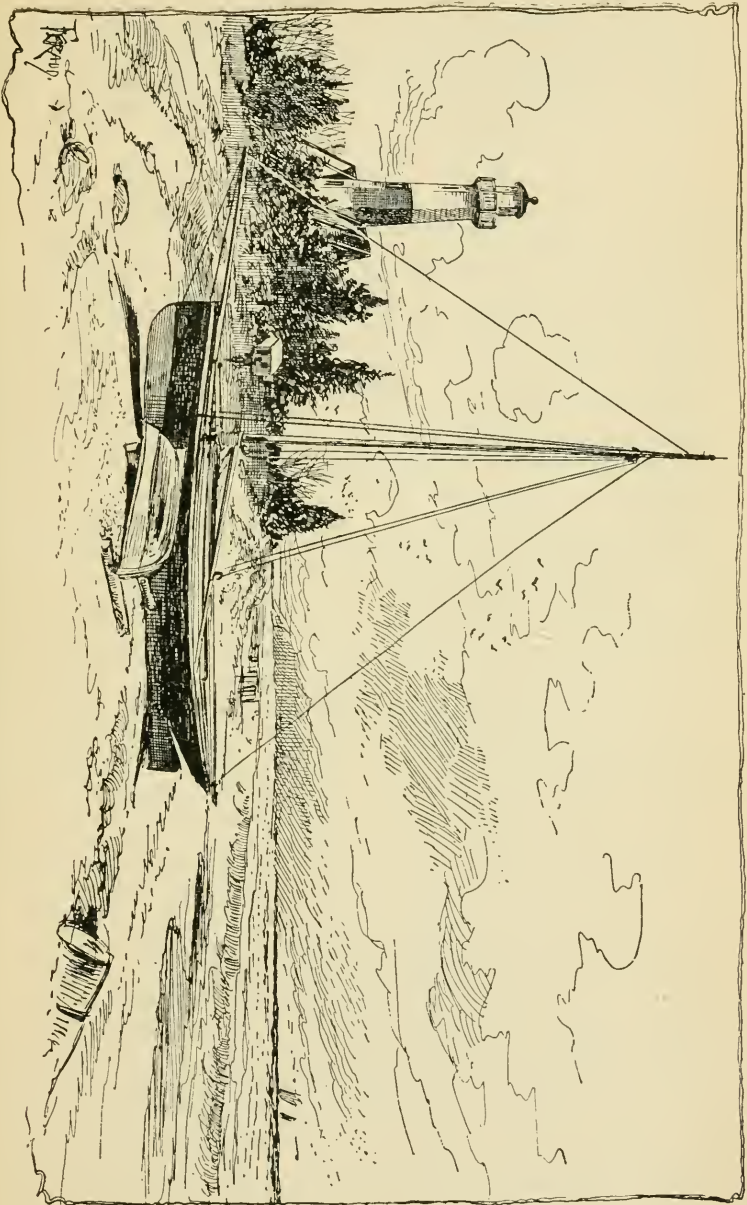
Sewaren is a pretty hamlet on the high banks of Staten Island Sound, whose waters gleam as a foreground to the wooded uplands of Staten Island. Founded in 1882, it has enjoyed steady growth both as a place of residence and as a summer resort. From Sewaren or its neighboring Woodbridge to South Amboy (inclusive) are *congeries* of factories which are among the most important in the United States. Here are vast beds of fire-clay (especially fine at Woodbridge), potter's clay, lignite and sand essential for clay products; and as a result we find factories for brick, furnace blocks, vitrified and glazed pipes and sand tiles; and for keramics—yellow ware, Rockingham ware, white majolica, vases and plaques: while several firms are devoted entirely to the export of kaolin and fire and alum clays.

RED BANK is a modern town, incorporated in 1870, on the reddish banks of the Navesink, and is the busy, thriving, distributing center for the northern part of Monmouth County. It boasts a number of fine residences. Those on the west side of Riverside Avenue have grounds sloping to the river. There are two National banks, an iron foundry and brush and carriage factories.

From the railroad bridge the view of the Navesink, enclosed in the distance by the Highlands, has a tranquil beauty quite in contrast with the views of heaving ocean on the coast, while there is a superb panorama of land, river and sea from Prospect Hill. There is plenty of opportunity for aquatic sports, including ice-boating on the Navesink, and the Red Bank Yacht Club is a flourishing institution.

About a mile south from the station are the Newman Iron and Sulphur Springs and the Newman Springs Hotel, a summer resort on the

NEAR ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS.



high bank of the Navesink, surrounded with groves. Following the road from this spot, crossing the Navesink by a new iron bridge, going through the village of Leedsville, and crossing Hop Brook, a tributary of Swimming River, which forms the Navesink, and is navigable for canoes and rowboats, the extensive stock farm of D. D. Withers is reached. Just beyond is the Phalanx, where in 1844 a community was organized on the Brook Farm principle, but was disbanded in 1858 owing to friendly differences.

ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS.—A branch railroad runs from Red Bank to Atlantic Highlands, which is, however, also reached by steamer from the foot of Rector street and by an extension of the Keyport branch of the Freehold and New York Railroad, which will doubtless open up the whole of the Middletown headland. Atlantic Highlands is superbly located on the west shore of Sandy Hook Bay. It was once known as Portland Point, courts having been held there as early as 1667 (see Highlands of Navesink, p. 9). In 1879 the Atlantic Highlands Association, organized to control lands for camp-meeting purposes, gave the tract its present name. Now we find here, instead of only half a dozen scattered farm-houses, a prosperous borough on the plain and a flourishing summer resort on the heights. Its popularity is doubtless due in a large measure to the natural beauty of its surroundings. The rapid slope of the Highland hills, clothed with dense forests, is varied on the seaside by a precipitous bluff, from 40 to 300 feet high, terminating with the grand cliff called Greenland Bank, but locally known as the Slide. [The cliff, being washed under by the sea, suddenly gave way at that point in April, 1782, a large mass of rock and earth slipping into the sea and leaving one of the grandest precipices.] The view of these cliffs from the pier of a sunlit day about 11 A. M. is one of remarkable beauty, while the prospect over the Bay, lighted by gleaming sails and bordered by the opposite shores, is varied and attractive.

Beginning near the pier, Bay Side Avenue follows the bluff for some distance. Its broad drive and sidewalks, overlooking the ocean and the hills, form a beautiful and imposing esplanade, the Bay washing at the base with the bold heights of Point Lookout and Mount Mitchell beyond. Near the Sea View Hotel the avenue branches into the Grand Avenue and the Highlands Avenue, the latter following a romantic course over the hills popularly known as the Breakneck Road on account of its steep, short turns. This is one of the most attractive roads of the Highland region. The part of the town adjoining the intersection of the avenues has been most carefully and systematically designed; one of the prominent features is the arrangement of streets in circles, thus allowing most of the houses to share the sea prospect. On the top of a high knoll is the Park, forming a space enclosed by the inner street of the system. It is reserved for the use of the proprietors whose cottages are on that street. Romantic rambles also lead into the shady recesses of the neighboring hills and groves, and steps on the cliff side conduct one to the bath-houses built on piles above the water. Near these bath-houses is the pier, so constructed as to serve as a breakwater or shelter for yachts and sail-boats. The Pavilion, a music hall, stands near the Grand View Hotel, and next to it is the Tabernacle. This building, obviously intended for summer services, reminds

one of the purpose for which the Association was formed and the resort of the Atlantic Highlands created. That purpose was to combine health, pleasure and religion. For this reason no lands of the Association are sold except with distinct restrictions intended to protect the morals of the place, and with the proviso that such lands continue under the municipal control of the Association. For the same reason the Association maintains possession of the springs which supply the community with water, and also of the Tabernacle and the Auditorium, locally called the Amphitheater.

THE AMPHITHEATER.—This is a very remarkable depression in the hillside near Grand Avenue, having very nearly the form of an old Greek amphitheater, oval and rising gradually from the stage. A surprising fact is the symmetrical regularity of this cavity which art could not improve. It is also noteworthy that the pines which grow there throw out no branches until at a considerable height, and thus in summer time the place seems to be shaded by a roof of green resting on gray columns. The acoustic properties of the Auditorium are also extraordinary. The ordinary rhetorical tone can be distinctly heard in every part of an arena capable of seating over 20,000 people. The Association has not been slow to perceive the advantages which nature or Providence has thrown in their way. Seats for 4,000 have been placed there, and it is proposed to add to them. A platform extends across the lower end. Every summer a large attendance is seen at the services of the Auditorium. In 1886 it witnessed one of the annual gatherings of the Chatauqua Association.

A mile east from this point through the woods is **NAVESINK PARK**, sometimes called Hilton Park. It consists of a tract of 260 acres of woodland, including Mount Mitchell, purchased some years ago by a company of capitalists and laid out with streets and building lots. It was also placed in communication with deep water navigation by a long pier. After the expenditure of large sums the scheme proceeded no farther, but it is to be pushed forward again in the near future. In quite the opposite direction the visitor may find a pleasant drive through **LEONARDSVILLE** to the light-house, a little over a mile distant, known as Conover's Beacon. This is a fixed light forming a range with the Chapel Hill Light. To one with an eye for the picturesque this graceful red and white tower, 55 feet high, on a low sandy point surrounded by a ledge—a beautiful foreground against the blue sea beyond—forms a very interesting combination of effects. A small creek divides Atlantic Highlands from the pretty summer settlement of **HILLSIDE PARK**, which commands a noble prospect over land and sea. In the vicinity of Atlantic Highlands are Chapel Hill and Port Monmouth.

CHAPEL HILL, known for 150 years as High Point and receiving its present name from a little Baptist church erected in 1809, is a small village 160 feet above the sea. Small fruits, especially strawberries, are grown with great success in its neighborhood.

Chapel Hill Light, 224 feet above sea level, fixed white second order light, is a point of interest, as a beautiful view is had from the tower. Far away in the north spreads the azure expanse of New York Bay, dotted with white sails, enclosed by the delicately hued shores of Staten Island and Long Island and of Manhattan Island. In the extreme distance of a clear night Liberty Light is distinctly visible.

PORT MONMOUTH was once a place of considerable importance, being the main point of arrival and departure for travelers through the adjoining country. It was selected as one of the termini of the Raritan and Delaware Bay R. R. Company (now New Jersey Southern), and ground for the railroad was there first broken with a silver spade by a daughter of its most sanguine incorporator, May 20, 1856. It is pleasantly located and capable of development into a pleasant seaside resort.

THE FREEHOLD-KEYPORT BRANCH.—At Matawan connection is made for Keyport, whence an extension forms a quick all-rail route to Atlantic Highlands, and for Freehold, in the interior, about ten miles southwest in a straight line from Matawan.

KEYPORT and its adjunct, Lockport, are prettily situated on a small cove of Raritan Bay, into which empty Matawan Creek, navigable to Matawan Station, and Lupatcong Creek. The neighboring country is rolling; and tall, cypress-like red cedars give a semi-oriental character to some of the scenes. The picturesque avenue of ancient cedars near Oak Shades is especially noteworthy. The wharf serves the double purpose of a deep water landing for freight steamers and of a breakwater. The advantages of Keyport for aquatic sports are unusually fine, and the little port, as a rendezvous of a large fleet of oyster sloops, presents a very animated scene. The neighboring waters are deeply planted with oysters.

About three miles east of Keyport are the Lorillard brick-works, where by the means of an elaborate system of hot-air cells or ovens, in which the clay is dried after being shaped, the process requiring sixteen hours, bricks are made uninterruptedly the whole year round. There are eight vast kilns in a row, each able to contain a million of bricks. It is claimed that not only can better bricks be made by the processes employed at this brick-yard, but that they can be furnished at lower rates.

Between Matawan and Freehold are a number of small settlements. Philip Freneau, the poet of the Revolution (p. 84), is buried at Mount Pleasant, where the house in which he lived is still standing and where a monument to his memory has been erected. The old tavern in which he and his club companions met is now occupied as a private dwelling. At Wickatunk was the site of the old Scots' Meeting-House (the burying-ground is still there), which was built in 1692 and was the predecessor of the famous Tennent Church (p. 82), having been built by Scotchmen who, about 1687, were wrecked at South Amboy in the *Caledonia*.

MARLBORO deserves prominence in agricultural history as the first place in this country in which use was made of marl as a fertilizer. An Irishman, who was ditching a meadow, came upon marl, and knowing its virtue from the old country, made its uses known. Professor Cook says of the Marlboro marl that it is of the most durable kind—that which contains a considerable percentage of the carbonate of lime. (See GEOLOGY in the Introduction.)

FREEHOLD.—The history of Freehold begins with the erection of a court-house there in 1715, since when it has been the county seat of Monmouth. The battle of Monmouth Court-House, memorable in the history of the United States, occurred there on June 28, 1778. The British had decided to abandon Philadelphia, and Sir Henry Clinton, having learned, after crossing the Delaware, that Washington was in Jersey, prepared to intercept a direct movement to New York, chose the route

by Monmouth, with the purpose of reaching New York by way of Sandy Hook Bay.

Washington started in vigorous pursuit, despatching Gen. Charles Lee, in command of two divisions under Greene and Wayne, to harass the rear of the enemy and impede their progress until he could bring up all his forces. By the 27th the advance corps of the Continental army was within five miles of the enemy, and an engagement being no longer avoidable, General Clinton halted his forces in a strong position three miles west of Monmouth Court-House, extending a mile and a half beyond to the parting of the Shrewsbury and Middletown roads. The general direction of the British line was northeasterly, and the Americans were advancing from the northwest. If victorious, they could intercept Clinton's march to the sea, only ten to twelve miles distant. General Knyphausen therefore received orders to move at dawn of the following day.

General Lee had under his command about 5,000 men, and a skirmish immediately ensued between General Dickinson's brigade and the enemy's light troops when Knyphausen put his division into motion. Supposing he had to do with the whole army, Dickinson fell back, and was met by two brigades thrown forward by General Lee, who rightly surmised that Dickinson had only encountered a corps of light troops intended to cover the march of Clinton's army along the Middletown road. A second skirmish occurred on the ground on which the battle monument is erected. Colonel Butler attacked the Queen's Rangers, who retreated in some confusion, and General Wayne reported the movement of the enemy to General Lee, with the request for more troops to push a general attack. As Wayne advanced, Clinton halted his army and hurled a detachment of 300 horse against Butler's regiment. The charge he gallantly repulsed, this being the third skirmish, which led to an engagement of General Lee's main body with the rear of Clinton's army, composed of his best troops, which was faced about towards the west, the right leaning on Briar Hill and the left on a ravine, deeper then than now, which crosses the main street of the village. The English commander brought his most efficient troops to bear on the advance of the Americans. This line was eventually supported by a division of Knyphausen's troops. Perceiving the determined appearance of the enemy, General Lee ordered a retreat. Whether, as a native-born Englishman, once in the British army, he was actuated in this movement by treason or by a mistaken prudence will ever remain an inscrutable mystery. But that the great Washington suspected the former is evident from the fact that as he approached the battlefield and observed his brigades retreating in confusion from a carefully planned attack, he was aroused to a remarkable display of energy and wrath. Hurrying his troops forward from the Tennent Meeting-House, he himself dashing furiously forward on his white charger, reformed the retreating regiments on the edge of a morass and sent them to meet the enemy again. Then Lee appeared, returning to the rear on hearing that the line had been reformed by the general-in-chief himself, and hence inferring that he had been superseded. The interview which followed was one of the most memorable and dramatic incidents in the history of the Revolution. Uttering an oath which has become immortal, Washington sternly demanded of his lieutenant an explanation of his extraordinary conduct. Completely confounded by the majestic indignation of his chief, Lee stammered that he was ready to die at the head of his troops and once more took command of his division, while Washington himself rode down the lines and inspired the patriot troops to resist the onset of the enemy. The British made several ineffectual attacks with a hand-to-hand charge in which many a bayonet and blade crossed. Finally Colonel Monckton led his battalion of Royal Grenadiers, the finest troops in Clinton's army, to a desperate attack on Wayne's command. Before the charge, Monckton harangued his troops in a clear, ringing voice, heard in the American lines above the roar of the battle. Then the order "Forward!" rang over the field and this

magnificent regiment moved to the attack with such superb precision that a shot from Knox's battery on Coomb's Hill, enflading a platoon, shot away the musket of every man in the rank. Wayne ordered his men to hold their fire until the enemy were within close range, and the terrific volley that followed swept three-fourths of the British officers into eternity, including the brave Monckton himself. He fell eight rods northeast of the old parsonage, and was buried in the Tennent churchyard. This closed the battle, and left the Continentals masters of the field. The British retired to a strong position on the heights, flanked by dense woods and morasses. It was Washington's purpose to renew the attack early in the morning, convinced of the mettle of his troops, who, after retreating, had rallied and hurled back the flower of the British army. But at midnight Sir Henry Clinton put his weary troops in motion and stole rapidly away, reaching an impregnable position among the Navesink Highlands.

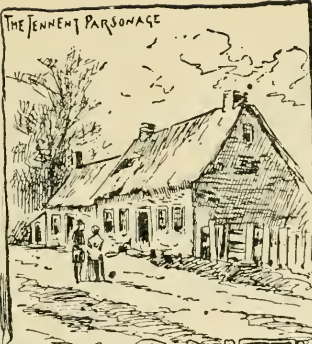
The British army numbered 10,000 men, and the Americans about 13,000. As in many other famous battles, it does not appear that more than half of either army was actually in the action, part of Clinton's being engaged in conducting the baggage trains to a point of safety, and a large part of Washington's force not having reached the field in season to take part. It was the moral effect produced by the result which gave such importance to the battle of Monmouth. This conflict showed that the patriot troops, though demoralized by the terrible winter at Valley Forge, were able, nevertheless, to cope successfully in the open field with the grizzled veterans of Europe's bloody campaigns. It was this fact which inspired the revolted Colonies with fresh courage, and made this battle a turning-point in the march towards liberty. A court-martial subsequently convicted Lee of treason.

With the story of this important battle, legend and history will always associate the name of Molly Pitcher, the "Heroine of Monmouth." She was the wife of a sturdy son of Erin marching in the ranks, and followed the army as a sort of *cantinière*. While her husband was serving one of the cannon she brought him water, for the heat of the day was intense. When he fell dead by his gun, and the order was given to withdraw the piece, she seized the ramrod and vowed she would take her husband's place and avenge his death. This duty she performed with skill and unflinching heroism. Covered with dust and blood, she was presented to General Washington, who promoted her to the rank of sergeant. Her grave, protected by a suitable slab of marble, is at Carlisle, Penn., where she died in 1833. The Episcopal church, built about 1763 and shown in the illustration, was one of the buildings used as a hospital after the battle.

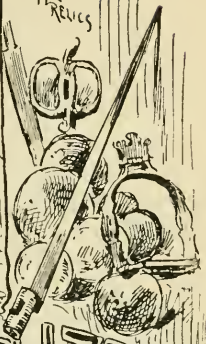
A battle monument has been erected in a park given for the purpose by a lady of Freehold and her children. The monument was dedicated in 1884, and it is noteworthy that the funds appropriated to this purpose by Congress in addition to those raised by private subscription or from the State of New Jersey, were largely procured through the earnest influence of Benjamin Harrison, then a member of the Military Committee of the Senate to which the matter was referred.

TENNENT CHURCH.—Three miles northwest from Freehold, just over the line in Manalapan township, is the famous Tennent church, one of the most noted buildings in New Jersey. Manalapan formed part of Freehold township until 1848, and Rev. William Tennent was hence a citizen of Freehold. The present church was built 130 years ago, and derives its fame partly on account of the many able men who have preached from its pulpit, but chiefly because Mr. Tennent was its pastor. Aside from his abilities, which made him a power in the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Tennent will always be remembered for the extraordinary trance which he experienced—the most remarkable on record. One day, while conversing with his brother Gilbert, he fainted and apparently died. He was prepared for interment and the neighbors gathered to the funeral. His physician, from a sort of intuition, rather than because there were any

COL MONKTON'S
GRAVE



BATTLE
RELICS



HIC JACET
Col Monkton
KILLED 28 JUNE
1778

MONMOUTH 1778



MONMOUTH BATTLE MEMORIES.

symptoms to indicate life, plead for a postponement of the funeral. Several times the exercises were postponed, until the relatives firmly decided that Mr Tennent should be buried. The doctor plead for an hour, for a half, and then for a quarter of an hour. As the bearers were about to remove the body to the grave, Mr. Tennent gave an agonizing groan, opened his eyes and closed them again, relapsing into the trance once more. After some days he returned to consciousness, but was unable to speak for six weeks. He lost his memory and was obliged to begin with the alphabet again. He stated that during the trance he seemed to be carried into the presence of the angels, and that when he opened his eyes with a groan it was when he was informed that he must return to earth again. Mr. Tennent wrote a full account of what he experienced during this marvelous trance, but, strange to say, the narrative was lost in some inexplicable manner.

Philip Freneau, one of the most versatile and brilliant men of the Revolutionary period, passed the last years of his life a mile and a half south of Freehold, in a house now owned by A. J. Buck. He was a graduate of Princeton College, a sea-captain, editor, pamphleteer, satirist and poet, and the private secretary to Jefferson. Both Campbell and Scott have condescended to borrow lines from the poems of Freneau, poems which displayed poetic ability in no small degree. Born in 1752, he lost his life in 1832, in a snow-storm, near Freehold, and is buried at Mount Pleasant (p. 80).

Freehold was for many years a slumbering country town, mellow with age and history. The rapid development of the coast, which, in the days when Freehold was at its height was regarded as no better than arid waste, caused the old town to be somewhat neglected at one time. But it is beginning to be rejuvenated by the magic touch of capital and of modern enterprise, and has already made sufficient progress to have more importance than as a mere county town. Not only is it the center of a rich agricultural district (it is not far from the famous Cream Ridge), but now it is also beginning to make an impression as a manufacturing town. The Freehold Land Co. offers to put up buildings for and to rent them to manufacturers. There are now established in Freehold an iron foundry, of wide reputation for its light ornamental work, a factory where rasps and files are made by machinery, and a shirt factory. The Freehold Institute (for boys) and the Freehold Young Ladies' Seminary, which are schools of established reputation, and two National banks, are among the town's institutions. On extensive grounds near Freehold the county fair is annually held in September, lasting three or four days.

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG THE PINES.

At Red Bank the Jersey Southern Division of the Central R. R. of New Jersey leaves the New York and Long Branch Division and enters at Eatontown the Jersey Pine Plains, which it traverses for about 100 miles to Bayside and Port Norris, on Delaware Bay. The interesting geological aspects of this region, which belong partly to the cretaceous and partly to the tertiary periods, is spoken of under GEOLOGY in the Introduction, where visitors to Lakewood, and the other resorts which in time are bound to spring up among the pines, may read of the ancient ocean on whose bed they are now walking, driving or riding, and of the monsters which were at home in its waters.

The Pines are the wildest portion of the State. Except for the settlements along the railroad, the forest is broken only by a few lonely roads—almost abandoned old-time stage routes and lumber tracks; by narrow, swift, resinous-colored streams flowing silently through the colonnades of pines, or the gloomy labyrinths of cedar swamps, toward the system of bays to the east or toward Delaware Bay; or by deserted, decaying shanties, grouped around the ruins of the forges which this region harbored in the days long since passed, when the manufacture of iron from bog ore was one of the most important industries in the country. The most extensive and picturesque ruins of this kind are at Allaire, where the only stack still standing among the Pines may be seen—a pathetic reminder of the spirit of enterprise which created the place and of the activity whose sounds once echoed through the now silent forests (see illustration, p. 55).

This wild territory is, however, beginning, as it were, to recognize its own possibilities. There are on the railroad two places, Lakewood and Vineland, which respectively demonstrate that capital invested in winter resorts and fruit farms can be made to yield large returns. The air, dry and temperate and laden with the fragrance of the pines, the porous nature of the soil which makes this region free of malaria, the nu-

merous pretty little sheets of water near the sites of the old forges and saw-mills—but above all the success of Lakewood seem like standing invitations to capital to come and multiply. The many fruit farms in the neighborhood of Lakewood have been worked with great success, and Vineland is the center of a rich, fruit-growing district which was once a wilderness. The soil of this ancient sea-bottom is similar to that of the chalk districts of England and France, whose fertility is well-known—a top layer of rich loam with the fertilizing marl and swamp muck ready to hand. In this part of the State are numerous cranberry bogs; New Jersey supplying more than one-half of the cranberry crop of the whole country.

Many of the stations on this route are little more than a name, there being no settlements, the station simply serving the uses of a small and scattered population of woodmen and fruit-growers. These neighborhoods all present the possibilities above mentioned, and at no distant day there may be as many winter resorts among the pines as there are now summer resorts on the coast. Lakewood is the first place of importance, though Farmingdale deserves mention as the headquarters of a prosperous farming district.

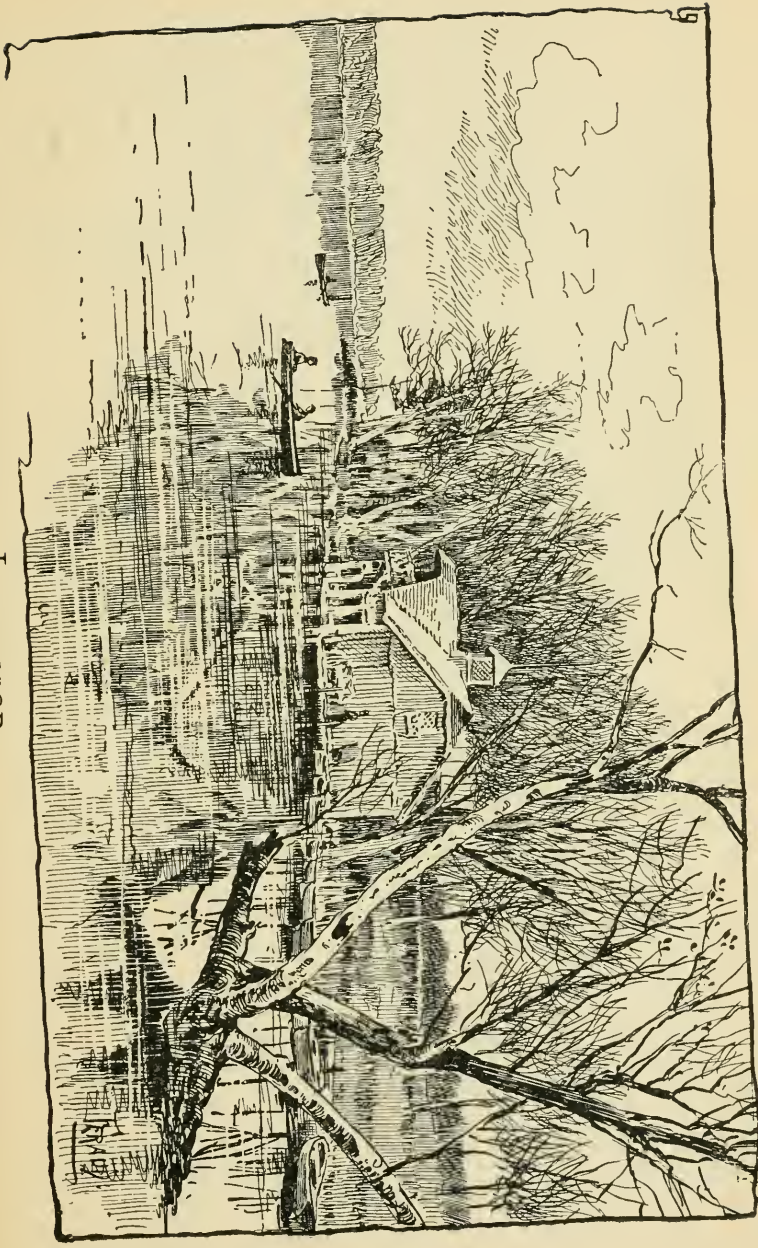
LAKWOOD is a little winter paradise created by good taste and sound judgment backed by the necessary capital, on the site of one of the iron furnaces which formerly reared their stacks among the pines. The water-power needed to run these furnaces or the saw-mills which often had preceded them, was usually secured by damming the cedar swamp streams, causing them at these points to broaden out into pretty lakes, two of which are at Lakewood.

The first structure at what is now a favorite winter resort is said to have been the Three Partners' Saw-mill, erected about 1786, on a branch of the Metedeconk River. The mill was succeeded by the Washington Furnace, which is known to have been in operation as early as 1814. It failed and was dismantled about 1832, but was again in blast in 1833 as the Bergen Iron Works, with Joseph W. Brick as proprietor. He died in 1847, but the furnace continued in blast until 1854, being the last furnace among the pines to go out. The company removed to South Amboy.

In 1865 the place was named Bricksburgh, and in 1866 the Bricksburgh Land and Improvement Company put the land on the market for fruit farms. Those so far started have prospered, the soil seeming well adapted to the successful raising of strawberries, raspberries and grapes. In 1879 the Land Company sold its interests to the present proprietors, who, a few years later, wisely changed the name of the place and hotel from the unromantic Bricksburgh and Bricksburgh House to the attractive-sounding Lakewood and Laurel House; the former name doubtless derived from the proximity of the two lakes, and that of the hotel from the numerous laurel bushes which in spring beautify the pine woods with their bloom. The lakes are Carasaljo and Manetta. Carasaljo is a contraction of the names of three daughters of Joseph W. Brick—Caroline, Sarah and Josephine ("Carrie," "Sal" and "Joe").

There are few places which one recalls with as much affection as Lakewood. It has the tranquility of a refined home while affording a varied range of amusements. Though a

LAKewood.



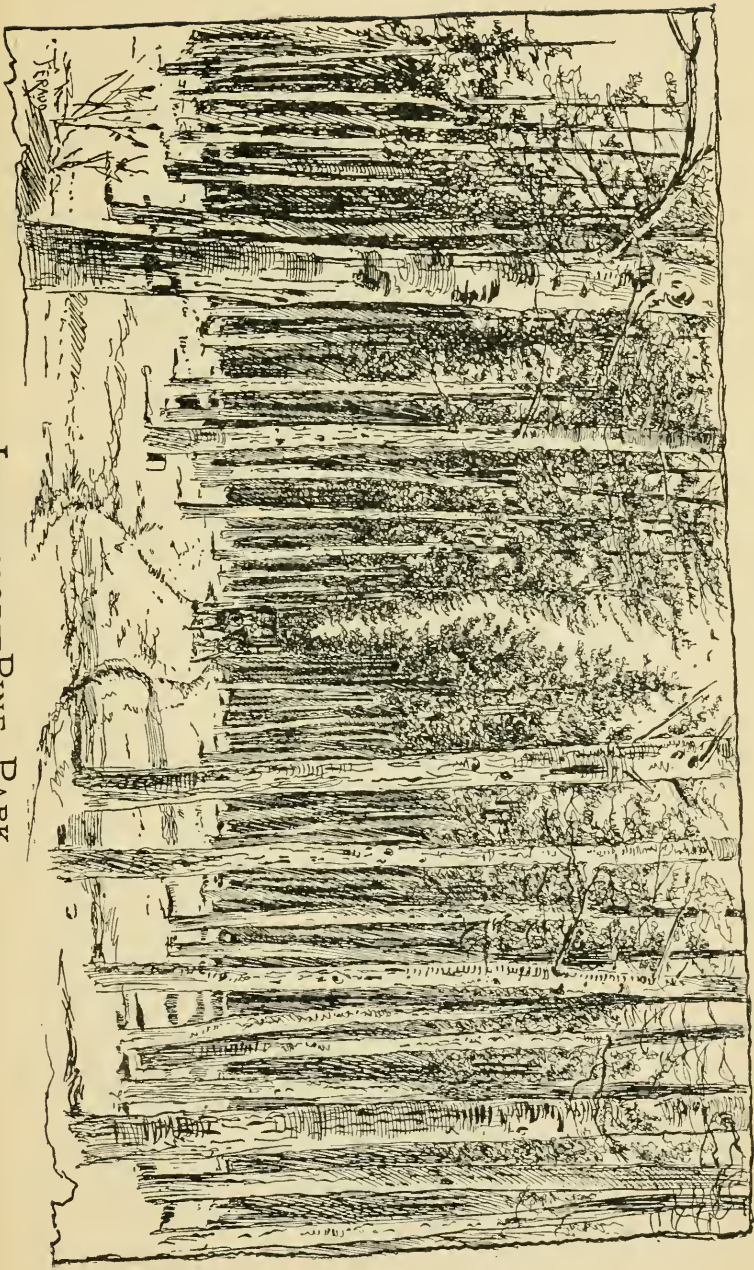
health resort it is not over-run with invalids, so that a person who goes there for relaxation does not have his spirits dampened by silent but no less piteous appeals to his sympathy. In fact, Lakewood is a place of rest rather than a health resort. People go there to recuperate after a rapid social season or to tone up the nerves after they have been subjected to an unusual strain. Then, too, a number of elderly couples, mostly of easy means and assured social position, have come to regard Lakewood as a home during the rigorous months; and their presence, whether they be toasting in front of the fire which crackles cheerily in the spacious sitting-hall of the Laurel House, or promenading slowly along the village streets or driving at a comfortable pace through the sheltered avenues of Pine Park, gives a touch of old-time courtliness to the place well in keeping with the stateliness of the surrounding forest.

The Land Association and the proprietors of the Laurel House have played into one another's hands in developing Lakewood—indeed, now, their interests are formally, as well as in fact, identical. The Laurel House is old-fashioned in that it is home-like; and modern in that it lacks none of the latest improvements. Among its sources of comfort are the ample hearth in the sitting-hall already referred to; its parlors and reading-room; its spacious and well-equipped nursery; a smoking-room in which whist, a game as aristocratic as the gout, is assiduously cultivated; its *cuisine*, admirable and abundant; its piazzas of 380 feet, which are glassed over and kept at an agreeably warm temperature so as to form a pleasant promenade in wet weather; and the open fire-places in all the bed-rooms, wood-fires being supplied free of charge. There is also a large hall for music and dancing.

The village is a pretty, neat settlement consisting of stores, private residences, a boys' school and one for young ladies (both of them excellent), a public library with a stage, and a sanitarium under the charge of Dr. Hamilton J. Cate. Terms for board at this sanitarium vary from \$12 to \$25 per week for one in a room and from \$25 to \$35 for two; the extra charge for treatment averages about \$5 per week, and the first examination is subject to a charge of \$3 to \$10. Board-walks extend throughout the village and as the soil of the surrounding woods absorbs the moisture rapidly, one can, very soon after a rainfall, take a walk dry under foot. There is a thorough drainage system and water-supply.

The company controls a tract of some 19,000 acres, including the village, and such portions as it has parted with have been sold under certain judicious restrictions; therefore, the village and the country for several miles about are virtually under the company's jurisdiction. This surrounding country is for the most part covered with a healthy growth of deciduous trees. From Cemetery Hill one has a view over the tops of pines and

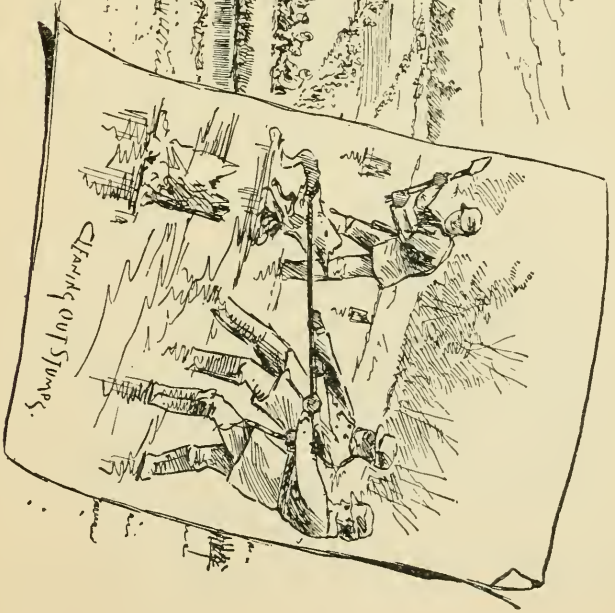
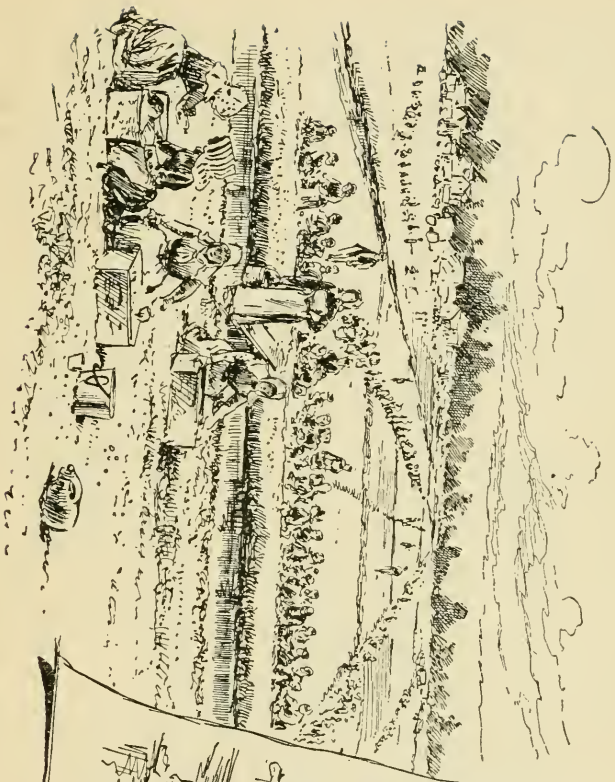
LAKWOOD—PINE PARK.



cedars, with nothing to break the waving, murmuring expanse of green until the eye rests upon the glittering waters of Barnegat Bay and the ocean, some nine miles distant. The forest which encircles Lakewood is its girdle of armor against the chill gusts of winter. The wind which enters this forest an icy blast emerges from the woods around Lakewood a breath laden with piney odors. Then, too, the place is situated at the bottom of a depression in the Pine Plain—a hole in the bed of the ancient sea—so that an encircling ridge forms a natural shelter. Hence it is not surprising that in winter the temperature averages some 12° higher than in New York. At the same time the Lakewood air is not enervating. It has that invigorating elasticity over which Italian singers grow eloquent in speaking of the air of their native land, to which, they claim, they owe the resonance and pure *timbre* of their voices.

The association has laid out through the woods and around Lake Carasaljo a series of beautiful roads for driving, riding, cycling and walking. The most popular of the drives is that through Pine Park, a road some four miles long, winding through a corridor of stately pines, and aptly named Cathedral Avenue. This avenue has been thickly covered with pine needles, which deaden the sound of wheels, and it has been made purposely narrow so as to exclude winds. The walk around the lake and the cedar swamp at its head is about six miles long and of great natural beauty, enhanced by rustic seats and bridges. Glimpses of blue water, with perhaps a little red boat as an enlivening bit of color, and rounded off by the dark fringe of pines on the opposite shore; the splash of oars and the purling of the wavelets as they ripple over the little sandy beach, form a combination of effects which lingers with gracious persistency in one's memory. The drive around the lake is not so near the shore as the walk, but affords, nevertheless, many pretty views. Longer drives are those past the site of the old Alligator tavern to Bennett's Mills, to Freehold, to Allaire; and toward the coast, past the old Seven Stars tavern to Toms River, to Burrsville and Point Pleasant. The Alligator derived its name from the figure-head of a wrecked vessel, which was nailed to a tree opposite the tavern. Seven Stars, which is on the old stage-route from the villages on Barnegat Bay to Freehold, was so named because a guest, as he lay on his couch, was able to count seven stars through a hole in the roof.

Following are the rates of carriage hire, double and single teams; Around the lake, \$2, \$1.50; Pine Park, \$2.50, \$2; Toms River and Cranmoor Farm, \$6, \$3.50; Allaire, \$5, \$3; Point Pleasant, \$6, \$3.50; Freehold, \$7, \$4; Cemetery Hill, Burrsville, Sunnyside and North Woods (a pleasant, warm drive), Bennett's Mills, the Alligator, according to time, at the rate of \$2 and \$1.50 per hour.



CRANBERRY BOG.

IN THE OLD DAYS, when the furnaces were in operation, numerous taverns were scattered through the pines. They were called "jug taverns," because their entire stock-in-trade usually consisted of a jug of apple-jack, out of which, however, the proprietor would pour any liquid refreshment called for, ranging from lemonade to brandy, and even mixed potables. Some of the tavern-keepers were noted characters. One of them, near Lakewood, was a measurer and counter of lumber, the result of his "surveys" being "scribed" on the lumber in Roman numerals. When he gave credit at his bar he did not chalk down the debtor's name, but "scribed" some numeral to represent him, so that on his slate his debtors figured as X, V, LXI, etc. The chief amusements in those days were huckleberry parties in summer and oyster suppers in winter. The latter were held in the taverns, and were preceded and followed by dancing. A fiddler enthroned in a chair, which had been elevated on to a table, scraped away at "Hi, Betty Martin," "Camptown Races," and the "Straight Four," dances which were perhaps varied by a "challenge jig" between two experts of the Pines. When the fiddler disappeared under the table, as he invariably did, the girls sang the airs and dancing continued all the same.

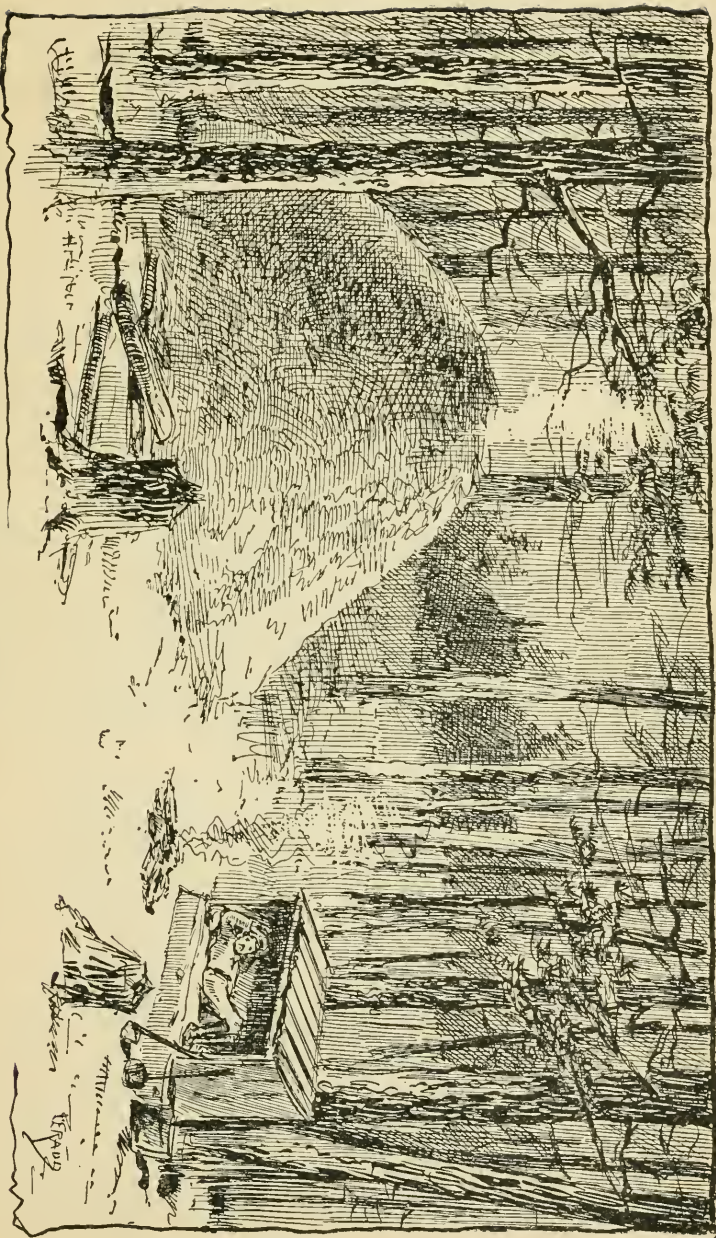
Schools were then few and far between. One teacher made every day a circuit of thirty miles. His wife mowed in the meadows, fenced in their little farm, built a chimney, and occupied herself with similar feminine trifles. She is still living, eighty years old, with mental faculties unimpaired, and ready to do a day's work. Religion was supplied usually by itinerant Methodist ministers. The best known among these was Saplin' Newman, a man of huge frame and a great hunter, who could make the woods ring with his exhortations. He often presided at town-meetings, and conducted elections on the "squad" system, ordering "those in favor of Brown to the right" and "those in favor of Jones to the left." When the itinerants came to Lakewood they stopped with the manager of the furnace at the "Big House," the present "homestead." It is related that, on one occasion, when an itinerant minister, for whom breakfast had been kept waiting, piously suggested family prayers before the meal, the manager, who was somewhat of a character, replied: "Guess not—the family's small."

There was usually considerable charcoaling going on in the neighborhood of the furnaces. The industry is still carried on in the woods near Jackson's Mills, an easy drive from Lakewood. A strikingly weird effect is produced at night, when the smoking pits are watched by men who lie in log cubbies (the sides of which towards the pits are entirely open) and keep themselves warm by maintaining a blazing fire of pine logs.

SPORT.—The men who ranged the woods before civilization laid its hands upon Lakewood were a hardy race of hunters and trappers. Bears were killed forty years ago in Job's Swamp, not over a mile from Lakewood, and deer within thirty years. Teal still appear nearly every autumn on Carasaljo, and geese sometimes halt on their southward migration in November and on their return northward in February and March. Quail and grouse are becoming more abundant with the strict enforcement of the game laws by the Association, which has also stocked the lakes with black bass. Barnegat Bay, with all its opportunities for sport, can be reached by rail in forty minutes.

FLORA.—The flora of Lakewood, as indeed of the Pine Plains at large, is rich and varied. The gathering of flowers is one of the favorite pastimes of visitors in the spring.

CHARCOALING.

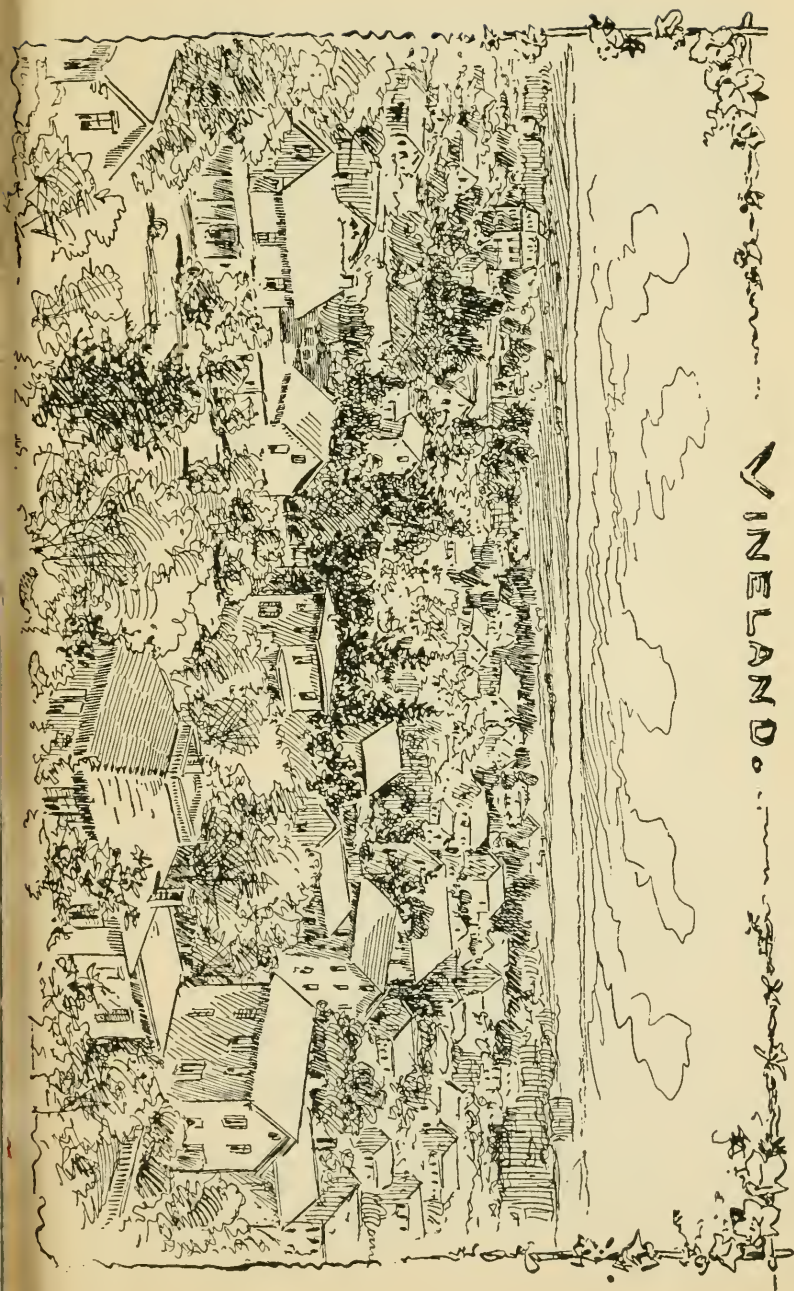


Arbutus, one of the earliest blooms to appear, is often found in the same place with the pretty moss (*Pyxidantha barbata*), which opens as early as March. Arbutus first appears on the banks of Lakes Carasaljo and Manetta, in sunny exposures. But it is most luxuriant and in greater perfection of fragrance and blossom in May, in more shaded places. Magnolia is found in great profusion on the borders of brooks and along Lake Carasaljo. Turkey-beard grows on the low bottoms. It has a beautiful, stately white plume composed of large clusters of small flowers on a single "feathered" or "hairy" stem. Azalea is found on brook borders and on the north bank of Carasaljo and the south bank of Manetta. Laurel is prolific everywhere, but is particularly luxuriant on the south bank of Carasaljo. Wintergreen is found in profusion near the village, especially south near Disbrow Swamp, and east near Job's Swamp.

MANCHESTER.—Connection is made here for the settlements on Barnegat Bay (p. 60). The place would probably be at a complete standstill were it not for this junction and for the railroad shops. Manchester has, however, great possibilities as a winter resort among the pines if some one with the necessary capital, judgment and energy would take hold of it. It occupies the site of the old Dover Forge, which subsequently became the Federal Furnace and then Manchester in 1841. There is a beautiful lake, two and a half miles in circumference, named Horicon, Indian for silvery water (which was also the original name for Lake George); and a branch of Toms River, one of those deep, swift cedar swamp streams, of the color of liquid rosin, flows through the woods east of the place, two miles from which was the site of New Furnace. A path along the bluff at the edge of a cedar swamp, through which this stream runs a sinuous course, leads to this furnace site where the banks of the stream are high and where its waters, after rushing over the lichen-covered sluice of the old flood-gates, plash tranquilly through a dark archway of cedar boughs. Here and on the lake are fine sites for hotels.

WHITINGS, though among the pines, is an important distributing point for oysters, especially from Barnegat Bay. By recent data, 738,040 lbs. of oysters are re-billed at Whitings. There is no village, beyond two or three houses and a Methodist chapel for the woodmen who live in the dense forests of the neighborhood. But an attempt is now in progress to make a health resort of Whitings. The Lancewood Land and Improvement Company has purchased a tract of 1,000 acres at this spot, laid out a number of agreeable drives and erected an excellent hotel, called the Pine Forest House, supplied with all modern improvements, and with an annex containing capital billiard-rooms, bowling-alley, etc. The sod is dry and sandy, resembling that of Vineland—well adapted for the raising of fruits, as has already been proved by their successful cultivation. The elevation, 181 feet above the sea, and the surrounding pine woods offer unusual advantages for a sanitarium at all seasons, but especially in winter. The temperature is that of Norfolk, Va.

VINELAND.



HARRIS is a station for the accommodation of the scattered farming population of Shamong township. There is no town of this name, the chief settlement of the township being at Indian Mills, on Bread and Cheese Run. That place possesses especial interest as the spot where the celebrated missionary David Brainard preached to the remnant of the Delaware Indians called the Brotherton tribe.

ATSION is a hamlet on the Atsion River. The people follow agriculture and there is considerable shipment of lumber from this place, especially cedar. The neighborhood abounds in woodland, and might be easily transformed into an agreeable winter resort. Near the station is a mill which was used first as a paper-mill and later as a cotton factory. It is a good piece of property, which may look up again when certain matters have been settled among the heirs.

ELM is the station for the shipment of the produce of the thriving township of Hammonton. An average of thirty car-loads of strawberries and other fruits is sent from this station during good seasons.

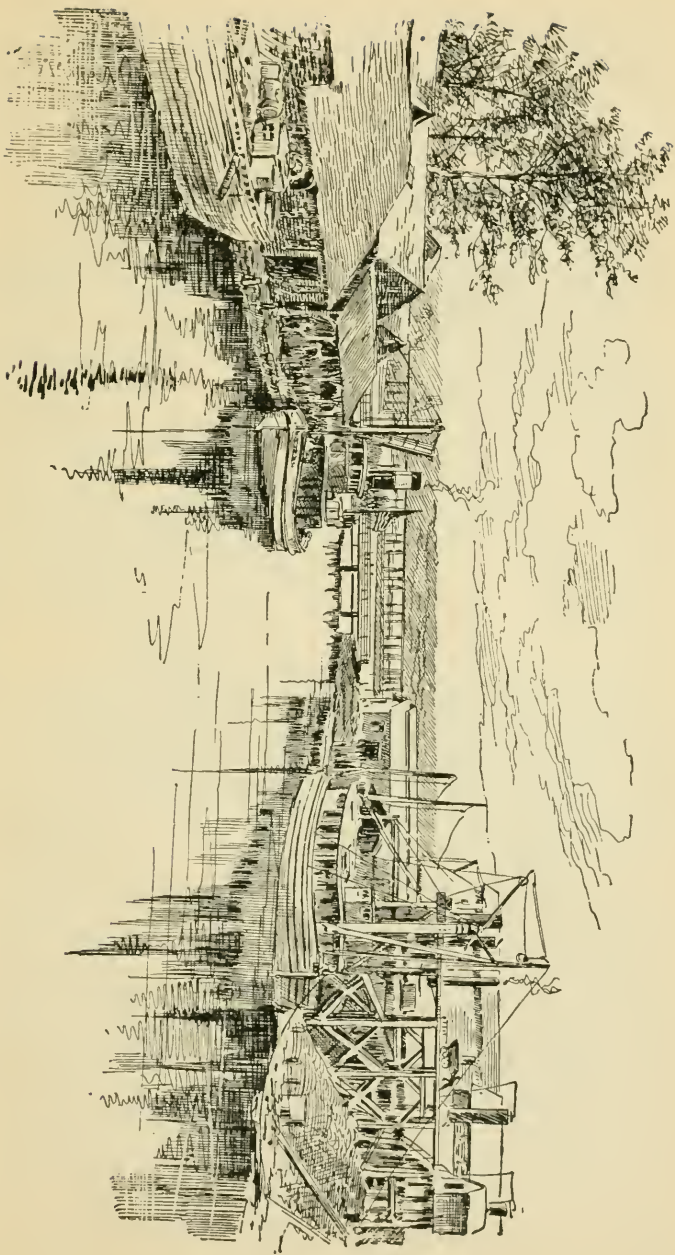
WINSLOW was built up entirely by the three glass factories of the place. At present these factories are lying idle, and the village is practically dead. There is, however, some prospect that the factories may be again put in operation at no distant period, when certain proprietary rights have been settled.

VINELAND was carved out of the forest. The first stake for the settlement was driven in August, 1861. Now it is the center of an important fruit-growing tract extending into three counties, with a population of about 8,000. The city is laid out on a liberal plan, with broad avenues, having double rows of shade trees. The distance back from the roadway, at which the houses are required to stand, varies from 20 to 75 feet in different locations, and the purchaser of a city lot must stipulate to seed the roadside with grass within two years, and keep it seeded. As a result, Vineland is clad in verdure from spring until winter.

From the outset it was determined that hedges should take the place of fences throughout the tract, and after a vigorous onslaught upon the cattle which outsiders allowed to stray upon the Vineland territory, the anti-fence principle was established. The liquor question was then taken up and Vineland became, what it still is, one of the most enthusiastic leaders of the Prohibition movement; continuing, however, with equal enthusiasm to raise grapes and to manufacture and export wine. The observance of the Sabbath is strictly enforced, and the mutilation of the language by profane swearing is prohibited in the same ordinance which prohibits the mutilation of trees.

There are fifty-three manufactories at Vineland, which include extensive glass-works. A Board of Trade is active in promoting the industrial interests of the place, while agricultural pursuits are promoted by an Agricultural and Horticultural Society and Fruit Growers' Club.

The exports of the district average 250,000 quarts of strawberries, 600,000 quarts of other berries, 1,000,000 pounds of grapes, 15,000 crates of apples and pears, 130,000 bushels of sweet potatoes, 215,000 dozen of eggs and nearly 60,000 poultry, besides 200,000 gallons of wine. This is certainly a very good



BRIDGETON.

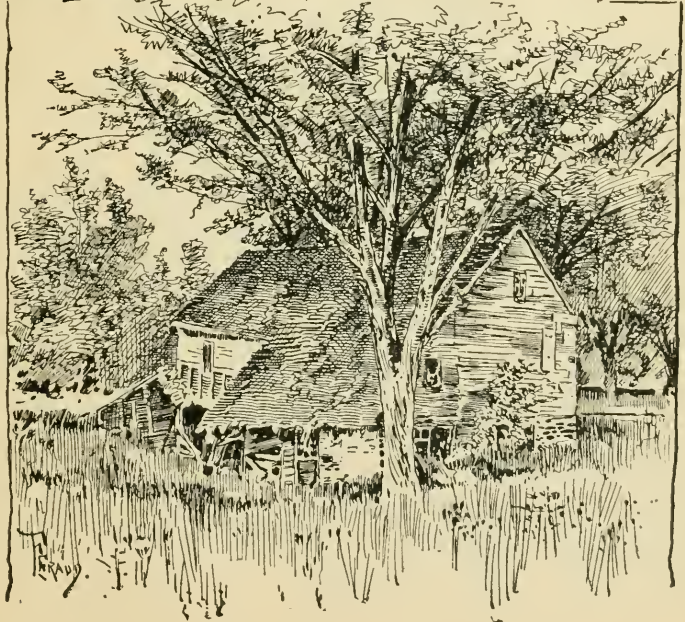
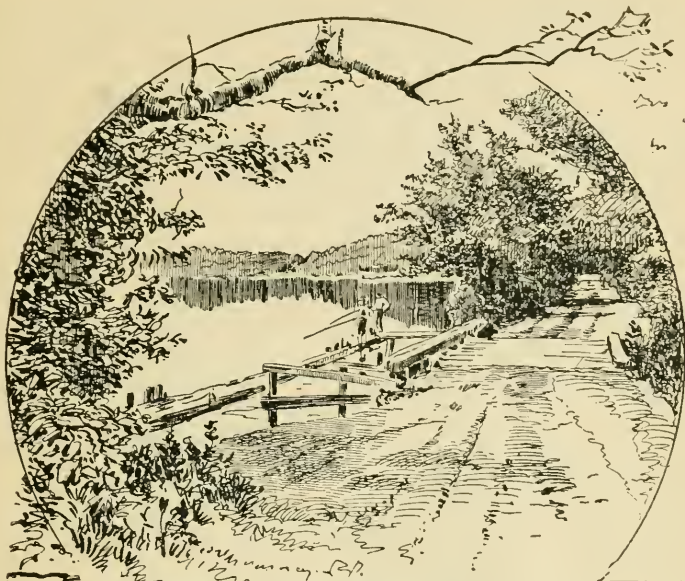
showing for a community of 8,000 people. The air of Vineland has also been found highly beneficial for rheumatic and pulmonary complaints, and for bronchial troubles, and the place is developing into a winter resort, more especially for people of moderate means. The interest with which the development of Vineland was watched was so great that, when the High School was dedicated, in 1874, President Grant and Gov. Parker participated in the exercises.

BRADWAY is one of the numerous outlying settlements of Landis township and belonging to the Vineland system. The population is composed entirely of Hebrews, numbering about 300, devoted to the culture of fruits and the raising of horses.

BRIDGETON is one of the most flourishing places in New Jersey, and the most important in the southern section of the State. It is situated on both sides of the Cohansey, twenty miles from the sea. The growth of Bridgeton has been steady, attended by none of the phenomena which have characterized the rapid development of so many American communities, and for this very reason there is good cause for considering the prosperity of this city thoroughly sound and permanent. What it gains it will keep, its growth being due to money well invested at simple interest rather than of speculative investments gaining rapidly at times and attended by as rapid reactions.

Bridgeton practically began with a tavern erected shortly before 1748 near the point now marked by the intersection of Commerce and Atlantic streets. This tavern was torn down in 1825. There was in the neighborhood a saw-mill built as early as 1686. But the tavern seems to mark the first distinct recognition of Bridgeton as a settlement, which at that time was known as Cohansey Bridge. It was made the county seat in 1748. But it was not until 1848 that Cohansey Bridge was set off as a separate township under the name of Bridgeton, having until then belonged to Hopewell township.

The first of the numerous manufactories which now indicate the prosperity of Bridgeton was the Cumberland Nail and Iron Company, which was started in 1815 and is still in operation. A rolling-mill was built in 1847, and since then the place has steadily grown to its present enterprising and highly successful state. Certain manufactures are carried on there with especial prominence, particularly that of glass, owing to the sand-beds existing abundantly in the vicinity. We find among numerous other branches of industry four brick-yards, six canneries, one hat factory, two iron-foundries, four machine-shops, two saw and planing-mills, one ship-yard, two wheelwrights, one oil-cloth factory and two fertilizers. Bridgeton has the advantage of being situated on a navigable stream; it is a port of entry, and vessels of several hundred tons come up to its wharves, which present the appearance of a busy seaport. The river is crossed by several turning-bridges of iron. The



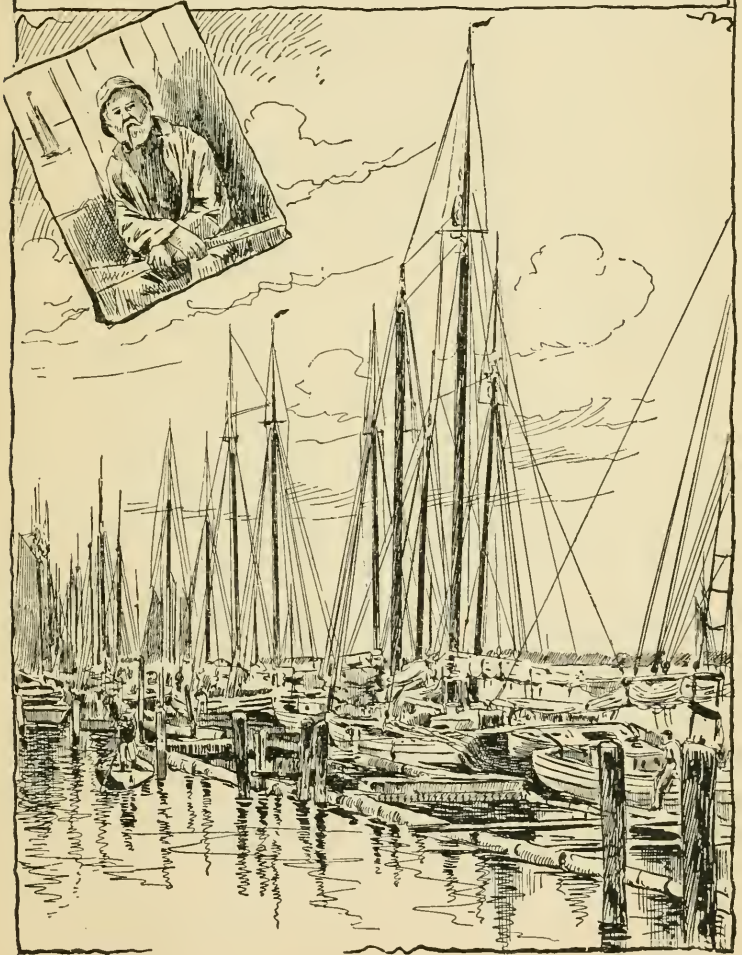
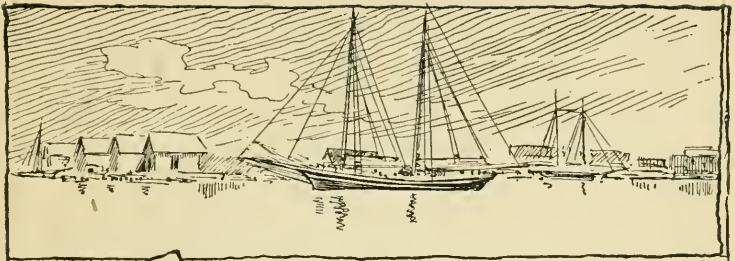
NEAR BRIDGETON.

banks of the Cohansey are high and picturesque, and the city is built on lofty and sometimes precipitous hills, which add greatly to its aspect and present an appearance surprising and uncommon in the generally flat landscapes of southern New Jersey. As one passes from the active business portion of the city to the handsome avenues in the outskirts, he is impressed with the attractions of the place for residence. This is especially the case on the heights overlooking the Cohansey at the meeting of Atlantic and Cottage streets. Houses at that spot command a most beautiful prospect of the broad, winding river peacefully gliding from bend to bend toward Delaware Bay, and dotted here and there with gleaming sails. A little care on the part of the corporation can easily preserve one of the most attractive spots in New Jersey from the smoke and dirt and din of factories as a resort for those who seek agreeable sites for summer residences. A very beautiful walk is that along the race on the west of the Cohansey. It is beautifully wooded, and receives the waters of several ponds, on which there is pleasant boating. A picturesque old mill is also an object of interest.

The manufacture of glass being one of the chief industries of Bridgeton, it is of interest to note that this business began in New Jersey in 1760, when a German named Wistar located a glass factory at Alloway, Salem County. When he failed, about 1775, his workmen moved to Glassboro, in Gloucester County, where new works were opened. Thus we see that this is not only one of the most successful, but one of the earliest industries of New Jersey. Since that date glass-works have been started at thirty-seven locations in the State. Bridgeton continues to be one of the most important centers of this industry in the country. The manufacture of glass began there in 1836 or 1837, and it has now one rough-plate-glass factory, seven hollow-ware works and eleven window-glass factories. A steam sand wash-mill at Cedarville, on the branch from Bridgeton to Port Norris, runs night and day to meet the demand of the Bridgeton and other glass factories in this section.

PORT NORRIS owes its importance to the oyster business, the oysters being landed at Long Reach, three-quarters of a mile from the village, on the banks of the Maurice River. Some two hundred and fifty sloops and schooners are owned there, chiefly by the men who sail them, and during the season this throng of saucy little craft at the wharves discharging their cargoes or working in or out of port along the broad low-banked river present a busy spectacle. The oysters are planted in Maurice River Cove in May or June.

The oyster beds of Maurice River Cove extend over fifty square miles. The oysters are taken chiefly with a dredge formed of a scoop net attached to a heavy rectangular frame for scraping the sea bottom.



PORT NORRIS.

This frame is three times as long as it is high, the two longer sides having sharp edges serving as scrapers. The net is of heavy twine or of iron chain-work. The drawing-line is attached to two handles. Tongs, formed like two rakes facing each other and from 7 to 24 feet in length, are also used. They require great muscular strength on the part of the oystermen. According to Charlevoix, they were first used by the French colonists in Acadia. A drag-rake, with teeth crowded close together, is also used, although more often for clams. From September to January is the important season for shipping the Port Norris oysters to market, although March and April are also busy months. The bivalves are put in sacks averaging 750 "prime" and 1,200 "cullings." No less than sixteen firms are engaged in the business, and the amount sent during the season has been as high as thirty-eight car-loads to Philadelphia and New York daily, although twenty-five car-loads per diem represent the usual average. What is the actual importance of Port Norris in this industry is shown by the following figures: The total number of oysters raised in New Jersey waters, by the latest reports, was 27,258,481 pounds. Of this amount Port Norris alone furnished 18,961,568 pounds.

Besides the oyster business, there are also at Port Norris a marine railway for the repair of ships and a steam saw-mill. This account of Port Norris would be incomplete without an allusion to one of the interesting incidents which occurred in this part of the State during the Revolution. In August, 1781, a party of Tory refugees, fifteen in number, attacked a squad of militia who were in a shallop under command of Captain Riggins. The Captain killed five of them with a clubbed musket. John Peterson was wounded by a refugee and was on the point of being slain, when his little son raised a musket and shot down the assailant. Seven of the Tories were killed and all the others were wounded and captured.

GREENWICH virtually includes Sheppard's Mills, Bacon's Neck and Bay Side, the terminus of another branch from Bridgeton. In the great prominence given to the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor in 1773, the world has entirely forgotten a similar and well authenticated event which took place in an obscure seaport of Southern New Jersey. Greenwich at that period carried on quite a trade with the West Indies and along the coast. Advantage was taken of this fact to attempt to smuggle a cargo of tea into the colonies by way of Greenwich, all of the colonies having at that time put an embargo on the article in order to resist the Stamp Act. The brig *Greyhound* arrived in the Cohansey, December 12, 1774, with a quantity of tea ostensibly from Rotterdam, but undoubtedly shipped first from an English port. The tea was secretly landed and placed for safe keeping in Dan Bowen's cellar at Greenwich. A committee of five was appointed, when the affair became noised abroad, to guard the tea until a County Committee could be chosen to decide on its fate. But before the Committee could take action a party of men disguised as Indians broke into the cellar and burned the tea.

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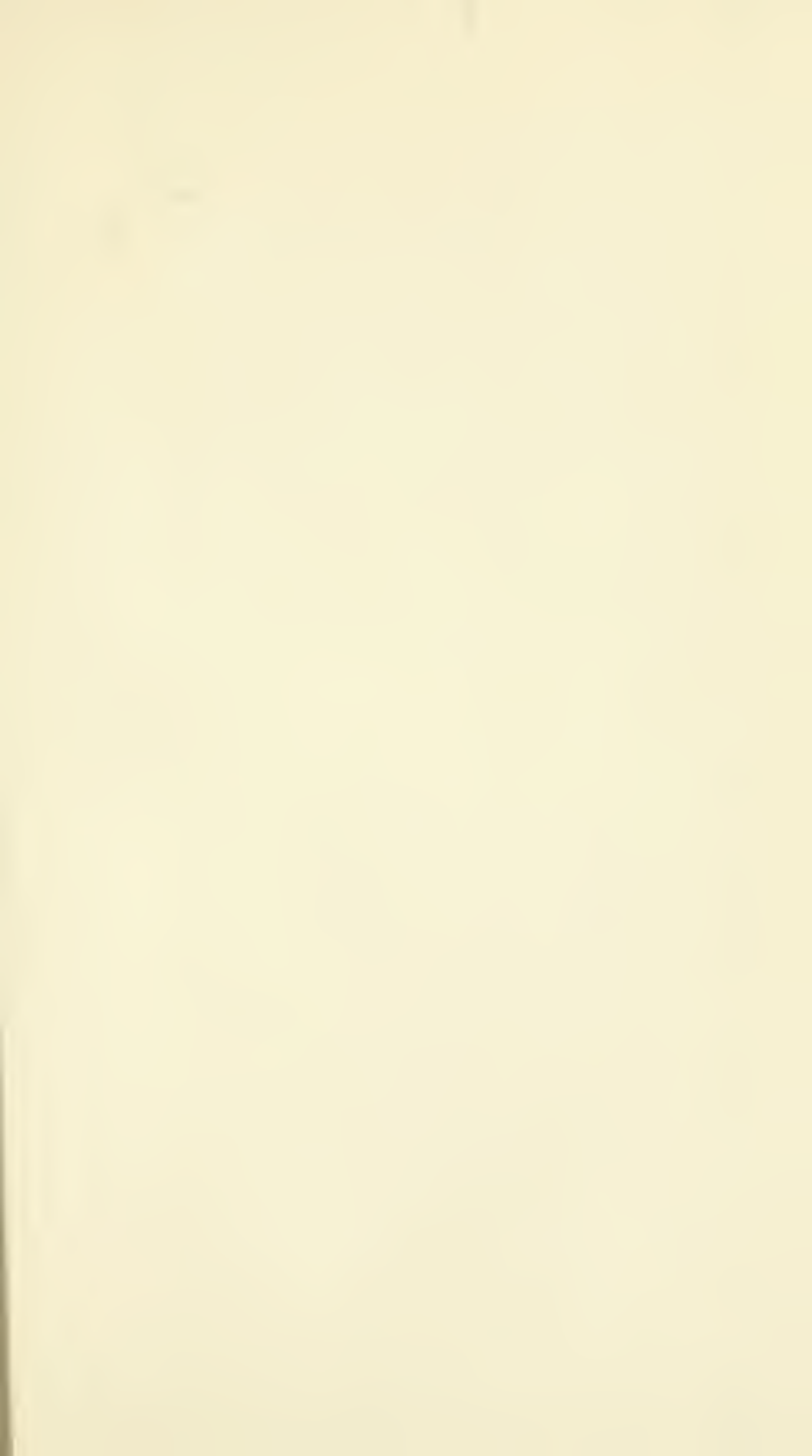
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